This is the Original Edition printed in Edinburgh and issued in America by authority of the Publishers.

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JANUARY 1920.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

NEW YORK:

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.,

BARR FERREE, PROP.

249 WEST 13TH STREET.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Entered at the New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Entered as second-class matter, January 13, 1902, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCLI. JANUARY 1920. VOL. CCVII.

THE NINTH CRUISER SQUADRON.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL BOYLE SOMERVILLE, C.M.G.

I.

EVERYBODY knows of the deeds of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron, and of its magnificent patrol—the Patrol of the Royal Naval Reserve—between Scotland and Iceland, which, through every minute of the war, in fair weather and in the foulest of the foul, tooth-combed sea-traffic, and maintained the blockade, until there was no longer any need for its activities: but who has ever heard of the Ninth Cruiser Squadron?

Most properly, nobody. Its very existence, which began on August 4, 1914, was kept unknown, mysterious: the hush of the high seas closed it in, and it had ceased to exist, its useful functions over, some considerable time before the music and the shouting of 11th November 1918.

Its last gasp, therefore, was drawn in the same mystery and war-silence as its first.

The squadron was composed, in about equal proportions, of armed merchant cruisers and of naval cruisers: the latter being those too old (fortunately for them) to be attached to the live-bait squadron, thus escaping fellowship with the *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue;* but still, in spite of their very grey hairs, considered able to keep the sea, and to control the South American and South African trade routes, for this was the venue of the "Ninth C.S."

The base of the squadron was "The Flagship, at Sea"; our home was on the wave; our station-limits, the blue, the ever-shifting meeting-point of sea and sky. For us existed no comfortable harbour, with gun defences and boom defences and destroyer patrol, and sub-

marine patrol and trawler patrol. We moved on the face of the waters by day and by night, without haste (except on high occasions, for coal was precious), without rest; with some of our aching eyes fixed on the far round horizon for ships, and some, still more aching, on the near wave-crests for submarines, our guns loaded, our fingers (so to speak) on the triggers.

The ceaseless watch was never interrupted, not even by the diversification due to the holding-up of ships—this latter a daily and a nightly proceeding, undertaken almost thankfully as a break in the monotony—not even by the coalings, which had to take place every eight or ten days at Madeira, under the "friendly neutrality" (which afterwards became complete alliance) of Portugal. At work at sea, or coaling in harbour, the guns remained manned, the look-outs incessantly looking out.

When the menace of submarines round Madeira became really distinct and close, we moved south: first to St Vincent, in the Cape de Verde Islands, that horrid, torrid group of wind-swept cinders; and lastly, to the even hotter, but at least verdant harbour of Sierra Leone—"the best 'ole of all," as it was defended by a boom!

The cruisers with which we started in 1914 had already, for several years, been reclining in senile decay on various scrap-heaps, or else were in gentle employment as "overflow-ships" to crowded naval depots, training ships for stokers (though never leaving harbour), and so forth.

But, with the first trump of war, like Sam Weller's "werry old donkey," they were lugged up off their death-bed to "take sixteen gen'lemen to Greenwich on a tax-cart." Anything for air and exercise, indeed!

Out they went at once into the broad Atlantic, and gallantly did they attempt to recover the spring of a youth now nearly twenty years behind them. After about a year of it, the first of the old ships to get away, the *Amphitrite* and *Argonaut*, were relieved, and steamed home at the very respectable speed of 16 knots; each of them having covered nearly 30,000 miles since leaving England, and each having consumed nearly 25,000 tons of coal in so doing. But when you consider that this speed could be exceeded by at least six knots by the foe we were out to catch—the *Karlsruhe*—and that the outranging by her guns of ours was in like proportion, you will wonder, as we did, why that particular foe, knowing these facts, did not come over to our side of the Atlantic to "take us on."

What fat cargoes might not the Germans then have snatched, waddling home from the Plate and from the Cape, slow, helpless! But they kept maddeningly clear of us, and made up all their "bags" over 1000 miles away.

As to the armed merchant cruisers, the other half of our squadron, they, of course, were

the mightiest bluff of all: a fact scarcely yet comprehended, and not even dimly imagined in the autumn of 1914.

It was, indeed, the usual opinion that we had here a real, new, swift, and deadly arm—fully capable of pursuing, catching, engaging, and sinking the *Karlsrühe*, or any other commerce-destroyer. Piquancy was added to the position by the thought that the Merchant Navy was defending itself, and the realisation that there was something in the Royal Naval Reserve after all.

There was, indeed, as we of the White Ensign speedily discovered—and a splendid something, too; but as to their ships, we, who helped to man and "run" them on man-of-war principles, had few illusions as to their capabilities. Our hearts were big, we were thoroughly keen for a trial; but faith in our 14,000-ton leviathans was largely tempered with hope for a happy ending to any encounter with a *real* cruiser constructed for fighting. There was a sporting chance, we supposed—there always is—so "*Vive le Sport!*"

The Port of Liverpool, where the conversion of their most cherished and most enormous monsters into fighting ships reached its maddest height during that first month of the war, was a wonderfully thrilling sight. No one could regard all that day-and-night energy without being convinced that it must be producing some great new things; that here was the Sea Horse of Britain, taken from the peaceable ploughing of the waves, being caparisoned for the fray, impatiently foaming at the bit, neighing, and saying "Ha, ha" among the captains (R.N.)!

Every side of every basin in the docks held against it a vast dark hull. Overhead, in the roofs of the equally vast and dark sheds that flanked the hulls and sheltered the enormous piles of ships' stores removed from them, there looked down the brilliant and unrelenting eyes of the arc lights, cold and green. There was neither night-time, nor day-time, nor meal-time; nothing but working-time, at twenty-four hours per diem.

Every orifice in those hulls—entry-ports, coaling-ports, cargo-ports—carried a gangway from it down to the wharf; and along these there surged in both directions an intensely busy army in single file, closed up. Some hurried into the ships empty-handed; some hurried out of them, bearing on their shoulders burdens of cabin-fittings, inlaid wood-panelling, china, glass, every conceivable and inconceivable article designed for the comfort of the pampered passenger, or merely for his "look-see"—all now suddenly become useless and contemptible in the face of the real thing.

Each man's face, shining with sweat, white with sleeplessness, radiated forth that strange delight in destruction which inhabits all of us; while from within the rapidly emptying shells of the great ships there resounded on all sides the wild exciting din of demolishment—

the bang, whang, crash, smash, of those who hammered, and wrenched, and levered, and forcibly unscrewed.

The work was not, however, so destructive as it sounded. Every article and every panel was marked with the name of the ship and the part of her from whence it came—even its consecutive number, as panelling. In those hopeful days we thought the things would each soon be going back again into its place! Each description of removed fittings was piled in monster pyramids, according to its class, abreast of the ship whence it had been eviscerated. The amounts of these, for any one ship, were staggering to the ordinary uncalculating mind. From the *Aquitania*, for example, the weight of glass-ware alone came to no less than 40 tons. (This fact, however, will carry easy belief with any one who has handled the water decanters and tumblers usual to passenger steamers.)

Upon a certain Monday evening arrived from her "trade" our ship, a luxuriously equipped hotel, soft and "cushy" at every turn, fair to see, attractively painted; her funnels in strongly contrasting glossy black and the most vermilion of fresh red-lead. "Ah," said her former Scotch captain reminiscently, later on, on regarding a coloured picture of his ship-of-peace, "Yon's a bonny funnel!"

On the following Sunday morning we left the docks, stark and stripped, grey all over, as nearly a man-of-war as was possible to be bluffed, white ensign and pendant complete.

Within the intervening 132 hours, the ship had been gutted of all her cabins on every deck; stripped of all panelling everywhere; eight 6-inch guns had been mounted, the ship's framework and supporting deck had been strengthened to match; and magazines and shell-rooms had been built. Besides this, stores for the ship, food for her company, her guns, and her boilers, had been hoisted in by the hundred ton—coal, indeed, by the thousand ton; officers and men had been appointed, had joined, and taken charge.

Aladdin's lamp must have begun to think about hiding its pale ineffectual fire!

A short gun-trial outside the Bar lightship, which passed us sound as regards guns and fittings: a last letter home in the mysteriously veiled language that later became so easy and expected—and we were away! The then unaccustomed secrecy as to the vessel's destination and route was interpreted in several places as meaning that we were bound to a northern port, to add one more to the troopships well known then to be engaged in hurrying thousands of Russian troops across to the north of Scotland. For, with the snow still on their beards, and the ice of Archangel in their bones (as it were, chilled beef), they had been actually seen passing southward by train through England on their way to the Front!

We were in reality bound,

that Sunday evening, to join the Ninth Cruiser Squadron; and accordingly, first, north-about round Ireland we fared, then southward-ho! for the open sea near the Canary Islands, where the tracks of the Atlantic trade routes from South America and South Africa converge.

On Wednesday morning, early, a sailing-ship was sighted on our starboard bow. We were then in the chops of the Channel, well southward of Ireland, and we altered course slightly to bear down on her. As we approached she hoisted the German merchant flag and "made her number." She was the *Excelsior*, a barque of about 2500 tons, homeward bound to Bremen from New Orleans with a cargo chiefly of tobacco, and was forty days out.

Consequently she knew nothing about the war; but when informed, by international code, of the state of affairs and that she was our prize, she made no difficulties whatever; nor did there appear to be very much excitement on board.

It was too rough at the time to send a boat to visit her, taking a prize crew, so she was ordered to haul as close to the wind (which was south-westerly) as she could, and to prepare to be taken into port in our company. We altered course suitably, and promptly and meekly she followed us. It was a bloodless victory!

A wireless message to the nearest admiral soon brought forth one of our few remaining small cruisers—the *Isis*—and to her, on the following morning, was entrusted our first prize (which had been kept closely under view in the searchlight all night), and we resumed our southerly course. She was taken into Berehaven, and subsequently was condemned in the Prize Court.

Our next experience of war-like conditions took place on arrival at the Canaries, in seeing the serried rows of German and Austrian merchant steamers anchored at Las Palmas and at Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, and afraid to move one yard outside those neutral Spanish waters. Many others of the same scared company we saw later on, who had taken refuge at the Azores, at Madeira, and in the Cape de Verde Islands, where they lay sheltering and sweltering until Portugal, to which country these groups belong, "came in" to the war. But those in the Spanish harbours remained at anchor for over four years, their bottoms rusting, their engines deteriorating, their coal and stores dwindling, their cargoes gradually being sold to pay for the upkeep of their diminishing crew, object-lessons of sea-power. Even had they been able to get clear away from their island anchorages, each would have become a homeless wanderer—a Flying Dutchman—barred from every home port and from every German colony. We felt like terriers looking at a cage of rats! They were for us a spectacle as thrilling as

it was tantalising; but while the latter feeling always remained, our compensating enjoyment of their helplessness was swallowed up in anxiety lest any one of them should make a bolt for it, and get away to join the *Karlsrühe* or other commerce-destroyer in the Atlantic, to bring her aid, coal, and provisions.

This anxiety was rendered even more poignant, shortly after, by the several arrivals at Santa Cruz of steamers fitted out as supply ships by the Germans in America, and sent to sea under neutral flags, one after the other. After fruitlessly scouring the Atlantic for several weeks, searching for the *Karlsrühe* or dodging our patrols, three of them arrived and anchored in the neutral shelter — already tautly strained — of the Canaries. It now became necessary, indeed, for the strain to be relieved somewhat; and accordingly "shelter" was converted into "internment" by the Spanish authorities (after eloquent representations, and may God guard Your Excellencies many years!) But we kept just as close a guard. The little less, and what miles away might not these ships have been, "internment" and all!

Sixteen or seventeen of these German Fleet auxiliaries, it was discovered by the justly indignant United States authorities, had been chartered in America. They cost Germany, to fit out, and for the suborning of the various captains and others concerned, about £400,000. Out of the whole lot only one, the *Berwind*, succeeded in its mission. Of the remainder, many were prevented from so much as leaving American waters, and of those that got away some were sunk, some were captured, and the rest were detained in neutral ports. It was an expensive experiment in straining neutrality.

Besides the three so-called "neutrals" that reached our side, there was a fourth steamer on whom our straining eyes continually were fixed, named *Telde*. She was a genuine German, brand-new, and originally employed, under German colours, in the island fruit trade; but now, since war broke out, sheltering at Santa Cruz. She was of about 2500 tons, fast, convenient, inconspicuous; and accordingly she had been loaded with stores of all sorts, including gold in boxes—the whole discreetly covered over with coal (her nominal "cargo"); and having been given a Spanish "clearance" for Antofagasta, in Chile, we expected her to sail at any moment. Nothing would have been easier for her, on some moonless night, than gently to slip the cable, and gently to move away, under the high dark cliffs of Teneriffe. Even had she been seen by us to be moving, she might easily have been mistaken for one of the small Spanish inter-island steamers she so greatly resembled, and thus to have eluded pursuit. Close and anxious watch was therefore necessary. One still remembers the agonised and frequent moments when something put

forth from the anchorage at 1 A.M. (or at any old time at dead of night), the sudden forcing of steam — the palpitating pursuit in darkness—the abortive ending when, off Anaga Point (the northern end of the island), certainty was established, and we recognised that we had been chasing, not the *Telde*, but the authentic Spanish steamer "on its lawful occasion"!

But the *Telde* didn't sail out of Santa Cruz, at least not voluntarily; and, later on, she fell into our hands in the following manner.

After eighteen months of watching—namely, in May 1916—there came an unexpected, fierce, squally N.-W. wind which blew down the steep arid slopes of Teneriffe with such vehemence that it carried away the *Telde*, body and bones, anchor, cable and all, away out to sea, until, presently, she was outside territorial waters. This happened late at night, and the Germans ashore, in frantic haste, chartered a tug to rush to the scene. But "*Mañana por la Mañana*" is the admirable law of Spain, and it was daylight before she actually got away. She reached the *Telde*, however, got her safely in tow, and started to steam, for dear life, back to Santa Cruz and safety. Too late, though! While they were still on the high seas there descended on them, out of the blue, H.M.S. *Essex*. The tow was transferred, and the tug returned to her island home, sad and lonely.

Long before this event all the German commerce-destroyers had gone to Davy Jones's Locker, and our watch over their supply-ships had therefore lost much of its acuteness and intensity. Visits were made periodically, however, to "count heads"; and on the night of the involuntary flight of the *Telde* it chanced that the *Essex* was away on such an expedition, at the time that intelligence of the drifting Hun reached the Admiral. That "bird of the air," wireless, then "carried the message" to the *Essex*, with the above-recounted satisfactory result.

Let us get back again now to the autumn of 1914, and to the earlier days and deeds of the Canaries patrol.

First among these was the sinking by H.M.S. *Highflyer*, on August 28, of the German armed merchant cruiser *Friedrich der Grosse*.

The great liner had started forth from her home port before war with England had actually been declared, fully equipped, and commissioned to sink, burn, and destroy. She began off Iceland with some fishing vessels of ours, which she sank, capturing the crews. With them on board she sailed southward to the more interesting and more prolific trade-route from Cape Town. The unfortunate North Sea fishermen, fully accoutred in their thick "lamby" suits and immense thigh-boots,—their all,—began to melt inside them, in rapidly increasing rivers of perspiration, as the mild warmth of the Channel gradually deepened to temperatures

for which Iceland, most certainly, had not prepared them. All in the dark as they were, between decks, on an unknown course (except that it led, evidently, to the Infernal Regions), the diary of one stout skipper —stout of heart as of body, —reads pathetically, with its unfailing announcement, "Weather still warmer today."

It must, in fairness, be recorded of the captain of the *Friedrich der Grosse*, however, that he behaved with humanity, and even chivalry, towards his captives. He released, practically unconditionally, one steamer that he had captured, saying that he had no wish to inconvenience the lady passengers. And when, eventually, he was overtaken at the Rio de Oro, on the African coast (where he had gone for coal and repairs), and the unequal action between his ship and the *Highflyer* began, he sent away at once all his prisoners by the Spanish steamers, from which he had been coaling, together with all the non-fighting members of his crew—stewards and so forth — to get them out of the way of the shells. When he was called on by the *Highflyer* to surrender, he signalled back "A German ship never surrenders." After an hour and a quarter's respite given him for "reconsideration," the *Highflyer* opened the ball, and he replied — helpless at anchor as he was — with a broadside. Thereafter he stuck to it, with hopeless tenacity, until at last the great hull of his ship slowly filled, turned over on its side, and so ended the affair. The dead floated out of her, and the captain, with other survivors, swam ashore to the small Spanish fort that guards the desolate harbour. Here, at least, was an honourable exponent of the best sea-manners and traditions.

When we visited the scene, three months later, the enormous rusty bilge of the *Friedrich der Grosse* still hove up its bulk out of the water, bearing so plausible a resemblance to a smooth, rounded, sandy islet, with sloping ends, that at first it was thought to be one. As we got nearer, a propeller blade just showing above the water, and a large dark cleft down the centre of the supposed islet — tragic witness to the vessel's "broken back"—made us realise that it was indeed the mortal remains of the commerce-raider that confronted us. As her beam dimension was about 75 feet, and she was resting on her port-side on the sandy bottom in ten fathoms of water, 15 feet of her must then have been visible above it.

Behind her, at about a mile distant from where she was lying, was the low and completely desert shore of Africa, quivering in the heat. Its monotonous outline is, at this point, broken into by the shallow and swiftly-narrowing indentation named Rio de Oro. It is not any longer a river, whatever it may have been in far-back geologic ages. The fourteenth-century navi-

gators of Prince Henry of Portugal, in their search for treasure and slaves, gradually pushing their adventures southward into the mysterious and terrifying heat of the tropics, saw the gleaming mica in the sand, and supposing themselves to have reached a River of Gold, so named it. It must have been a desperate disappointment to those thirsty fortune-hunters when the true state of affairs —salt water and shiny sand —disclosed itself.

A fortnight after this first destruction by a ship of our squadron of a German armed merchant cruiser, there took place that famous and monstrous battle of leviathans—the action between the *Carmania* (also of the Ninth C.S.) and the *Cap Trafalgar*, off Trinidad Island in the mid-Atlantic, on September 14, 1914, ending in the victorious destruction of a second enemy A.M.C. The German was coaling near the island; but immediately on sighting the *Carmania* she cast off her colliers, and stood away to the westward at 18 knots. The *Carmania* stood south-west, also at full speed, to cut her off, and opened fire at four miles' distance: a space which the converging courses of the two ships reduced, in ten minutes' time, to only two miles, or 4000 yards. It was like an action of Nelsonic times. At the end of a second ten minutes, of such hammer and tongs on one side, and sturm and drang on the other, as has rarely been seen, the German was making off hotly to the south-west, as hotly pursued. Hot indeed! Both ships were in flames: the *Cap Trafalgar* from end to end; the *Carmania* in the fore-part only: a distinction due to a characteristically German tactic. The *Cap Trafalgar* had concentrated her fire on the navigating bridge of the *Carmania*, evidently expecting that when the R.N. captain had been killed, and his conning instruments — compass, engine-room telegraph, charts —had been destroyed, there would then be "nobody" left to carry on, and nothing to carry on with.

The captain was not killed, however. Even had that disaster befallen, it would certainly not have wiped out the fighting ability of our side. There were plenty more, though not R.N., still R.N.R., eager and able to "take on"! As to the navigation, there was a second conning station at the after-end of the ship—to which, indeed, the executive were presently driven by the flames in the fore-part.

Our tactics, unlike those of the Germans, were to drive as many shots as possible into every part of the great hay-stack opposed to us. She couldn't be missed; and so it was that, after a chase of an hour and a quarter, the *Cap Trafalgar*, burning like Sodom and Gomorrah, swerved round a complete half circle, till she headed the pursuing *Carmania*, then capsized to starboard, and went down, head first, with colours flying.

Some of the crew were seen swimming away, and were picked up by the two colliers which had watched the action (one of which was the *Berwind*, before mentioned).

When the action began, the *Carmania* intercepted a wireless message, *en clair*, from her opponent, made to her (not distant) supporting cruiser, "I am in action with a half-cruiser." Later on, there went out—"Action over. I am giving up." On which the cruiser unkindly inquired, "Why are you giving up?" But answer there came none! At that moment the *Cap Trafalgar* was cooling her red-hot sides, as she eddied down into the 3000-fathom abysses of that part of the Atlantic. It was our Trafalgar again, name, and all!

Just as the last wireless message was intercepted, there was seen by the *Carmania*, on the horizon, the smoke of the German cruiser—*not* a "halbkreuzer"—steaming for all she was worth to the rescue—too late!

Our armed merchantman was no match for her, at any time; and now, with 304 holes in her hull, the result of having been struck by 79 projectiles in that short, fierce, close-ranged action, there was nothing to do but to clear out, with all the 16 knots of which she was still capable. Luckily, she was not overhauled, and got safely away.

This conclusion to the action made it quite obvious to every one that "half-cruisers" must in future never move about unless supported by the Real Article. Had the German cruiser been actually with her merchant cruiser when the *Carmania* appeared on the scene, there must have been a quite different ending to the affair. On the other hand, if the *Carmania* had been supported by a real fighting ship, she need not have cleared out in that undignified fashion, but could have stayed to watch the German cruiser being bagged,—and perhaps herself put in a word or two as well. Accordingly, the order went forth at once; the banns were called; and presently each armed merchant lady of our squadron found herself wedded, for better, for worse, to a fighting mate. We were thankful, indeed!

II.

The holding up of ocean traffic for search was the most ostensible of our duties. It is axiomatic that cruiser work cannot be effective without Intelligence: and until this branch of our service became organised, our position could best be compared with that of a policeman who had been given "London" as an address for the apprehension of a criminal. Only the ocean is a bit wider, and more vague.

At first, whatever Intelligence agencies existed for

sending to us information from South America seemed all to be in a condition of dumb rabies — or rather of dumbness, with rabid intervals. Long silences were variegated by bursts of frantic yappings and snappings. The dumb phase was bad enough, as it left everything, with us, to pure chance; but the active period was really much more troublesome to contend with.

Knowing their dove-like innocence from guile, the clever German *provocateurs* abroad easily communicated to our agents such serpent-poison, that we received thereby, periodically, the most insistent and unceasing warnings concerning the importance of intercepting ships which never sailed, and of seizing from them persons or documents that went to Germany by quite other means. Coal by the ton, sleep by the hour, anxiety and eyesight without measure, were wasted by these messages until their real origin was discovered. We were all pretty green and credulous, both afloat and ashore, in those days; but we lived through them, and learnt discrimination by degrees, and mutual support. In ocean patrol work, the Intelligence ashore and the Intelligence afloat must be two halves of the same brain, if sane and sound service is to be produced. Each must inform the other of its needs, and of its views. We were lucky, anyway, with our agents in the islands around us. They "tumbled" to our necessities at once, almost before we asked, and were splendidly helpful; we soon found the value of keeping in as close a touch with them as neutrality laws permitted. They had a good deal to contend against ashore: it required both pluck and tact to give us the assistance we needed. The already large enemy sediment, deposited in the islands during peace time, had been considerably augmented since war began by the numbers of officers and crews of the sheltering and interned ships—many of them trained Intelligence men. They played off against us some quite skilfully conceived "belligerent acts," through the medium of their rather unwilling but terrorised neutral hosts. The use of neutral wireless stations may be cited as an interesting instance of these activities.

There was, near Las Palmas (Gran Canaria), a powerful radio-station, capable of sending a message, on a favourable night, for about 2000 miles. Sixty miles to the westward, on Teneriffe, there is a second installation, slightly more powerful. At Cadiz, 800 miles distant, there is a third, more powerful still; and a fourth at Madrid. International Law concerning use of "wireless" in war time declares that the diplomatic agents of belligerents in neutral countries have equal rights in sending and receiving messages by wireless, in cipher or otherwise. This was instantly seized on by the Germans; and cipher messages (no doubt giving full particulars of the

sailings and cargoes of British ships) were sent out nightly from Las Palmas. They purported, of course, to be sent to the "German" or "Austrian Embassy, Madrid," and were signed "Mittelstrasse," who was Austrian consul at Las Palmas. Thus they received their "diplomatic" appearance. The messages were repeated three times over by Las Palmas (to ensure correct reception), while Teneriffe and Cadiz were both asked to pass the message on, in triplicate, one to the other, and thence to Madrid. There was no necessity whatever, it must be understood, for these "passings on," as Las Palmas was fully capable of reaching Madrid direct, on most nights, and could always "get" Cadiz; but by these means three powerful stations—Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Cadiz—each sent out the message three times, at three different times during the night, and on three different "wave lengths." It would indeed be a wonder if the listening *Karlsrühe*, 1000 miles away, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not take in one of the nine announcements!

Representation to the local Spanish authorities availed nothing. They blandly pointed to the unmistakable wording of the law in the Hague Convention; and said that our Consuls, too, could use the Spanish wireless system if they wished, and in similar fashion. Their only desire was to be completely neutral; and God was again called on to preserve our Excellencies many years!

But it could not be left at that; and at last we managed to stimulate the diplomatic intellect, by means of telegrams of the most "improper" wording, into realising the breach of neutrality that was taking place. This lay, of course, in the fact that while the ability to send cipher messages by wireless was of the highest naval importance to both belligerents, the Germans could send them *only* by means of the Spanish installations; while, as we had gained the command of the seas, and thus could send whatever message we liked through our own channels, the permission to us to use the Spanish radio-stations was valueless.

The advantage we had gained over our enemy by force of arms was therefore entirely nullified, through this permission to them to use the Spanish radio system. Neutrality in the matter had lapsed, and Spain was actually giving assistance to one belligerent against the other.

All this seemed to be fairly obvious; but the days, and the still more maddening nights, went by, filled with "Mittelstrasse" messages, till more than twenty of them had been sent out—and a corresponding number of British ships had been despatched from Las Palmas, possibly to their doom.

We were near taking the matter into our own hand, and destroying the Spanish wireless stations, regardless of con-

sequences, when at last the constipation of the diplomatic channel was dispelled, and the order came forth from Madrid that the cipher radio-messages were to be stopped for *both* belligerents.

Until that happened, no wonder the Germans on shore thought they had it all their own way. When the report of the first grand *coup* of their submarines reached them—namely, the sinking, on September 22, 1914, "in one red burial blent," of the *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*—their ecstasy of rejoicing seemed to them to require public expression. The Hun colony of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, formed up accordingly, in a column four deep, at the top of the steep road leading past the chief residences, and at the word of command they goose-stepped down the hill into the town, shouting "Hooh!" at each step. Unfortunately for them, they forgot that the foreign club of Santa Cruz is really a British club, although it had received in "visiting membership" a considerable number of non-British residents, including Germans. Some debate had already taken place in the committee since war had been declared, as to whether those who had suddenly become "enemies" should be asked to resign; but in the state of feeling then prevailing, and in view of the universal opinion that the war would soon be over, no steps of that sort had been taken. The "hooh-marsch," however, when it took place, left no doubt about the matter, and when the afternoon hours of that dry and blazing day had narrowed down to the blessed moment of iced cocktails before dinner, the goose-steppers, hoarse and hot, discovered that the hitherto open door was closed, and the bar barred against them. Lochaber no more!

The stopping of the wireless messages by no means ended the activities of these important outposts of the German intelligence system in the Atlantic islands. By one clever method and another their agents kept in touch with headquarters at home, and with their ships abroad—while any of them still floated—and probably were always made aware beforehand when any special German naval "stunt" was being undertaken.

Although we did not, perhaps, know what each especial enterprise was going to be, we soon got to learn when one was in hand, through the stories—quite probable and circumstantial in themselves—which were made to reach us through unimpeachable channels. They came, chiefly, as reports of sighting of submarines; and another favourite romance took the form of accounts of the lighting of signal fires on prominent points of different islands. The positions given, in either case, were such as, presumably, would carry us, and our eyes and activities generally, *away* from the scene where the "stunt" was to be stunted. These dodges had some success at first. By their means the German steamer

Crefeld managed to slip past our patrol one dark night, and to arrive at Santa Cruz in the early dawn of October 23, 1914. She had on board her the crews of thirteen British ships, destroyed by the *Karlsruhe* off South America, and, accordingly, would have been a most satisfactory capture for us.

At the same time, and from a similar cause, one of the German steamers sheltering at Las Palmas made a bolt for it, and reached her next "base" (as in rounders) at Santa Cruz, without being caught on the high seas in between.

One of the many "submarine scares" was put about in the following audacious manner. A certain neutral steamer, southward bound, put into St Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands. On arrival, her captain went to the British Consulate and reported, quite gratuitously and deliberately, that he had been held up by a large German submarine when twenty miles northward of Teneriffe; that he had been boarded and searched, and finally, allowed to proceed on his journey, having been ordered by the German boarding-officer to say nothing to anybody about the incident, but felt it was his duty, &c. The report reached us, as it was intended to do, in due course. It was all entirely untrue, as was proved without difficulty. The captain had evidently been paid to start this "yarn" by some German at Santa Cruz, where the steamer had called on her way south. The matter was reported officially to his Government, and that injudicious sailing-master gave up his profession somewhat summarily, if unwillingly, for a period sufficiently long to prevent any repetition of unneutral behaviour.

At the same time, it was a mystery to us why Germany did not send out submarines to our waters earlier than she did. With all those friends posted on so many islands, there would have been little difficulty in supplying them with the necessary information to "bag" each one of our large and helpless cruisers, whether fighting or "merchant." They might even have got stores and provisions, without discovery, from the more distant islands.

We were always expecting submarines; and that is partly the reason of our never having been able to remain at anchor at night, and only with the most stringent precautionary measures when coaling in harbour by day.

Our sea-keeping records became quite Nelsonic in character. The Admiral and staff, for example, at one time spent 385 *consecutive* nights under way at sea, and each of the cruisers under his command spent periods running into four, five, and six months, during which they kept at sea all day and all night, except when obliged to coal ship. Coaling was arranged to be a daylight job; we were always off and away again before sunset. We had no base nearer than Gibraltar, a thousand miles distant, and International

Law forbade us from remaining for more than forty-eight hours in the neutral waters of Madeira or the Canary Islands; a facility that could only be taken advantage of in order to coal and provision sufficiently to enable the ship to reach "the nearest port," or in case of distress.

But for any of our ships to have included "night time" in their stay would have been little short of madness. There is no real "port" in any of these islands; the anchorages are all completely open roadsteads, past which tramp-steamers continually stream in both directions, either plodding out to South America or hammering home against the N.E. trade-wind. The islands lie right in the trade-route, and, on passing, vessels are accustomed to "make their numbers" and get their orders. Nothing, therefore, would have been easier than for a "raider," disguised as one of these tramps, to carry torpedoes and men who knew how to fire them, and, passing by at night, to have "let rip" at the long broadside of any of our cruisers (had one been there) lying comfortable, but helpless, under the shore. While we were coaling we had always a steamboat patrolling up and down outside the roadstead. She was fitted with "wireless" for communication with the ship, and a surprise attack would have been difficult, though not entirely impossible.

As a matter of fact, not long afterwards, even the legal restriction of "neutral waters" existed no more, so far as Madeira, Azores, and the Cape de Verde Islands were concerned; for, in March 1916, Portugal entered the Alliance in regular fashion, through Germany having declared war against the Republic, and these cobweb barriers then became entirely swept away.

At the start of our "holding-up" career, we still maintained the more or less polite seamanners of peace time if always *de haut en bas;* but as the war progressed, we gradually got ruder and ruder, until, at the latter end, flag signals were almost entirely given up in favour of the immediate and quite unmistakable message of a shot across the bows. This, intended by the authorities to be used only as a last resort, was easily first in effectiveness—and in economy of time, coal, and temper all round. Perhaps the Prussians are right, occasionally, after all, with their doctrine of the rattled sabre!

When the disguising of commerce raiders as merchant vessels—a possibility which had already lent piquancy to many a "boarding" expedition—became at last a reality, methods of extreme caution had to be adopted. Even at four miles' distance there was an excellent chance of being torpedoed by an apparently harmless tramp; and, keeping at that respectable range (as then became the careful fashion), messages could be delivered only "at the cannon's mouth." Away in those desolate seas, hundreds of miles from docks for repairs—and

often, even from the Islands (if beaching the ship became necessary)—to have caught a Tartar would indeed have been serious.

So, by degrees, and in proportion as our "Intelligence" got more frequent and reliable, we gave up boarding, on chance, every stranger we saw (except certain pet Scandinavians), and seized upon those only concerning which we had dependable reports. That kept us quite sufficiently busy: there were always persons travelling to Europe from South America, and elsewhere, who were "wanted"; and the Boarding Officer often had a long and difficult job, searching "manifests" and passenger-lists; parading passengers and crew; also in searching cabins for documents and holds for contraband cargo. It was not without its alleviations.

On one occasion, we had definite information that five Germans were returning from Angola by a small Portuguese steamer. (This was in the days before Portugal "came in.") The vessel was intercepted, and boarded. After a delay of about half an hour, the Boarding Officer reported by signal that he could find only four, out of the five, "wanted" men. We were absolutely assured that five were there, so a further search was ordered. This was carried out; again without result. The Boarding Officer accordingly was ordered to return with the four. One Hun, more or less, was not worth more of our time—still less the time of the merchant vessel, anxious to proceed on her way. Watching the proceedings through our glasses, however, we missed the cheerful alacrity of return, usual on the receipt of the signal to "Allow steamer to proceed"; and five minutes went by before our boarding boat shoved off, and began to pull back to us with the "prisoners of war." On his return, the Boarding Officer reported that, just as he was stepping down the ladder into the boat, where his four captives had already preceded him, one of the steamer's passengers, a Dane, who during the search had discovered that the Boarding Officer could speak his language, came forward, and, while apparently merely saying goodbye, told him hurriedly in Danish of another spot in the ship in which to look for Number Five. Two of our men were immediately called up out of the boat, and directed to the fore-part of the upper deck, where, under the shelter of a diminutive forecastle, there stood a large dog-kennel. Two tarry pairs of hands, on being thrust in at the entrance thereof, seized two recalcitrant Hun legs, and drew forth their owner—as it were, a winkle from its shell—the fifth and last of our unwilling guests!

On every succeeding day, until at last they were safely deposited in the Hunitarium at Gibraltar, our prisoners of war, as they marched in file past the saloon entrance on their way to dinner, looked in at us through the doorless orifice, as we sat at our meal; and, on sighting the

Captain, each in turn bowed low: a most embarrassing politeness!

The capturing of contraband cargo had to be dealt with by quite different, and less satisfactory, methods from that with contraband passengers, who could summarily be removed and "jugged."

Under the new regulations forced on us at the outbreak of war, we would have been justified in copying the German method in sinking contraband cargoes and the ships that carried them; but (in our old-fashioned way) we scorned this method, and preferred the sending in of such ships to a British port, under a prize crew, for adjudication according to law. We were too trusting, and we should have done our country a better service in destroying such cargoes offhand. We did not then know that it was possible to override the ancient and sacred international regulations, and that those upholders of law and of the "lawful occasion"—the Prize Court, and the admirals—could be blown aside, so that the blockade of Germany could be penetrated. Let us hope that this undermining of naval authority was not based on treachery, and was inspired only by cowardice. "We were *afraid* of Neutral opinion!"—an admission more remarkable for its candour than its courage.

One evening, when we were patrolling southward of Las Palmas, there came thumping along against the N.-E. trade-wind, as already she had thumped for many days, on her northward journey from "the Plate," a fat Greek steamer, carrying between 4000 and 5000 tons of Indian corn.

We boarded her, and the captain, a Greek, speaking perfect English, and holding a British sailing-master's certificate, kindly volunteered the information that his cargo had been put on board by a German firm in the Argentine, to the order of a German officer, who had been sent out specially to buy grain for man and beast engaged in the war. Further, this officer had besought the captain, with large sums of money (but unavailingly), to allow him to take passage in the ship as supercargo, in order to keep the precious corn on the straight road. (For there was no corn in Egypt.)

The cargo was consigned to a bank in Zurich (which is about twenty miles from Germany), and was to be landed at Genoa, at that time a "neutral" port. Her papers supported these statements: there was no doubt, anyway, about the nationality of the firm consigning the corn, and very little as to its *real* destination. A prize officer and prize crew were put on board the steamer, and she was ordered in to Gibraltar, to be placed in the hands of the marshal of the prize court, with all the necessary affidavits made out and signed. A few days later, we followed our prize into Gibraltar to re-embark the prize crew. On

arrival, we learnt that, upon reporting home the fact of the vessel's arrival for placing in the prize court, orders had been received that the steamer was "to proceed on her voyage"; and a few hours later we endured the chagrin of seeing her steam away, eastward to Genoa, politely dipping her colours as she passed us at anchor in the Bay. This sensitive conscientiousness—rendering unto the Kaiser the things that were the lawful prize of His Majesty's ships—was no doubt thoroughly appreciated by the Hun horse artillery, to whom the contents of the vessel were specially dedicated. "Deutschland über alles!"

III.

The war had not been going on for more than a few minutes before we cruiser-people realised that "wireless" would be our greatest friend and assistant if employed only for taking in messages, but might easily become our deadliest foe and danger if we ourselves made signals by its means. As likely as not, the enemy might be listening somewhere within the radius of disturbed ether, into which our dots and dashes were splashing, as pebbles into a pool, showing him that we were in his neighbourhood, while the "strength" of the signals would give him a fair idea of his actual distance from their source. Vague as this information of a ship's whereabouts may seem, it is not difficult to combine it with other contributory facts and then to translate the whole into real "Intelligence." It needs only a little experience to become expert in this; but, for all that, it was some considerable time before the ocean-going world of Watsons became fully instructed Sherlock Holmeses in correctly reading the indications.

Every British merchant vessel, accordingly, was warned against making even the slightest "wireless" sound, and in order to supplement the warning, as well as to fix responsibility, there was fitted in the captain's cabin of each ship a switch on the aerial, locked in a box, by which the ships operators (all of them inveterate talkers) were absolutely prevented from sending out any unauthorised message. Until this was done nothing could stop the usual "Good morning, old man, have you anything for us?" with which the Atlantic ether, in the early days of the war, was continually being burdened. Every steamer carried its cheery and chatty "old man," quite capable of giving away not only himself, but others, including us cruisers.

As for ourselves, we became dumb as fishes, but listened unceasingly, with wireless ears "hauled out to a bowline," if such a simile of the oldest Old Navy may suitably be applied to the affairs of the Newest New.

No one would believe the

quantity of useful information that reached us through this means, nor realise the numbers of perfect damn fools that (in spite of all warnings and precautions) then were going about. They gave away everything that any enemy ship might like to know—we heard them. Fortunate indeed it was for them that so few Germans were there to catch and sink them. Discretion was learnt later on, but only when far too many eggs had been broken in the making of omelettes of experience.

It is not possible to vouch for the absolute truth of the following "wireless" incidents, as they came from a German source; but there was no particular reason for inventing them gratuitously, nor were they in themselves impossible in the opening days of the war. The *Emden* was at the time pursuing her wicked and wily way through the Indian Ocean, being herself pursued (as she knew) by H.M.S. *Hampshire*. There are several powerful radio-stations ashore at Madras, Penang, Rangoon, and elsewhere in those latitudes, and one night the *Emden* intercepted the following conversation, *en clair*, between two of them.

"What ship is called up by the letters XYZ?" (Every ship fitted with wireless has a group of three letters, as above, allotted to it, and known as a "call-sign," by which it is "called up." Her own name is never used, even during peace, and in war-time naval vessels are given special secret call-signs, which are changed at frequent intervals.)

Reply: "That is the secret call-sign of the *Hampshire*," —which was exactly what the *Emden* wanted to know! This was very kind of the "shore"; and so was an announcement on another night, made similarly *urbi et orbi*, and in plain English, detailing the dates, the ports they sailed from, and even the names of the cruisers proceeding in pursuit of the *Emden!* No wonder that none of them caught her; and that the poor *Hampshire* travelled about 17,000 miles on that hot chase, day after day, night after tropical night, in a pursuit thus rendered entirely vain! She hadn't a dog's chance in such circumstances.

The Germans, little appreciating how we listened for them, laboured under a serious disability, through their ships—both naval and merchant—being fitted exclusively with the *Telefunken* apparatus.

At the beginning of the war, no other nation's ships possessed this wireless "set." The "note" made by it has a quite peculiar and unmistakable sound, and when heard it told us, without any doubt, that the enemy was at hand. "Ware rats!" it said. The rest of the nomad population of the Atlantic, as well as the radio-stations on shore, had "notes" all of about the same tone, and (except by their superior clearness) our ships' Naval sets could not easily be distinguished from other ship installations. Armed merchant

cruisers were fitted with Marconi sets, and there was therefore no difference at all between theirs and those of other merchant shipping.

Once, when we were coming through the Cape de Verde group of islands, we intercepted some rather mangled messages, undoubtedly made by *Telefunken*, and therefore, as undoubtedly, made by a German ship. They appeared to come from a vessel at no great distance; and we proceeded on our way, keenly interested, but, none the less, with considerable caution. The latter especially, since several warnings had reached us that certain points in the island group had been arranged by the enemy as rendezvous for their cruisers.

Thus proceeding, we espied, anchored off one of the most desert-like of the islands, a steamer under British colours, loading salt. We approached her and made, by signal, the "Demand." There was no reply, but we saw on her stern a name, *Liberia*, not given in 'Lloyd's Register of Shipping' (a publication in which appears the name of every vessel afloat). The painting of the name was obviously a recent and amateur effort. Not only that — we could see that the original name of the ship had, as recently, been plastered over with still shiny black, to form a background for the new version. Deeply suspicious, we dropped anchor near her and sent a boat to visit and inquire concerning her. We were both in "neutral waters," and caution was all the more necessary.

The story brought back was so peculiar that it was considered advisable to convoy the ship at once to Sierra Leone, for a legal investigation either by the Marine Court or Prize Court as might appear the more suitable.

It seems that there was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Sam — Alfred Charles Sam, to be exact — who had, long years before, emigrated from his Gold Coast home to the U.S.A. There, while comfortably filling his bank credit account with the fruits of honest labour, he seems also to have filled his soul with indignation at the treatment of his brudders. The two floods, being mingled, then overflowed in a stream sufficiently deep to permit of the floating on its bosom of a trading venture, an argosy manned exclusively by negroes, formed into an association, whose declared intention it was to establish itself as the nucleus of a free and self-governing colony in the ancestral African home of the race, and to become a second Liberia. The next step was the conveyance of the Brudderhood, with its fortunes, across the waters between America and Africa. Accordingly Sam, this second Noah (though perhaps a reference to Ham, his black son and co-navigator, would be more suitable), purchased, from a German firm, an ark of such antiquity that it might conceivably have been the original and Biblical article. The mode of propulsion, however, had been brought up to

date forty or fifty years ago, and the craft was now fitted with a wheezy old boiler and arthritic engines, which groaned aloud at every revolution.

Sam paid the price for her —the German price—namely, £14,000, the ship being actually worth, perhaps, the hundredth part of that figure.

These preliminaries accomplished, the expedition embarked at Barbadoes, and set forth across the Atlantic.

Its arrival in the Cape de Verde Islands must remain one of the classic instances of Heaven's reply to prayer, for never did ship make voyage with less assistance from the arts, either of the navigator or the marine engineer. Neither the "captain" nor any of the "officers" possessed "tickets" of any kind, declaring their competence as "master mariner," or even as "mate"; nor did the "chief engineer" hold any official permission to take charge of a ship's engines.

"Me, sah," said the second mate to our boarding officer, "I done teach navigation, sah, in unahvahsaty, sah, for seventeen yeah, sah, but dis my fust 'sperianoe afloat, sah!"

Said the first mate: "Dis *good* ship, sah; nothing wrong heah, sah—gawspel all de time!"

So it was! The enterprise was, apparently, not only in pursuit of liberty, based on commerce, but also was largely concerned with religion. Missionaries were carried in the company, black of face, white of wool, who kept themselves in practice, and at the same time relieved the hot tedium of the voyage, by the most energetic and reviving expositions of holy writ, while the ark pursued her tranquil, four-knot, eastward course.

Large and comfortable old mammies sat round the upper deck in the soaking heat of the tropical afternoon, the open Bible cushioned in each ample lap. But if and when the fervour of the temperature mastered that of the preacher, and the tired brains glided softly down the forty steps of slumber—every step a wink —bearing forward on to the billowing black bosoms, the woolly heads, bandanna-swathed,—*whack!* down descended on them the Written Word, with all the force and energy of missionary zeal and of two old but still brawny arms! Printed in the heaviest type, bound in half-calf, boards, tall quarto, nothing but the African skull could withstand such an onslaught and an awakening!

Thus were these interminable stump sermons punctuated, as witnessed by our fortunate Prize Officer on the passage to Sierra Leone.

When he and the "navigating party" went on board, and it was ordered to put steam on the cable-winch in order to heave up the anchor, the steam-pipe leading along the upper deck to the winch from the boiler immediately burst, and thick white columns of steam were to be seen ascending. The chief engineer, with creditable promptitude, seized a length of "sennit,"

dashed up the engine-room ladder, and, as he came out on to the upper deck, caught up the coir door-mat at his feet, which, with a forlorn hopefulness, he bound with the sennit swiftly around the hissing fissure. But not even then could the windlass be induced to revolve; so the cable, quite happily, was cut, and the crazy old craft waddled out slowly and fitfully to sea. Mr Heath Robinson alone would be capable of depicting with any certainty the scene. It went much beyond the limits of ordinary fancy.

But the points about the ship which really interested us much more than any mere illegalities of the navigating and engineering officers were —first, the Telefunken wireless "set" with which she was fitted; and secondly, the man who worked it.

The apparatus itself was undoubtedly German (the vessel herself having so recently been in German ownership); and its operator, who was the only white man in the ship, while proclaiming himself to be a citizen of the United States, bore the unpleasing name of Schneider. He had no "certificate" enabling him to operate on board ship; but that was a trifle light as air by comparison with the suspicious character of the whole *galère*.

It was this "Telefunken" whose voice we had heard in startling propinquity the day before; and it seemed likely that, in spite of the enveloping Nigger Party—indeed, on account of it and of the admirable if innocent camouflage it provided — here we had dropped on to a "passer-on" of wireless messages between the German cruisers of South America and their Intelligence agents ashore in Africa or in the islands. The Telefunken note would be to them a *Shibboleth*, assuring them of the German source of the intelligence; and also that the news sent by it could not possibly be an enemy deception, but might safely be acted upon.

On our arrival at Sierra Leone we handed the *Liberia* over, with the necessary documents, to the authorities. We then almost immediately received orders to leave for other scenes. This was unfortunate; for, so far as we could learn later, no inquiries were made as to the *bona fides* of Mr Schneider, and nothing was done either to ship, officers, or passengers, save to prevent the latter from establishing the Free Colony of their dreams. This idea was, indeed, not welcomed in Sierra Leone. The existing Black Republic of Liberia, their next-door neighbour — now a sanctuary for every known variety of blackguard — was considered amply sufficient for the present, thank you, without starting a similar show having similar future possibilities, even though it was to be inaugurated by saints.

As regards the undoubted illegal status of the ship as a merchant vessel, and the irreg-

ular "clearance" she had received at Barbadoes, it was apparently considered inadvisable by the officials at Sierra Leone to make too drastic an investigation into the affair. Sierra Leone and Barbadoes are, each of them, Crown colonies. Dog will not eat dog. Perhaps the other dog could bite too!

As to the "wireless" considerations, including the status of Schneider, these were as usual outside the shore-going brain capacity, not only for comprehension but for taking any action. "There was no precedent"—and that was all about it! In the next war the sailor, warned by this as by many another instance, will act for himself, and will not be so hopeful of assistance from those whose fingers have not been taught to fight, and have no desire to learn.

Had we seized, without reference to the courts, that Telefunken set and installed it in our own ship, what fun might we not have had with it, using it as a decoy for the German cruisers! It might have produced wonderful results. This notion, though advocated, simple as it sounds, could not, however, penetrate (owing possibly to the depth of the wig) to the legal brain.

So the budding negro republic wilted and fell to the ground untimely. As little trace must by now remain of it, as of the rusty old box of tricks which carried its fortunes across the broad Atlantic. And Schneider, where is he? *Quien sabe?*

(To be continued.)

FOLLOW THE LITTLE PICTURES!

BY ALAN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER VI.

My fortnight in London passed very agreeably. I saw all the sights, visited most of the theatres, and dined at many of the more expensive restaurants. Sight-seeing, however, soon grows wearisome, and I was not sorry when the time arrived for me to journey north.

I travelled from St Pancras, by Mr Tanish's instructions, as the Midland is the only line which touches Kilmarnock, my junction for Kilbrennan. This last part of the journey, after leaving the express, was a gorgeous revelation to me. The local train followed the Ayrshire coast-line along the Firth of Clyde, and I looked out of the carriage window at the grandeur of the Arran hills with the April sun low behind the northern end of the island. Farther south towards the open sea, I could distinguish the solitary outline of Ailsa Craig hazily in the evening mist, posted there like some stern guardian of the great waterway. And all before me stretched the Firth, its waters of a depth and purity of blue that I had believed was only to be seen in the Mediterranean.

It was about half-past six when I alighted on the platform at the little station of Kilbrennan. I had not warned the Tanishes of my arrival, for it had struck me that as I was going to Hopeton in the capacity of tutor, it might be well not to presume upon the reception accorded to a guest. I had expected that I would be able to get a cab at the station, that would carry both me and my belongings to my destination.

But the solitary porter was struck garrulous at the idea of a cab being at the station merely on speculation.

"Cab? Ha'e ye orrderred the cab, for if ye did it's no' here?"

I explained meekly that I had not ordered a cab, but expected to find one, if not several, in waiting.

"It's easy seen ye're no' used tae this pairish, or ye wudna expec' to fin' Rab Wulson yokin' his auld mare on spec. Whaur wis ye wantin' tae gang?"

I should explain that, to judge from his rough harsh speech, one would have thought this porter had a most violent grudge against me. It only dawned upon me slowly that he was, according to his lights, quite civil and helpful, though he ob-

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viously looked upon me as a poor creature—a Southron.

I told him that I wanted to go to Hopeton.

"Hopeton, is't?" he answered. "Does the Laird ken ye're comin', for if he kens, what wye did he no' sen' the gig tae meet ye?"

"He doesn't know that I intended coming by this train, though he expects me any day now," I replied, somewhat nettled by this cross-examination.

"Ye wud ha'e dune better tae wire. Ye'd ha'e saved yersel' a heap o' fash—an' me tae, for that maitter. What'll ye dae noo?"

"How far is it to Hopeton?" I asked.

"It's ower five mile if ye gang by the turnpike, but no' muckle mair nor three by the auld Roman Road ower the hills—that's if ye're thinkin' o' walkin'. But ye couldna tak' ony o' thae muckle boaxes wi' ye. The cairrier wud tak' them ower on the railway lorry."

"I think that's the best way, then," I agreed. "It's a lovely evening, and the walk will do me good after a day cramped up in the train."

"Oo aye, it's a braw nicht," he admitted, grudgingly to all appearances. "An' ye'll juist ha'e time tae gang that far afore the gloamin's on tap o' ye."

With that he proceeded to instruct me upon my route, but what with the strangeness of his dialect and my own rather casual attention to his directions, I went off with but a hazy notion of how I was to reach my destination.

At first, all was clear. Behind the station rose a steep grassy hill, its base clad in trees, amidst which one could see the chimneys and roofs of two or three houses peeping out. My road led me upwards through this wooded zone to a bare whitewashed farm-house which lay at the foot of the hill proper. Here I thought it wise to refresh my memory as to my direction.

"Hopeton?" replied the strapping red-armed girl whom I found by the byre-door. "Oo aye. Ye can gang this wye, but it's a gye rough road. Turn roond tae the left when ye're bye the fairm, an' keep straucht on roond the side o' the hill. The dry-stane dykes 'll keep ye richt. Keep atween them an' ye canna gae wrang."

Having thanked the girl for her courtesy, and received in reply a hearty laugh and a "Havers, man, it's naething!" —I went on my way round the side of the hill.

So this was the old Roman Road!

On either side of me was an ancient dry-stone dyke, broken down by time and sheep into a mere clutter of loose stone. Between lay a deep irregular hollow, filled up with bracken and gnarled gorse. A semblance of a path led through this wilderness, kept open by passing shepherds and—as I learnt afterwards—quarrymen wending their way to their work across the hills.

I was enchanted with the

scene beneath me. The road winding round the side of the grassy hill which rose four or five hundred feet above my head, was itself a couple of hundred feet above the waters of the Firth. When I stood by the broken wall and looked down, I saw the blue waters stretched before me, with islands large and small laid out as on a map. I did not know them then as I do now, but there were the two Cumbraes, Big and Little, the Isle of Bute, and, most wonderful of all, Arran, with the sun just set behind the northern end. The whole sky was rich with colour, but on the water the shadows were lengthening each moment, and a gloom began to settle on the land, which made me shiver and hastily pass on my way.

As I proceeded my path became steadily worse. I left the first hill behind, and found myself in the midst of a country dotted with grass-clad knolls, topped with rude cairns of stones. My track kept me well above the level of cultivation.

When I had walked for the best part of an hour I began to have doubts as to my direction. My friend the railway porter had put it at three miles, and I felt sure that I must have walked quite that distance. Dusk was thickening on me too, and there was no sign of human habitation at which I could inquire my way.

I now found myself in a high valley between two small hills set close together. My twin-guides, the dykes, had dwindled to one, so that I was no longer assured that I was still on the old Roman road. Worse still, when I passed these gloomy knolls on which night had already begun to settle, I found in front of me a great dark wood of stunted firs and pines, at which my path forked, one branch leading by a stile through the wood, the other bearing away to the left.

I stopped and scratched my head. The porter had certainly mentioned this wood—"the fox-cover" he had called it—but whether he had bidden me go through it or avoid it was beyond my capacity to remember.

Giving the problem up in despair I tossed for it, and bore off on the path to the left, avoiding the wood. It had now grown so dark that it was with difficulty that I could see the path, though, looking over the countryside, I could still follow the contours of the hills, and distinguish the black masses that represented wooded tracks.

I suppose I must have walked about a mile from the fork in the way, when I saw, in the distance, a light, which I took to be shining from some dwelling-house, possibly Hopeton. Unfortunately the path I followed was leading me away at right angles to this light, to reach which I must leave the track and take to the pasture-land that stretched beneath me.

"Anyhow," I thought, "a cross-country tramp can be little worse than this,"—for, indeed, the path was now almost indiscernible, and I was

continually coming into unpleasant contact with whinbushes, or stumbling over loose boulders which had fallen from the dyke.

The light which I had made up my mind to aim for lay across a valley between two hills, and was a fair way up on the opposite slope. I clambered over the dyke amid a rattle of loose stones, and set off downhill at a good pace, and at considerable risk of a broken ankle, for the close-cropped turf was honeycombed with rabbit-holes and full of ridges and irregularities of surface.

It was now all but night, and but for the fact that the moon had appeared round the shoulder of the nearest hill, I should have been unable to advance with any hope of reaching my goal. To add to my troubles, the light for which I was aiming suddenly disappeared. Once or twice again I caught a glimpse of it, and then it was gone for good.

Immediately after I had lost sight of the light, the report of a shot-gun reached my ears from somewhere in the gloom ahead. At the same time I thought I could hear a faint distant call of distress, and then once more the silence fell around me.

I stood still and listened intently, but as I heard nothing further, I put the sound down as the startled call of some bird disturbed by the shot.

Then, by the aid of the moonlight, I saw the explanation of the disappearance of the light for which I was aiming. Ahead of me lay a long narrow wood, which appeared to me as a black stripe stretching away far up the hill towards which I was advancing. As I descended the slope into the valley, this wood had come between me and the light.

I could see that I must either make a very long detour, or else cut right through the wood—no easy job in the darkness. However, as I had no idea how far I might have to walk to get round it, I determined that I would go through, if the undergrowth were not too thick.

I reached the bottom of the valley and stumbled into a little burn that flowed through it. Crossing this, I advanced uphill once more, still over springy, close grass, and each moment I seemed to get nearer to the wood. So quickly did it draw near that it almost seemed to be coming to meet me, and as it came I liked it less and less.

There was something horrid about that wood. All around me I could see the rough outline of the country by the bright light of the moon, but there ahead the moon's rays had no power. The wood was like a great black wall stretched across my track. Its gloom and silence began to have an eerie effect upon me, so much so that as I reached the dyke that bordered the wood I began to hesitate, and wonder if perhaps it would not be wiser to make the detour after all.

Then I pulled myself to-

gether and called myself a nervous fool, afraid of the dark. Giving myself no further time for hesitation, I clambered over the wall and dived down into the darkness.

Immediately the whole wood became a pandemonium of sound. For a moment my heart jumped within me in sudden fear; and then I realised that in the tree-tops were the nests of innumerable wood-pigeons, whose rest I had disturbed, and the harsh clatter of whose wings had startled me.

I pushed my way forward, stung and pricked by the sharp pine-needles, which to my high-strung nerves seemed like the swords of dumb sentinels barring my advance. As I struggled I became conscious of another sound, so distinct that it pierced even the thunderous flapping overhead.

It was a low moaning wail, as of some creature in awful pain or stricken by unutterable sorrow—a sound that, coming to me raw-nerved as I was, brought a cold sweat to my brow and set my limbs a-tremble.

I stumbled on, guarding my head from injury with outstretched arms, and jarring my whole body from time to time as I collided with the trunks of trees. Already it was hopeless to turn back. My sense of direction had deserted me, and there was nothing for it but to struggle on, in the hope that I would blunder out on the opposite side.

As I penetrated farther the trees seemed to grow wider apart, and patches of moonlight lay here and there, like white sheets spread upon the ground. A clear light shone some way ahead as though an open space lay there, wherein the moonlight could play freely.

But from that direction, too, seemed to come the ever-repeated wail that struck unmanly fear into my heart. I all but turned and fled back into the thicket. Shame drove me forward, however, and soon I had stumbled upon the verge of a small clearing, brilliantly lit by the cold hard light of the moon.

It was here that I found the source of the weird sad cries that had upset my nerve.

In the middle of the clearing stood a rough cairn of stones, clean-cut in the moonlight. Seated at the base of this cairn was a young man, on whose face there was a look of grief and despair indescribable in words.

Across his knees and supported by his twined arms lay the form of a white-clad woman, from whose closed eyes and set features life appeared to have fled. A great dark stain spread over the bosom of her white dress. Her dark hair hung loose over the arm of the youth who held her.

At first I thought the young man had heard my approach, but his eyes, which looked in my direction, were fixed on vacancy and as I looked his lips parted, and there burst from them again that low long wail.

CHAPTER VII.

How long I stood silently looking on this strange scene I cannot say. I might have stood much longer than I did but for a discovery that I made without at first realising its significance. As the young man sat motionless with the body of the woman in his arms, I became conscious of the faint regular rise and fall of her bosom. Everything stood out so clearly in the moonlight that I could not be mistaken. So still and white was her face that I had assumed that life had fled, and the discovery of my mistake came on me so suddenly that I rushed forward, shouting—

"She is alive! She is alive!"

The young man started to his feet, still clasping her to his breast, and I saw his eyes gradually focus upon me, and marked the look of surprise with which he slowly realised my presence.

"Who are you? . . . What do you want here?" he demanded, but in a hoarse whisper as if afraid of disturbing her whom he carried.

"Don't ask questions," I answered hurriedly. "I am a doctor, and the lady is hurt—but alive."

"She is shot through the heart!" he murmured. "Oh, God!" And again his cry of anguish filled the air.

"Pull yourself together, man," I said abruptly, and seizing his shoulder I shook him roughly. "She is alive! Do you hear? She is alive! Let me see the wound."

I took the woman from his arms and laid her upon the ground. Quickly I opened up the bosom of her dress and found upon her breast, just over the heart, a long raw flesh wound. A short examination convinced me that it was that, and nothing more. She had merely fainted from loss of blood and from shock.

Springing to my feet I tried to convey this good news to the young man, who had stood by meanwhile with a dazed look on his face.

"She is all right!" I explained. "It is merely a flesh wound. Where can we take her in order that I may dress it properly? Have you a home near by?"

Gradually a look of comprehension dawned on his face.

"She is alive? Oh, Marie! Thank God!"

He threw himself on the ground beside her and kissed her eyes, her lips, and her hair, and dropped tears upon her upturned face.

"Come, come!" I said sternly. "This won't do at all. Pull yourself together, man, and let us get a roof over the lady."

"Yes, yes," he stammered brokenly. "You are right. It is not far."

He lifted her tenderly in his arms, and making a sign to me to follow, plunged apparently into the depths of the wood. In reality he fol-

lowed a narrow track which soon led us to a gate in the boundary wall. Not far ahead, across a field, I saw a light shining from the window of a farmhouse. Towards this my guide carried his burden, and soon after we had the injured woman lying upon a couch in a comfortable room, and I was busily at work dressing her wound.

I had hardly finished when she opened her eyes and looked vacantly round until she encountered the gaze of the youth, who was watching her eagerly.

"Roy," she murmured faintly, and closed her eyes again.

"Marie, my darling! Thank God you are alive!"

He was on his knees by her side, holding her pale face between his hands.

"Let her rest," I intervened with professional bluntness. "She will do better if left undisturbed."

He rose obediently at my word.

"Now," I continued. "What is the meaning of all this? Did your gun go off by accident?"

The young man shook his head.

"I had no gun," he said, looking me straight in the face. "I was not there. I heard a shot in the wood—a cry of pain from my wife—and I rushed to her assistance. I was here in the farm. When I found her she lay at the foot of the cairn. I thought she was dead. That is all—except that—whoever you are—I thank you for what you have done. Perhaps Marie can explain."

"No, no," I said hurriedly. "She must not be worried to-night. You must get her to bed as quickly as you can; but first, perhaps, you can direct me to Hopeton, for I have lost my way."

"Hopeton!" The young man started back, a wild look of anger in his eyes. "Do you come from there? Are you a spy then, after all?"

I shook my head, wondering at his sudden excitement.

"I have never been to Hopeton in my life," I answered quietly. "I have lost my way through trying to take a short cut from Kilbrennan."

He looked at me intently, but evidently reading the truth of my words in my face, he calmed down once more.

"I will guide you to Hopeton," he said, after a moment's thought. "First let me get my wife safely to bed and then I shall be ready."

I examined my patient once more, and found her conscious but weak. Her husband carried her off to an upper room, leaving me alone to await his return.

I had now time to observe my surroundings, and was surprised to find the furnishing and decoration of the room vastly superior to what one would expect in the sitting-room of a small farm-house. There were many evidences of taste and of education upon the walls, and in the books and music which lay upon a side-table.

I had time also to search my

memory for something that had so far escaped me. Of whom did this young man remind me? There was something distinctly familiar about his face, though I could swear I had never seen him before.

I was still puzzling over this resemblance when my attention was distracted by a crumpled and blood-stained paper which lay on the floor near the couch. I remembered then that in dressing my patient's wound I had found this paper concealed in the bosom of her dress.

I picked it from the floor and straightened it out. The paper was yellow with age and worn and frayed where it had been folded. In wiping away the blood with which it was stained, the name *Tanish* caught my eye, and I found myself looking at the context before I realised that my action was dishonourable.

I did not learn much from my spying, however. The writing was not English, nor any other language that I knew anything of. It bore most resemblance to German, and I surmised that it was written probably in one of the Scandinavian tongues with which I was unfamiliar. The hand was cramped and antique, and I guessed that it must be one or two centuries old.

I was standing with this document in my hand when my host returned. I apologised for my prying, and explained it as best I could. He took the paper and examined it closely.

"You say my wife was wearing this inside her dress?" he asked with surprise.

I nodded in reply.

"Strange!" he murmured. "I can make nothing of it. I have never seen it before."

"Your wife is not Scottish?" I hazarded.

"No, Belgian," he replied shortly, as though he resented my curiosity.

"Ah! Then I have it! The paper is in Flemish," I exclaimed.

"Perhaps you are right," he answered coldly, "but it is no business of ours. I shall return the paper to my wife to-morrow. Are you ready to go, or can I offer you any refreshment?"

I thanked him, but declined. I was already very late, and as my luggage had probably arrived at Hopeton, they would no doubt be wondering what had become of me.

We set out at a good round pace. My guide declined to converse, answering my tentative remarks with monosyllables, and being obviously anxious to be rid of me. After quarter of an hour's tramp I recognised that I was back at the fox-cover where the path had forked. It was obviously here that I had gone astray. My companion led me down the other fork, through the fox-cover, and when we were through the wood we crossed a stile which brought us out on a proper road.

"This is the highway from Kilbrennan," explained my guide. "You are now almost at your destination."

He led me a little way along the road and then stopped.

"Here is the carriage-drive to Hopeton," he said, pointing to an opening in the hedge. "It is about quarter of a mile long. I need not take you further, as you cannot make a mistake."

"Thank you. Will you tell me your name?" I asked. "I shall return to dress your wife's wound, but I am sure I can never find my way unless I have your name as a guide."

"You are very kind," replied the young man. "But it is unnecessary, or if it should be necessary there is the village doctor—he is my friend. I should like . . . to ask—" he stammered and hesitated, "though I have no right to do so—that you say nothing of your experience of to-night to—at Hopeton. You see, I . . . I am a—a tenant, and it might do me harm."

The moon shone full in his face, and he smiled at me as he preferred his request. In a moment I knew of whom I had been reminded.

I hesitated to grant his wish, but it is difficult to refuse when one has not a ready reason, so finally I gave a qualified consent.

"Provided I hear nothing that makes this affair appear more serious than it does at present, I shall say nothing," I agreed.

"Thank you—good-night!" And turning on his heel he left me before I had time to say all that I meant.

There was nothing for it but to make the best of my way to Hopeton. As I strode up the long dark avenue I murmured to myself—

"A pair of spectacles, and that is the face of Jabez Morgan."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was dark in the drive, for it was fringed with oak and chestnut trees through which the light of the moon did not penetrate. In little more than five minutes I saw ahead of me the lights of Hopeton, and breathed a sigh of relief to think that I had at last reached my destination, and that my troubles were over for the day.

In this assumption I was premature, as will be seen.

As I approached the front of the house I became aware that a vehicle of some kind was standing at the door, for I heard the rattle of harness and the pawing of a horse on the gravel, and saw the light of what I guessed to be a carriage lamp.

At the same moment I heard the door open and the voice of my new employer raised in anger. I could see him by the light from the hall, holding open the door so that some one might pass out.

"And mind this, Forbes," he was saying as I came within hearing, "I'm showing you the back of the door for the

last time. The boy will have his own doctor from now on, and we'll see what's the matter with him at last."

As he spoke, another figure appeared upon the broad stone step. It was that of a burly man, rather under medium height, with a ruddy healthy face and open honest expression. He might have been somewhere in the fifties, but as he was clean-shaven and upright he looked younger. In one hand he held a stout stick, and in the other an old-fashioned high felt hat. As he came out of the house he paused on the step, and turned to reply to Tanish. Though obviously an educated man, he used the Scottish idiom freely, speaking in a quiet dignified manner very different from the harsh uncontrolled anger of the other.

"Weel, Laird, you ken your ain affairs best. But as for the bairn, if you dinna ken his complaint, it's no' for want o' telling. The puir laddie was getting on fine while you were awa', but you're no' twa weeks back before he breaks doon again. And why? Because o' the de'il's temper that maisters you. He's a sensitive bairn, an' when you rear and bellow at him as if he were a dug or a stoat, he canna eat nor sleep, let alane haud his ain end up when he's in your company. You may get doon the whole College o' Physeecians, but you'll no' get a truer diagnosis."

I could see, even in the dim light of the doorway, that Tanish was fuming with rage, and I felt that I had timed my arrival most unfortunately. I thought it wiser to stop where I was, hoping that the doctor would drive off immediately. But Tanish would not let him go. His rage must first have vent.

"By God, Forbes," he bellowed, "you are a cunning rogue — cunning enough at least to find an excuse for your own incompetence. So *I* am responsible for the boy's illnesses, am I? Why, damn you, man, it's the filthy drugs you pour into his guts that ruin his health. But that is what you're after! I know you, and the whole tribe of your smug, canting, rule-o'-thumb country doctors. You can blunder through a confinement, or you can tell whooping-cough from measles, but for all the good you do to either of them, folk might as well call in the vet. It's *fees* you're after. So long as you can run up your bill by the ell, God help the poor patient."

The doctor listened gravely to this violent abuse.

"Aweel, Laird," he said quietly when the other halted for breath, "hard words break nae banes." Then looking back into the hall, he cried, "Come awa', Betty. It's time we were hame."

"Yes, and let it be the last time you cross this threshold," Tanish began once more. "Ay, and your daughter too. I'll have no spying into the methods of the new doctor under cover of visiting Marigold. Marigold needs no friend whose father is an

incompetent, drug-muddling charlatan."

"Guid kens, Laird Tanish, it's nae pleasure tae visit the Big Hoose these days, but there's sich a thing as medical etiquette, and I maun hand ower the case decently and in orrder. Sae ye'll ha'e tae bear wi' me for yin mair veesit, Laird."

"Hand over the case be damned!" retorted Tanish. "The case is out of your hands now. Seaton is due here at any moment, and he wants none of your grandmotherly advice."

But this I could not listen to in silence. I would not be less correct, professionally speaking, than the manly old village doctor. I felt that it was time to disclose myself, so I walked forward into the light.

"Ah! Here he is! The very man!" explained Tanish exultingly, drawing me forward and shaking me warmly by the hand. "You can take leave of the case now, Forbes. There will be no excuse for another visit and another six-and-eightpence in the bill."

"I am afraid, Mr Tanish," I said firmly, "that I must have a consultation with Dr Forbes before I take over your son's case. If you will permit me, sir," I continued, turning to the doctor, "I shall call upon you to-morrow at a convenient hour. You will then be spared the trouble of coming here, and we shall be able to go into the details of the case at our ease."

Dr Forbes received this statement with grave professional dignity, but I felt by the look he gave me that he appreciated my motive.

"Thank you, Dr Seaton," he replied. "Drap in the morn aboot three or fower, and you shall ha'e my opeenion o' the bairn and his ailments. Come alang, Betty. The mare's wearied waiting on us."

I now saw Betty Forbes for the first time. She had been standing with Marigold Tanish in the great hall, while the two men were quarrelling in the doorway. She came forward now to join her father, and as she passed Tanish she stopped and looked at him, with a fire of anger in her big red-brown eyes. In the dim light of the lamps I could not tell her beauty, but I saw that she was tall and straight and well-formed.

"I have heard all you had got to say to my father, Laird," she said, and her rich voice trembled with the anger that she held in control. "He is too big a man to answer you in the same childish way. Why, bless you, when you let loose your petty spite on him you are like a vicious cur barking at the tail of an automobile for all the effect you have—good-night."

She turned to go, and in passing gave a long searching look at me, as if she were attempting in a glance to sum up not only my appearance, but my whole character and history.

"Come along, Daddy," she said, and the affectionate tone of her voice must have com-

pensated the doctor for all the hard words he had borne. She sprang lightly into the box-seat of the dog-cart and took the reins, while her father climbed up more stiffly on the other side.

"Then we'll see you the morn aboot three, Dr Seaton," he cried, as they drove off into the darkness.

Mine was a very strained and uncomfortable welcome to Hopeton. The Laird himself was in a transition state between fury and civility, which rendered his conversation stilted and unnatural, besides which he must have been more or less annoyed with me for siding, however mildly, with his enemy.

It was when I turned to greet Marigold, however, that I had the greatest shock of this surprising evening. So greatly was she changed that I could hardly believe it was she, and not some invalid sister. Her beautiful cheeks were pale and sunken, and her dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and brilliant. If ever eyes spoke, Marigold Tanish's cried fear that night. There was something further in her expression that I could not fathom, as if she was trying to speak to me personally and warn me—but of what?

Even her voice, as she welcomed me, seemed altered in some subtle way. There was little in it of the music that had pleased me so much on board the *Sphinx*.

"Wherever have you been to?" demanded the Laird when the usual greetings had been got over. "Your traps have been here this hour back, and we had begun to think that you had stayed the night at Kilbrennan."

"I got lost," I said with a laugh. "I was directed by a short cut over the hills, and I wandered about aimlessly until a farm-hand, or some such person, shepherded me back into my way."

"Well, you must be hungry. Marigold, show the doctor his room, and where he can get a wash, and let's get to supper."

It was a gloomy house, panelled in dark oak that reflected little of the light of the oil-lamps. Taking a candle in either hand from a table in the hall, Marigold led me up the wide staircase and along a dark corridor. When she reached the door of what was to be my bedroom she did not stop to let me pass in, but preceded me into the room, and then, turning upon me suddenly, with her strange wild eyes reflecting the flickering flames of the candles, she whispered—

"I must warn you! Make no mention of my brother. Do not ask where he is, or show that you have any knowledge that Roy exists. I have not time to explain now, but please be very careful. The mere mention of Roy throws him into a rage."

She left me without awaiting an answer, and I felt pleased to think that she trusted me to that extent.

Supper was a gloomy meal.

Marigold hardly spoke, and I was compelled to carry on a conversation with Laird Tanish, with whom, after what I had seen and heard that evening, I did not feel at all comfortable. We talked mainly of the little boy, Duncan, whom I had not yet seen.

According to the account given me by his father, there was little the matter with him.

"You'll see him for yourself to-morrow," he said. "In my opinion it is stubbornness, more than anything else, that's wrong with him. He won't eat—but just plays with his food, and no amount of talking will influence him. I've thrashed the young mule until he howled — time and again — but there seems to be no way of getting the better of him."

I looked across at Marigold as her father gave me this view of the upbringing of a delicate child, but she kept her eyes lowered and refused to meet mine.

I could foresee plainly enough that my position in this strange household was going to be a difficult one. The father was an autocrat, and, in addition, a man of uncontrolled passion. How far would I dare to run counter to his will without bringing things to such a crisis that I must either leave or be dismissed. Certainly, from a merely commercial point of view, I did not care how soon I lost my employment; but having accepted Tanish's offer, I felt that my pride was involved in the satisfactory fulfilment of my duties.

"I suppose it's too late for chess to-night," said Tanish doubtfully, looking at his watch when supper was over.

"I am afraid I am too tired and sleepy to do myself justice," I replied. "If you will excuse me, I shall go early to bed."

I heaved an immense sigh of relief when I was at last alone in the security of my bedroom and free to recall the incidents of the evening. My mind was in a perfect muddle with all that I had seen and heard, and I sat down on the edge of my bed to try to straighten things out.

Who was this mysterious young man whom I had stumbled upon in the wood? As she recovered consciousness his wife had called him Roy, and Roy was the name of Tanish's son—and this son must not be mentioned in his presence under pain of an outburst of rage!

But the young man of the wood certainly bore an extraordinary resemblance to Jabez Morgan—a fact that I could not reconcile with the former being Roy Tanish.

There was something, too, that was very strange in the wounding of that beautiful girl. Was it an accident? I felt certain that her husband had spoken the truth, and that he was as ignorant as myself of the facts. This, again, reminded me of the paper that I had taken from her bosom — the paper upon

which I had read the name Tanish.

Altogether, the more I recalled the events of the evening, the more muddled did I become; nor was my condition improved by a gentle tap upon my door, followed immediately after by the appearance of a slip of paper which was pushed underneath from without.

I picked it up and read it by the dim light of my candle.

"I must see you to-night. Wait until you hear a second tap upon your door. You will then find me in the corridor, and I shall guide you to where we can talk safely.

M. T."

So I was not yet through with the night's adventures.

CHAPTER IX.

I waited nearly an hour before the expected summons came. By that time all sound had died down in the house, and one could safely assume that every one had retired for the night. Then the signal was given, and I slipped noiselessly out into the corridor. I could see nothing, but a small hand took mine and I was led along in the darkness to a sitting-room lit by a single candle.

Marigold Tanish turned and faced me.

"Forgive me for asking you to meet me in this surreptitious way," she said in a low voice. "It seemed the only thing to do. You must be told something of how we are situated here, or you may say things to my father which will start all our troubles afresh. So I asked you to meet me now, because it might be days before I found an opportunity to talk to you alone. I hope you don't mind, and that you don't think it . . . indiscreet . . . of me to meet you in this way?"

"I think I know you well enough, Miss Tanish, to have the utmost confidence in your discretion. It is enough for me that you think it necessary to speak to me alone. I should also like to say, before you tell me anything, that whatever I can do to help you will be done with my whole heart."

"Thank you. I must say what has to be said as quickly as possible and bring this unconventional interview to a close. My father, as you saw even on board the *Sphinx*, is a very hot-tempered man, and it has always been found best to avoid irritating him as much as possible. When we arrived home from America, he found that all his plans for the future had been upset.

"About a year ago my father engaged a girl of about my age as a governess for Duncan, and also to some extent as a companion to me. She was a Belgian girl of good family, an orphan, who had been compelled to come out into the world to earn her living. She

was very good-looking and very clever in her conversation, but I must admit that I never cared for her very much, and that for all the time she was here we were never more than mere acquaintances.

"It was different, however, with my father and with my brother Roy. Marie seemed to fascinate them both, and yet she was so clever that for some time she was able to prevent them from getting at loggerheads. Roy, you must know, is just about as hot-headed as his father, and both of them are very very obstinate. Perhaps," she added with a wan smile, "as it is a family trait, I am not entirely free from it myself.

"There were many old family papers which at that time my father was very much interested in, and he used to have Marie help him sort them over and arrange them. He had some idea, I think, of writing a history of the family. We go back a long time, you know, and in the days of the Jacobites we were hot and strong for the Stewarts.

"There was a lot of correspondence dating back to that time, some of it in French, and Marie used to translate these letters and make fair copies of them. There was also an old illegible scrawl which was written in Flemish, and this also Marie managed to decipher and translate.

"The secret of that document is not mine to disclose. It is enough to say that my father became wildly excited over it. It was the cause of our visit to America and the ill-feeling that arose between Mr Morgan and my father.

"It was about that time that Roy and my father became estranged. Roy had fallen in love with Marie, and he did not take any pains to hide the fact. How far she encouraged him I cannot say, but I think she played a not very honourable part, although one must admit that her position was difficult.

"My father, although he never directly told me so, had made up his mind that Marie should be his third wife.

"The climax came one day when father surprised Roy and Marie in the garden. I was never told what happened, but Roy left the house the same day after a dreadful scene with his father. There is a small farm about two miles away which belongs to Roy. It was left to him by our mother, who died when we were children. It happened to be unoccupied at this time, and Roy went off there and started to farm the land. We have both got small incomes of our own, so that he was quite able to support himself.

"Meanwhile, after a violent quarrel with Marie, father became reconciled to her again, and it was soon afterwards that the discovery of the Flemish document was made. I must not tell you more of that, but it caused us to set out on our trip to America, leaving Marie at home to look after Duncan. Evidently father intended to be married on his return, or he would not have

been so anxious to engage you as Duncan's tutor.

"Our excursion to America did not succeed, and we returned home to find that in our absence Roy and Marie had been married, and were living at Blackdykes—the farm I told you of.

"There was a terrible scene. I was afraid that my father in his rage would have a seizure or lose his reason. Later I feared that there would be bloodshed.

"He had talked so much of Marie on the journey north, and had become so excited and fidgety, that I knew he was looking forward with unusual pleasure to seeing her again.

"We had wired the hour of our arrival, and the car was at the station to meet us. It was a great disappointment to father when he found that Marie had not come with it. He made no remark, however.

"It was when we arrived here, and old Mrs Cunningham, the housekeeper, met us on the doorstep, that he first began to have an idea that something was wrong. The poor woman was in a state of terror. She had never summoned up courage to write and tell us what had happened, and now her cowardice was recoiling on her own head.

"She stammered her news as best she could, poor thing, and it was then that I thought my father would have a seizure. His rage was terrible. It was evening when we arrived home, and already beginning to get dark, but he rushed out of the house and set out in the direction of Blackdykes as soon as he had collected himself sufficiently to take any action at all.

"I dared not let him go alone. Heaven knew what awful thing would happen when he and Roy met. I ran after him and entreated him to wait until morning—to give himself time to think things over. . . . He—he struck me across the face!"

So far Marigold had told me her story clearly and without emotion, but at this point she broke down and wept softly. I made no attempt to comfort her, but silently awaited her recovery. My feelings towards Laird Tanish would not bear words—certainly not in the presence of his daughter.

"I saw then," continued Marigold, when she had dried her tears and ceased to sob—"I saw then that it was useless to attempt to dissuade him. I fell behind, but followed at a little distance to Blackdykes. Evidently Roy had been warned of our home-coming and had anticipated trouble, for his house was carefully closed and he himself awaited us by the gate of the farmyard.

"Without a word spoken, my father strode up to him as he sat upon the gate and struck him a blow full on the mouth that knocked him flying into the yard beyond.

"Roy behaved splendidly. I know that he is no coward, for I have seen him do many daring deeds in the years we have spent together, yet when he rose to his feet he made no

attempt to return the blow. You must bear in mind that he is almost as hot-headed as his father, and that for him to restrain himself in the face of such a deliberate attack was no ordinary feat.

"He rose up, and wiped away the blood that was trickling from his lip. Father tried to open the gate, but Roy stepped forward and held it shut. I was in terror in case this would bring them to blows again, so I rushed between, and begged them to control themselves.

"Until now, neither had spoken a word, and it was almost with relief that I heard father begin to denounce Roy in the most terrible terms. There is no need to repeat what he said, even if I could remember it all. Much of it was altogether unreasonable, and all of it was very painful to listen to.

"He cast Roy off for ever, and vowed that he should never enter Hopeton all the days of his life. He spoke of Marie in terms that brought the blood rushing to Roy's face, but still he held himself in, though the knuckles of the hand with which he clutched the gate grew white as he gripped. Oh, it was a horrible scene!

"His language became so dreadful that at last Roy cried harshly to me, 'For God's sake, sis, take him away, or I shall strike him.'

"It would have ended in an actual fight, I am sure, if father had not wrought himself beyond his own endurance, and fallen in a kind of fit. It passed off quickly, but he seemed weak and confused when he came to himself, and offered no resistance when I led him away.

"Next day there was another dreadful scene, for in going through some of his papers he found that the old Flemish document had disappeared. I thought that he would have rushed away again to Blackdykes to demand its return—for there can be little doubt that Marie had taken it—but strangely enough he acted quite differently. He had severed all connection with his son on the previous day, and he refused to speak to him again, even to demand back his property.

"I don't think the loss of the paper really matters, because of course we have a translation of it — the copy we took to America—and the information in the paper is too vague to be of much value to Marie. But I am getting upon forbidden ground again.

"Now that I have told you all this, Dr Seaton, you will understand what a sore subject my brother is in this house. From the day on which he missed this paper my father has never referred to his existence, and I am in constant terror in case any chance mention of Roy's name should cause fresh trouble. My father is still very irritable, and liable to fall into sudden fits of rage, but I am hoping that your coming may calm him to some extent. He has a very high opinion of you,

which is founded, strangely enough, upon the fact that you can beat him at chess. He has always been considered a very fine player, and I cannot remember him ever having met an opponent who could beat him as you do. I am in hopes that your games may take his mind away from all this trouble, for, although he never mentions it, I am sure that he is brooding over it continually.

"Then there is Duncan—I only hope my father will not quarrel with you about him, for you are sure to disagree with his treatment of the poor little chap. Duncan is shy and nervous, but very affectionate, and I am afraid Dr Forbes is right when he says that many of his ailments are caused by his father's harsh treatment of him. It is not wilful cruelty—father would never be deliberately cruel—but his own nature is so different that he does not understand Duncan's shy ways. All this, however, you will see for yourself. I have kept you long enough already, and I have told you sufficient to enable you to avoid anything that would rouse my father's anger."

"You have told me enough to let me see how much you yourself must have gone through during this trying fortnight, Miss Tanish," I said. "You can rest assured of my sympathy. Whatever I can do to help you will be done with my whole heart. I shall humour your father in every way possible, but Duncan's welfare must be considered too."

"Of course," agreed Marigold. "I hope now that he is to be in your care all the time, that he will soon be quite strong."

"By the way, when I was lost in the dusk this evening I saw some one on the hillside who, I thought, might be Mr Tanish. He was too far off for me to call to him. I think he was carrying a shot-gun. Could it have been your father?"

"Very likely," replied Marigold. "What a pity he did not see you! It would have saved you wandering about in the dark. Father got in just about half an hour before you arrived, and finding that Dr Forbes and his daughter were here, and that your luggage had already come, he immediately got at loggerheads with the Doctor about Duncan. I would not like you to judge him by this evening. It is only when he is put out that he behaves like that, and this evening when he came in he seemed very irritable. He may have had trouble with one of the tenants. Anything like that upsets him very much. But I have kept you up too long. Let me guide you back to your room, and please be as noiseless as possible."

When at last I got into my bed I heaved a sigh of relief, and wondered if I had really finished with the night's doings at last.

I was still wondering when I lost myself in sleep.

CHAPTER X.

I was awake early in the morning, and lay abed meditating on the events of the previous evening.

What a man my new employer must be! I had first come in contact with him while he was denouncing Jabez Morgan as a thief! I had had a struggle with him in the night—there could be no doubt it was he—while he was ransacking Morgan's baggage! I now found good reason to believe that he had shot his son's wife, whom he had himself wanted to marry!

How could I possibly live at peace with such a man? I had heard his language towards the local doctor. I knew that he had struck his eldest son in the mouth, and his daughter across her face, and that he bullied and thrashed an ailing child! How was he likely to treat *me*, if I insisted on having my own way with the boy?

I speculated, too, on the mysterious document that was the cause of so much of the trouble in the Tanish family. But for it the trip to America would not have taken place, and consequently Roy and Marie would not have been left to ripen their love affair. But for it I would never have met the Laird and his daughter, nor, I felt sure, Jabez Morgan either.

Morgan, without doubt, had crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of the Tanishes. He possessed something of value to them which he would not give up, and which Tanish had attempted to rob him of that night in our cabin.

I went a step further in my speculations. I had been struck by the resemblance of Roy to Morgan. It must be that the same blood ran in their veins. Morgan must belong to an American branch of the family. He had told me that he had a Scottish ancestor—a Royalist. Yes, I was evidently on the right track.

Finding myself brought up short in my deductions for lack of data, I rose and dressed.

It was a lovely clear spring morning, and the view from my window was magnificent. Although fully three miles from the sea, Hopeton commanded an extensive view of it. The house was situated at the head and high up the slope of a glen through which a rocky burn flowed to the Firth of Clyde. On each side of the glen rose a range of low hills—those on the left as one faced the sea being the knolls amongst which I had wandered on the previous evening. The hills on the right of the glen were higher and clad in heather instead of grass—a difference which lent a pleasant variety to the landscape. The lower slopes of the valley were wooded, and through the breaks in the trees one saw the clear pools of the burn, and an occasional patch of dull red where the force of the winter stream had eaten its way into the soft sandstone.

One could trace the burn right down the glen to where it spread widely over the pink sands that bordered the blue of the Firth. Away beyond, fourteen miles out on the water, lay the hills of Arran—the ultimate thing in the scene.

As I saw it all for the first time on that bright April morning, it was a glorious spectacle. And the solitude of it all! But for two or three distant splashes of white farm, half hidden in sheltering copses, the hills, the glen, the burn, the very Firth of Clyde and the Arran hills themselves, seemed arranged and displayed for the sole delectation of Hopeton.

I wandered downstairs and out into the garden, without meeting any one but a couple of clean maids busy with the morning's work. They gave me good-day quietly and with a quick upward glance of the eyes that suggested apprehension—as though every one in this gloomy house was continually expecting an outbreak of rage.

I could now see the house—"the Big Hoose," as the country folk knew it—for the first time. It was built of yellow sandstone that time and weather had painted a sombre grey. No creepers hid its bald outlines, and the cold blue-green slates that roofed it detracted nothing from the inhospitable effect. The house had been built originally as a square—almost a cube—but succeeding generations had added wings on either side, greatly increasing the size, though adding nothing to its architectural beauty.

I must admit that—like most Scottish houses, and like many Scotchmen too—the unattractive exterior was not duplicated within. The cold stone walls and slated roof were built to resist the storms of winter; and inside, even in the most inclement weather, one could be warm and cosy. The decoration and the furniture were perhaps a trifle heavy, but the large windows let in plenty of light, and the furniture, if old-fashioned, was comfortable.

Given a family of happier temperament, the whole air of Hopeton would have been different.

As things were, a spirit of gloom seemed to overhang the house.

I met my patient and pupil at breakfast. He was a pale puny little chap, small for his age, with the same apprehensive quick look in his eyes that I had noticed in the maids, but in his case greatly accentuated. He was in obvious terror of his father, and seemed to expect in me a second tyrant. I saw that my first business must be to get rid of this notion and gain his confidence. To the few remarks I made to him during breakfast he replied in startled monosyllables, so I gave it up until I could talk with him alone.

The Laird was in excellent humour, and had I met him then for the first time I should have doubtless put him down as a typical jovial country gentleman.

"I see you've been up and out early having a look at the place," he said to me. "Ah! These are changed days. There was a time when you could have stood on the threshold of Hepeton and seen nothing but the land of the Tanishes—barring the Arran hills across the Firth. The estate has dwindled and dwindled through successive generations until now we have enough to do to keep the roof over our heads. But we'll maybe change that yet," he concluded with a strange smile.

I thought it curious that he should speak as though he were poverty-stricken, when I knew that he kept a fine car and two or three riding-horses, quite a retinue of servants, and had engaged a private doctor at a very considerable salary. I only learnt later that he was heavily in debt and that his whole estate was mortgaged.

Yet such was the nature of the man that he must have everything as he wanted it, without counting the cost.

I sat on at table with him until Marigold had gone away on some household duty, and the boy Duncan had slipped quietly out. I then took the bull by the horns, as I had made up my mind to do before breakfast. Better a good row at once than a perpetual squabble.

"I want to talk to you about Duncan, Laird Tanish," I began.

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of him?" he replied.

"I have seen too little of him to form anything of an opinion, nor do I wish to until I have had a talk with Doctor Forbes."

His brows lowered at the name, but he merely compressed his lips without uttering a word.

"What I want to be sure of, now," I went on, "is the extent of my control over the boy. Unless I am to have full authority—unless my treatment is to go on without interference from you or any one else—it is useless for me to have anything to do with him."

"What do you mean—interference from me?" said the Laird harshly, with a heightened colour.

"Merely that the boy must not be worried. It must be for me to say what he shall eat and when—what he shall learn—what exercise he shall take—in fact, I must have absolute authority. A doctor cannot be successful without it."

I looked him full in the eyes as I spoke, and I saw that he understood me, for he bit his lip and drummed his fingers on the table angrily.

Yet he did not flare up in a passion as I had fully expected.

"Well, well," he said after a pause, during which he had glanced hither and thither uncomfortably, as if he did not care to meet my eyes. "A man should know his own job best. You must have a fair field. I leave the boy to you. About chess, now—when shall we make a start?"

He was obviously anxious to get away from the subject of

his son. I guessed that my words had let him see his own behaviour to the boy in a new light. He saw himself, perhaps, as the bully that he really had been.

"This evening, if it is agreeable to you," I replied, equally glad to change the subject, as I had so easily gained my point. "This morning I must spend with Duncan, and in the afternoon I have an appointment with Dr Forbes."

"We'll have a long sitting to-night then," he agreed. "I've been reading up some new openings since I played you last. Maybe I'll turn the tables on you yet."

After I left him I wondered at my easy victory. I began to think that I had some power over him, as Marigold had suggested. If my chess was responsible it would be easy to hold him in leash.

Aboard ship I had not always played my best game. Sometimes I played when I was not in the mood, and once or twice I had even allowed Laird Tanish to win in order to please him. I felt sure that if I really set my mind to it I could mate him every time. At Harvard I had been reckoned the most promising player for years back, and had never lost a game in a tournament.

If my prestige with my employer depended upon chess, I felt that I was safe.

CHAPTER XI.

In the afternoon I walked to Kilbrennan to keep my appointment with Dr Forbes. I took the short-cut over the hills, and found my way quite easily by daylight.

As I walked down the farm road above the station, the whole village was laid out before me. It was in a hollow, about two miles from the sea, and comparatively sheltered for the countryside in which it was situated. It was rather a dull-looking village, as they mostly are in Scotland, where the houses are either of cold grey stone or equally unattractive rough-cast.

I wondered as I walked which was the home of Dr Forbes.

"It's easy seen ye're a stranger in Kilbrennan, or ye wudna be speirin' for the Doactor's hoose," said the grocer, whom I accosted in his doorway. "Gang straucht bye a' the shoaps, an' up the brae beyont. Ye'll see twa-three hooses wi' bits o' gairden forenenst them, an' the yin wi' the ivy a' ower it'll be the Doactor's."

Having thanked my informant, I followed his directions, and had no difficulty in picking out the ivy-clad villa from the others near-by. The front garden was gay with tulips and golden wallflower. Hyacinths bloomed in the windows, which were curtained with delicately-bordered casement cloth instead of the stiff lace curtains that shrouded all

the other windows in the village.

There was a cheerful bright air about the house that reminded me of what I had seen of England. The smiling maid informed me that the Doctor had been called out unexpectedly, but that Miss Betty awaited me in the "paurler."

At the same moment Miss Betty herself appeared upon the scene—and I was immediately at home.

"Come along, Doctor Seaton. The dad is out at the moment, and I am commissioned to distract your mind until he comes back. Take a comfy chair. What will you smoke? There are some cigarettes here, but if you prefer a pipe, light up."

I found myself in a cosy sitting-room, scented with spring flowers. The furniture was modern and artistic, the walls a soft plain green, and bare but for several landscapes by rising painters of the Glasgow school. A piano stood across one corner, the keyboard open, and a number of sheets of music lay upon the floor. All the chairs were arm-chairs, and all of them looked as comfortable as it is possible for chairs to be.

Meanwhile my hostess continued to talk.

"You have been a great disappointment to me, Doctor Seaton. When we first heard that an American doctor was coming, I pictured an itinerant party in a very shiny silk hat, selling remedies for rheumatics from an orange-box at the village cross. Naturally I christened you 'Doctor Quack.' Now you have gone and spoilt my picture. I can't call you names after the way you backed up the dad last night. It was awfully decent of you. By the way, how is our friend the Monster of the Glen to-day? None the worse for his orgie of hate, I hope?"

"Do you mean my employer, Mr Tanish?" I asked with an attempt at distance, but I am afraid that I smiled back at Betty's merry face. One could not help it, for it was a pleasure to be in her presence. I had not seen her properly in the shadows of the doorway on the previous evening, and her beauty came as a shock to me.

Great masses of chestnut red hair crowned a face that seemed to me the loveliest I had ever seen. It was so full of life—of humour—and of understanding. Her eyes were large and brown-red, her lips soft and full, and her complexion of that degree of perfection that is only found in conjunction with hair like Betty's—in other words, it was unique.

"Of course I mean the Laird," she replied, quite unabashed by my attempt to stand by my employer. "I know that you can't very well bite the hand that feeds you, but he doesn't feed me, and I simply refuse to be silenced. You needn't approve — you needn't even listen unless you like—but you know as well as I do that he is a beast. You

heard his remarks to the dad last night, and you had enough insight to diagnose the dad's character for yourself. I could see that by the way you spoke. That is why I am entertaining you instead of letting you study the year-before-last's 'Graphic' in the consulting-room."

"It is awfully good of you, Miss Forbes," I said truthfully. "Though you make too much of what I said last night. I heard your father speak up for the dignity of our profession, and I felt that I must support him."

"You'll like the dad. He's a dear. You mustn't think that he is afraid of the Monster of the Glen because he didn't answer him on his own lines. It's simply that the dad is quite above all that vulgar abuse. It runs off him like water off a duck. He is a philosopher, and altogether much too fine a man to be shut up in a one-eyed hole like Kilbrennan. He would probably be a Harley Street specialist by this time if he hadn't been afflicted with me. You see, my mother died when I was born, and the dad always insisted on looking after me himself. That is really why he has never got on. I was a miserable little wretch, always having colds and things, and dad said I must live in country air. Therefore he stuck on here instead of taking chances that were offered to him. But wouldn't *you* like to talk a bit now? I mustn't be greedy."

"I'd much rather listen to you, Miss Forbes," I replied. "It seems ages since I have met any one who is really cheerful."

"Yes, they are a pretty average gloomy lot up at Hopeton. Even poor Marigold has joined the mourners. I have tried to liven her up, but the Monster objects to me, and makes things as unpleasant as he can when I call. I expect, also, that he takes it out of Marigold after I have gone. Why they should all be so dismal I can't quite make out. Of course every one knows about Roy bolting with his father's intended bride, but that hardly seems enough to give them all the miserables."

"Do you know Roy at all? What sort of a man is he?"

"Know him, bless you! He was the first sweetheart I ever had. We plighted our troth in an apple-tree at Hopeton about fifteen years ago. I admit that I pushed him off the branch soon afterwards, and that he cut his head rather badly by coming down on a rake, but we made it up again later, and for years, off and on—with a goodly number of offs—we were lovers."

"Then you ought to be one of the gloomy ones too," I suggested smilingly.

"I suppose I ought. I'm in the swim really. As for what Roy is like, he is quite a nice boy—hot-headed and quick—but I am sure he would never do anything mean. After all, he had as much right to marry Duncan's governess as his father had—although why

either of them wanted her I have never been able to discover. She is one of those pale tragic-looking girls, and she never looked one straight in the face. I am sorry for poor Roy, for I am sure he is in for lots of trouble. I have done my share now. I want to hear something about you. Why are you not more Amurrican? You haven't reckoned or guessed or calculated or said 'Gee'—not once since you came in!"

I told her something of my past life, and we were still chatting pleasantly when the Doctor came in.

"You ken what a dooter's life is, Dr Seaton," he said as he shook my hand heartily. "He canna call his time his ain, so there's nae need for me tae apologise. Has Betty managed tae amuse you wi' her havers?"

"Havers yourself, dad," his daughter replied as she took his coat and hat and placed him a chair by the fire. "You know perfectly well you like to hear me blethering, and you expect everybody else to like it too. They are not all doting fathers, you know."

"Hoot awa', lassie! You an' your dotin' faithers!" said the old Doctor with a merry smile, as he leant forward to rub his hands in front of the blaze. "Fine ye ken wha's maister in this hoose. Ye daurna stir a finger or gi'e a wag o' your tongue withoot leave frae the tyrant. Noo, rin awa' an' see tae maskin' the tea. Dr Seaton and me ha'e a maist important medical consultation forenenst us, an' it's nae place for a young lassie."

"Squashed!" exclaimed Betty. "I've half a mind to give you no tea at all—only for the credit of Scotland I must be hospitable to the stranger. Get on with your important consultation. I know it. 'Gi'e the bairn plenty o' guid vittles an' fresh air, an' above a' three tablespoonfuls o' cod-liver oil ilka day. It's a graun' thing for bairns. 'Deed an' there's naething the like o' it in the pharmacopœia.'"

As she concluded her burlesque Betty curtsied derisively and took her departure.

"There's mony a true word spoken in jest," remarked her father when she had gone. "There's naething wrang wi' Duncan but juist want o' naitural affection in his faither. Keep him oot o' the Laird's sicht an' you'll sune ha'e him weel, an' as Betty says, gi'e him plenty o' guid Norwegian cod-liver oil. It's a graun' thing for bairns. 'Deed an' there's no' the like o' it in——"

As he suddenly realised that he was giving me the original of his daughter's imitation he stopped short, and we both laughed heartily.

"Weel, weel, we've a' got oor crotchets, an' I'll no' deny that cod-liver oil is yin o' mine."

The doctor was such a hearty, jolly old soul that if he had advocated the advantages of strychnine as a bottle-feed for infants I should not

have had the heart to disagree.

By-and-by Betty returned and bore us off to the dining-room for tea. None of your afternoon teas with wafer-sandwiches and toy tea-cakes, but a genuine square meal! I saw for the first time a whole new series of varieties of scones—soda scones, wholemeal scones, potato scones, pancakes, oatcakes, and Heaven knows what else—all home-baked and all delicious. Betty insisted upon me trying them all, and we made for ourselves a great deal of simple merriment out of the subject.

If I have described my visit to the Forbes's at some length, there is this excuse for it—if there were no other—that it came as such a pleasant relief from the gloom and worry of Hopeton that it impressed me much more strongly than it might have done in other circumstances.

I left soon after tea, but not before I had received a most hearty invitation from the Doctor to drop in and see them whenever I could. Betty, too, invited me back in her own peculiar—but not less genuine—fashion.

"I forgive you for deceiving me," she said, as I shook hands with her. "If you had turned out the real genuine Amurrican doctor, I should have missed a new person to talk to. Do come and be talked to when you can. I hope you don't mean to let the Monster of the Glen keep you from knowing us. He hasn't bought your soul, has he? If not, I don't see what's to prevent you dropping in here at times—and be sure and come to tea. We can produce dozens of different kinds of scones yet."

I wandered back over the hillside in a happier frame of mind than I had been in since I crossed the border. After all, then, everything in Scotland was not harsh and gloomy, as my first experience tended to show.

(To be continued.)

THE REBEL.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

I FIRST saw him in the village on Sunday morning what time the churches of the various denominations empty themselves of their congregations. He was a slender youth, and carried himself buoyantly. He wore a Donegal tweed suit of modish pretensions, pale-green socks, stout brown brogues, and a sham-velour Homburg hat. The green socks and whitey-grey tweed provided two out of the three colours of the Sinn Fein spectroscope, and I expected that an orange tie would complete the trinity; but his tie was of a revolutionary red, and went appropriately with the handsome bush of close-curling copper-coloured hair which billowed out at the back of his head under the Homburg hat, and suggested Bolshevism and anarchism and all the isms pertaining to revolt. His face was good-looking, dark-eyed, clean-shaven, well-nourished.

He turned in at the gate leading to "Mosey" Doyle's cottage, and I was informed that he was Mosey's grandson. The former had been a friend of mine in days of yore, and I had resolved to pay him a visit to renew old acquaintance, and also to renew a pair of shoes; for Mosey had a cure of soles, and I knew his skill in soling and heeling. I took the shoes to him on Monday morning. He was at his bench in the little old dim room wherein he had plied his cobbling for more than half a century. His greeting was as cordial as man could make it. He paid me florid compliments on my looks, and declared it was growin' younger I was, every day!

It was at this point that my friend the Rebel entered. He strolled in apparently in the enjoyment of leisure. He still wore the Homburg hat, which he did not trouble to remove. His grandfather introduced him with a slightly timorous manner. I fancied I caught a shade of anxiety in Mosey's wrinkled, bronze-coloured face, but the youth responded to my greeting with politeness, just tinged, perhaps, with faint supercilliousness.

This interchange of amenities over, I unwrapped the paper round my shoes and showed them to Mosey. He examined them critically, remarking *en passant* that the price of leather would frighten the heart out of ye! However, in the end he stated a price, and promised to have the "little shoes" (Mosey invariably added this adjective to every lady's boots or shoes) ready in a couple of days.

I was on the point of departure when my old friend's

grandson suddenly made a wild snatch at the shoes. He peered into their interior with savage intensity, then with unaccountable violence flung them from him as if they had stung him.

"Made in England!" he hissed at his grandfather.

I looked at him blankly and then at Mosey. The latter refused to look at me, but he took up the paper, wrapped it round the shoes again, and handed the parcel back to me.

"What—what is it?" I exclaimed helplessly. The old man made dramatic passes with his hands.

"'Tis not me," he said magnificently, "that'll lay a hand to a boot or a shoe made in England till Ireland is free."

A wild desire to laugh seized me, but knowing the Irish peasant I crushed it. But I looked from Mosey to my Rebel, and he looked at me, and blatant swank—no other word expresses it—irradiated him from head to foot. Again I wanted to laugh, and this time I did. I turned to Mosey.

"Well, good-bye, Mosey," I said; "I'm sorry you can't oblige me, but I'm really not in any pressing need of the shoes; they can wait till I get back to London, though I'd rather you did them. They wouldn't be the first you've soled for me."

He muttered something inaudible, and I went out of the little dark dirty room into the glowing sunshine, with the shoes under my arm and confused wonder in my mind.

Later in the day, I was coming back from the river through the woods when whom should I see approaching but Mosey. I made to pass him by, but he stopped me.

"Whist!" he said mysteriously. "I'm huntin' you this hour back; what I'm wishing to tell you is this: leave the shoes ready and I'll come up for them this evening, and I'll do them for ye betther than new, and," he winked, "sure the divil a ha-porth *he*'ll ever know about it."

"Mosey," I said, feeling an acute spasm of mirth, "are you a Sinn Feiner?"

"Ah, God love ye, no, I'm not, but," he lowered his voice, "the way it is now, ye have to *humour* them if ye want to get yer life in these days."

He had laid one bony, big-veined hand on my arm and was gazing at me with a strange, deprecating, affectionate expression quivering over his face.

"In that case," I observed, "I think you're very foolish to——"

He interrupted me quickly.

"I give ye me worrd an' there's millions more like me in Ireland this day."

"Well," I protested, "if I were you I'd see that young grandson of yours further before I humoured him."

He looked distressed.

"Ye would not," he said pleadingly; "sure him and the whole of them is up in an element, and that's God's truth; 'tis too much they know and too much larnin' that's put into them, and they

don't know what to be at next; but if I was to thwart him, the Lord knows what he'd go and do; and what would *I* do if I was to see him hanging by the neck on a tree as many a one before him hung out there"—he pointed—"on Gibbet Hill?"

I was silent from sheer helplessness.

"But ye'll give me the little shoes now; sure it'd go to me heart to deny ye anything."

"Very good, Mosey, I will. But if he finds out, don't blame me."

"The divil a taste he'll find out. Sure and how would he. I'll keep them hid tight and do them when he's out with the letters."

"Letters," I ejaculated; "what letters?"

"The post, to be sure."

"Post! Is he a postman?"

"Bedad he is, letter-carrier for the district, and he only eighteen; but he's a grand scholar, glory be to God! what I never was. It's the fine life they have now—bicycles and motor-cars, and never soil their hands. And for pay, oh! there's nothing like the Governmint money after all. With rises to-day and rises to-morrow and the war bonus on the top of all, God bless us and save us! if I'd had the Governmint pay in me day it's the quare forchune I'd be leavin' behind me."

I could feel my mouth fall open foolishly.

"Then I suppose he delivers English letters," I said stupidly.

"Oh, faith he does, English and Irish and every letter that's in it," he replied blandly. "He's a smart boy, mind ye!"

"He is," I agreed.

"But," his voice and his eyes grew eager, "ye'll give me the little shoes; sure he'll never know a word about it."

"Yes," I said, "you shall have them."

He beamed upon me as if I were making him a present of them.

Walking through the village the following day, a scarlet bicycle fled past me with the Rebel on it. The bright buttons of ignoble servitude glinted in the sunshine on his blue coat, and the copper curls were more ebullient and anarchical than ever, bursting out under the small old-fashioned *képi* with which the British Government covers the heads of its postal servants. He was whistling as he went.

A couple of days later the shoes reappeared in my bedroom beautifully re-soled.

Well, well!

AN AIRMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN EAST AFRICA.

BY LEO WALMSLEY.

XI. A FLIGHT TO THE RUFIJI.

THE Germans were busily engaged in getting all their stores south of the Rufiji river, over which, at a place called Kibambawe they had built a bridge. An aerial reconnaissance had been carried out over Kibambawe from Morogoro by Van der Spuy and Hewitt (one of the "heavies"), and they had gleaned some valuable information. At the very moment of their arrival there, hundreds of German porters were engaged in towing a big lighter up the stream, and with the machine flying at about 400 feet Hewitt had thrown them into utter consternation by means of his Browning pistol. For some reason or other our aeroplanes were not fitted with Lewis guns, a great disadvantage I always thought.

The Staff was now desirous of having another reconnaissance over this place, and at the first opportunity I was sent out with Albu as pilot. Flying first of all to the Duthumi position we struck the Rufiji road, and followed this to its junction with the Kissaki road near to a large military camp called Beho Beho.

There was very little of interest here and we wasted no time. Keeping within sight of the main road, we had no difficulty in finding the way, although our objective was as yet completely hidden by the cloud-pack which floated in the air 500 feet below. The ground immediately underneath was obscured only at intervals, but rarely could we see objects outside a radius of half a mile. Ten minutes after leaving Beho Beho we passed over an extraordinary lake. There was no sign of vegetation on or near its banks, which seemed to be encrusted with some white saline substance, and wisps of steam were rising from its surface. We discovered later that it was a hot soda lake.

At last we sighted the river, gleaming like silver through a gap in the clouds, and I began to feel deliriously happy. After all, there was something very wonderful about being able to fly miles and miles ahead of our forces, looking on things of tremendous military importance, gazing as it were into the very soul of the enemy. The aeroplane is the X-Rays of modern warfare, and on its skilful use depends the diagnosis of the enemy's plans and intentions. It was almost ludicrous to think that a couple of lads like ourselves, to whom soldiering was merely an accident of the war, should be able to see sights and make reports over which grey-haired and battle-scarred generals would ponder.

It was not long before we saw the bridge, or rather the bridges of Kibambawe. There were two, connected by a sandy island lying in mid-stream. There were groups of large stone huts on either side of the river, and a line of trenches ran along the southern bank. There was little sign of movement, and to all appearances the place was unoccupied. But the Germans by this time had learnt what to expect when they heard the drone of our engine in the sky, and the first thing they did in any camp was to prepare strong dug-outs, to which they retired at the sign of approaching danger. The niggers, on the other hand, were left to shift for themselves and were told to hide in the bush. The water of the Rufiji was crystal clear, and the shoals and rocks of the river-bed were revealed with remarkable detail.

In order to make a sketch we dived down underneath the cloud-pack, but the air was so bumpy that we had to climb back immediately, and I had to take advantage of the gaps in the cloud to complete my drawing of the bridge, trenches, and camp. Hardly had I finished when the engine commenced to miss and vibrate in a most alarming manner. There are occasions when the pleasures of flight fade like the dew at sunrise. As an observer, one's sole interest in life is immediately concentrated on the ground, searching for a landing-place, and in East Africa one never found such things. The whole of the country between the Rufiji and the Mgeta too, was wild, waterless, and uninhabited, and the prospect of a forced landing was not an agreeable one. Still the engine sounded by no means hopeless, although that beastly vibration grated horribly on one's nervous system. Naturally the pilot had turned homewards at the first sign of trouble, but we seemed to be crawling along at a snail's-pace. It always feels like that with a failing engine over the enemy's lines—just as though you were trailing a sheet-anchor behind.

Many long hours seemed to pass before the Tulo aerodrome hove in sight, and when we finally switched off to land, our respective sighs sounded loud above the whistle of the wires and struts.

A couple of days later I returned from a successful shoot to find that in my absence half the camp had been burnt down. My own grass hut and everything inside it, including more than a hundred films, my diaries for the last four years, my cameras, field-glasses, shot-gun, and all my kit, were completely destroyed. It was a stunning blow, and above all things I wept for my diaries and films. I was simply left with what I had on—boots, socks, slacks, shirt, and helmet.

The shock of it all brought on a nervous breakdown, and a day or two later I was ordered to take a month's rest at the Convalescent Home in Zanzibar.

On the third day following my disastrous fire at Tulo I arrived at Morogoro, where I

was informed that I might leave for the coast by the evening train. The only accommodation proved to be the tender of the locomotive, the most comfortable regions of which were already occupied by a number of Staff officers and their servants. However, Maganga very optimistically slung my kit (water-bottles, officers, for the use of one, haversacks O.F.U.O. 1) on to the coals, and staggering over a wriggling and cursing heap of humanity I managed to find an unclaimed space on a nigger's leg, and there I settled down for the journey. We left about 11 P.M., by which time there were no less than thirty-six people on board the tender. It was an unspeakable night, but the sight of a very dapper red-tabbed staff-major trying to sleep, with one leg cocked up at an angle of 90 degs. and his head resting on an iron shovel, made up for many things. At nine in the morning we pulled into the station of Daresalam. Without waiting to explore the town, I rushed round to the Naval Office and obtained permission to embark on a whaler which was leaving immediately for Zanzibar. For once I felt the lack of kit to be a distinct advantage, for I got on board just as the anchor was weighed.

How good it was to taste the sea air and to feel the cool monsoon playing on one's cheeks; to hear the plaintive cries of the sea-birds; to watch the bright blue waves of the Indian Ocean dancing in the sunlight, the gossamer-winged flying-fish gliding joyously through the air, the great blue-backed porpoises gambolling madly in front of the bows.

It was late in the afternoon when the dazzling white walls of the town rose up as if by magic from the sea. Gradually a thin green line of cocoanut palms became visible, and then the masts and rigging of dhows and little ships. Soon we could make out the Sultan's Palace, from which the tired "Hunter of the East" was now unwinding his "nose of light." A wonderful scent of cloves, cocoanut, and incense assailed my nostrils as I stood gazing towards the shore; darkness had now fallen, and a hundred twinkling lights were reflected in the softly lapping waters which encircled the town; the dull boom of a distant tom-tom, the weird wailing of a muezzin from the mosque, the musical babble of many voices were borne in perfect harmony through the still warm air, and I began to feel myself sinking into a hypnotic trance. . . .

"Come on, Flying Corps, the boat's waiting for you!" broke in the gruff hearty voice of the skipper. "Where's your kit?"

"In my pocket!" I replied with a feeble smile.

. . . . . .

The convalescent home, one of the Sultan's numerous ex-palaces, was magnificent. I spent the time chiefly in spending money, exploring the bazaars and the old town, sketching, zoologising in the coral reefs, and fishing in a ramshackle old dug-out. On

the fourth day I developed a sharp attack of fever and was "admitted" to the European hospital. The "ward" to which I was detailed was a tiny room containing two beds, in one of which lay a very obvious senior naval officer, who glared at me in a most unsympathetic way as I entered.

"Good afternoon, sir!" I ventured.

No answer, but the glare developed into a scowl.

I proceeded to undress, feeling not a little embarrassed. The air seemed charged with electricity. Silently I prayed for the speedy arrival of the nurse,—perhaps she would—well, introduce us. No nurse arrived, however, and I made the change from shorts into pyjamas with as much dignity as I could muster, feeling all the time like a night-bomber in the glare of the enemy's searchlights.

"Umph—Flying Corps, I expect."

The voice gave me such a start that I knocked over the bedside table, and a collection of medicine bottles and glasses crashed on the floor with a fearsome noise.

"Umph—nerves—how old are you?"

I answered as a trembling slave might answer the questioning of an Eastern Potentate.

Followed a deadly silence of half an hour. Then I happened to notice his cap, bearing the badge of the Royal Naval Air Service. Something must be done to break the tension. Here at any rate was a bond of sympathy. We were airmen. Perhaps if I asked him something about his particular type of machine. . . .

"I hear that your seaplanes won't climb, sir!" I said nervously.

I suppose it was a somewhat tactless remark, yet I was hardly prepared for the volcano of wrath which immediately burst forth from the other bed.

"And who the —— told you that, you young ——; some —— landlubber who——!"

I retired under the blankets while the storm blew past. An hour later he spoke again in much softer tones.

"Umph—what's your temperature?"

"One hundred and four, sir!"

"Umph—better have this rug of mine!" and with that he came over and tucked me in as gently as a mother would do her babe.

XII. KILWA AND THE TRAGEDY OF CLOWE.

After ten days at the Convalescent Home I left for Daresalam. I crossed in an Arab dhow, an exciting and unforgettable experience. I have never seen such cockroaches in my life. Arriving at Daresalam, I found that I had to leave on the next boat for Kilwa, and report on the aerodrome then under preparation at that place. At Kilwa Kissiwani, from which the road runs twenty miles northwards

to Kilwa proper, a car was waiting for me, and within an hour I was at the aerodrome. Here I found Osman, a pilot who had only recently been sent out to the Squadron, and who had been placed in charge of the aerodrome construction gang. A very unfortunate site had been chosen, in low swampy ground which promised to become a lake after the first shower of rain. The aeroplanes were wanted too urgently, however, for us to change it at present, and speeding up the niggers we managed to make it safe in a day or two: then wiring to Daresalam that all was ready, we patiently awaited the coming of the machines. The natives were all very excited at the prospect of seeing one of the "big birds" come to roost. They had occasionally seen aircraft of the R.N.A.S. and they knew quite a fair amount about bombs, but they could not quite understand where the human beings fitted in.

The whole populace rushed out of doors when a loud hum announced the approach of the first "ndege." Thousands of eyes were strained eagerly to the sky, and deep gasps of astonishment were heard as the machine descended in a steep spiral, flattened out over the palm-trees, swooped down gently and kissed the ground as daintily as a butterfly alighting on a wisp of grass. It was Carey-Thomas—who was to take command of the Flight. The niggers pressed round and regarded him with awe and wonder written in their faces.

Two other machines were to be expected at intervals of fifteen minutes, and I returned to the aerodrome in time to see the first one land safely. It was Jansen, and there still remained Clowe. A quarter of an hour passed and no sign came: in half an hour we began to feel worried, for the sun was sinking rapidly—and yet no familiar hum in the sky. We should have had a wire from Daresalam had he returned. When six o'clock struck we knew that he must have come down, for his petrol could only last 3½ hours, and we resigned ourselves to the inevitable.

They say that war has made soldiers callous to the horrors of death. Perhaps this is true, but in a little Flight like ours, one could never really shake off that terrible feeling of despondency when one of the mess was "missing." Although experience had taught us that "missing" usually meant a few days wandering in the bush and a happy return to camp, yet there was always that disturbing sensation of uncertainty; and although at dinner that night we had all the outward appearances of being a moderately cheerful party, I'll guarantee there was not one in whose mind thoughts of our comrade were not uppermost.

Late in the evening, orders came down from General Hoskins, who was now in command of the Kilwa force, that we were to attempt a reconnaissance as soon as possible over Kibata, a military post some forty miles north-west, in which

our infantry at that time were more or less surrounded by a powerful force of the enemy. The map of this section was particularly inaccurate, and very little information could be given as to how we should find our way to the place. We were simply told that it was a big white fort on the top of a hill, and that several native roads converged upon it.

Carey-Thomas and I left at daybreak next morning. The wind was blowing from the sea, and we took off in the direction of the town, which we skimmed over at 200 feet. The quaint flat-roofed white Arab houses gleaming amongst the rich green foliage of the cocoanut palms made a thoroughly delightful picture. A broad yellow beach of sparkling sand, patched here and there with mangroves, divided the town from the sea, whose great monsoon rollers broke on the shore in scintillating lines of foam. Sunken coral-reefs and green sea-gardens were revealed as through a magic mirror as we flew outward over the water. Soon we banked steeply and turned towards the land. Above the town the ground rises gently in a series of hills, covered with cocoanuts, native cultivation, and exquisitely-tinted mango-trees. Ten miles north the mighty silver coils of the Matandu river were discernible, and we set our course in that direction. Although the sun was shining brilliantly, heavy patches of cloud hung over the hills Kibata way, and soon we had to commence dodging. There is something very fascinating about cloud dodging. The way is blocked by a dense bank of cumulus; to fly through this is not dangerous but uncomfortable, and of course the ground may be hidden for many minutes—a fatal thing when one has to find one's way by tracing a narrow native path through the jungle. To climb above this cloud is perhaps possible, but obviously possesses no advantage: to fly below means being "bumped" in a most disagreeable manner. Therefore the only thing to do is to find a clear gap or "pass," and at this game we quickly became expert. It was usually the observer's task to stand up from his seat, choose the way, and wave his hands to right or left as a guide to the pilot. Sometimes we would fly through wonderful cloud caves, ornamented with airy stalactites and stalagmites, or pass under frowning cliffs and over yawning chasms. It was all very nice on the homeward journey, when there was no need to worry about finding the way, but going out it kept us in a perpetual state of anxiety.

North of the Matandu the ground is clothed in dense forest, in which the road was frequently hidden for miles. A native path never by any chance runs straight, and it was a very difficult task to pick it up again after once losing it from sight. However, our luck was in, and at last we were overjoyed to get a glimpse of the little white fort, just before it was blotted out by an immense cloud. It was nearly ten minutes before we

saw it again, and by that time we were well to the south of it. Bumps or no bumps, we had to come down, and pulling back the throttle Carey pushed the joystick forward. We were not much more than 1000 feet from the ground when the machine flattened out. The country below was very mountainous and still forest clad. Several trench lines could be seen, but before attempting to sketch them I decided that we should first of all fly over the fort in order to get our bearings.

It was a typical "Boma," built of bricks and plaster, with dazzling white cement walls, and presenting from the air at any rate a very spick-and-span appearance. Part of it had been destroyed by the German artillery, which had done some very effective shooting. The slopes of the hill had been cleared of forest, and this open space was being shelled continuously. Immediately above the fort I gave the signal to Carey and he commenced a steep turn: in the middle of it and without a moment's warning the engine suddenly stopped dead! Instinctively he put the nose of the machine down and we started to glide towards the ground. With no small amount of apprehension I looked towards the bare hillside: as a landing-ground its attractiveness did not thrill me. Even if we did crash safely there was the Hun shell fire to consider. However, I put every confidence in the judgment of my pilot and resigned myself to the inevitable. It is a curious sensation, sitting in a comfortable upholstered seat, feeling physically fit in every sense, yet knowing that within the space of perhaps a minute one may be a mangled corpse. It is not the sense of fear that is uppermost in one's mind by any means, and it is a mistake to imagine that all a man's sins float across his consciousness on occasions like these. The time is usually much too short.

As we came nearer to the ground the bumps became very violent indeed, and sometimes it was hard to keep in one's seat. I had loosened my belt—a wise precaution in case the machine was badly smashed up—and had curled my legs under my body in order to keep them out of the way of the engine should it be pushed forward. At 300 feet I closed my eyes and waited for the final crash. . . .

Hours and hours seemed to pass, . . . and then instead of the sound of rending wood and timber came the very welcome splutter of the engine, complaining badly at first and then swelling out into its wonted roar. I looked round at Carey. He shouted gleefully, but his face still wore a look of anxiety. Slowly we climbed, but so low had we come that our way home was still barred by the hills. In five minutes, however, the altimeter was registering 1000 feet, with the engine still running perfectly. Naturally we turned homewards as soon as our height permitted, and for an hour we flew along over the forest expecting every minute that the engine would

fail again. Apart from an occasional "miss," each of which sent my heart into my throat, it behaved splendidly, and at last we landed safely at the aerodrome. Climbing out of our seats we shook hands without saying a word, but there was a look in our eyes that meant much more than words could express.

Good news awaited us. Clowe had landed safely at Mikindani, close to the Portuguese border and about 100 miles south of Kilwa. He had been unable to identify our aerodrome on his way down, and had simply pushed on until his petrol had finished. He would leave for Kilwa as soon as he received a supply of fuel which the Naval people were sending ashore, and we might expect him that evening.

The cause of our engine trouble was discovered to be a choking of the petrol intake to the carburettor. Nearly a thimbleful of a peculiar red mud was taken from the gauze-filter, and the mechanics were very puzzled as to how it had got there, for the tanks and pipes had been thoroughly cleaned out several times before the flight. They would be carefully examined and recleaned before we ventured out again.

Kilwa Kivinje is a very picturesque old town, and once it was a very busy slaving port. It is inhabited chiefly by Swahili fishermen and farmers, but there are many pure Arabs and a few Indian traders. At this time of the year, a month before the heavy rains, it was particularly unhealthy; and, although the thermometer rarely climbed higher than 98 degs. in the shade, the heat, on account of the moisture, was very trying. Fully 75 per cent of the mechanics were already down with malaria, and it was a difficult business to keep more than two machines in order. Throughout the campaign the work of our men had been magnificent. Most of them were South Africans, but this does not mean that they were in any way inured to the conditions of tropical Africa. On account of disease, the work of the men who were more or less fit was frequently doubled, and it was no unusual thing for one of them to put in twelve hours' continuous work on a defective engine or a damaged machine, so that it could take the air in the shortest possible time.

About four in the afternoon a wireless message came to say that Clowe had left Mikindani for Kilwa. Big smoke fires were immediately prepared and a sharp look-out kept for his arrival. About five o'clock he was sighted, well out to sea, and evidently endeavouring to keep clear of the heavy storm-clouds that hung over the land. He disappeared in five minutes, and although Very lights were sent up at intervals until dark, he was neither seen nor heard again.

Early next morning, Osman, flying the machine we had used for Kibata, was sent up the coast to look for him. Three and a half hours later he returned with an exciting story. He had flown north to the

mouth of the Rufiji, and there had encountered a very heavy storm, that had blown him out to sea. Suddenly the engine stopped dead, even as it had done with us the day before, and he glided down through the torrential rain, expecting to crash into the water. At 500 feet, however, the air became clearer, and he discovered that he was over Mafia Island, where the R.N.A.S. had an aerodrome. Just he was about to land the engine picked up again, and he decided to turn for Kilwa, as the way was now clear of cloud. He seemed remarkably pleased to be back. The peculiar red mud was found once more in the carburettor, but it was several days before the mystery of its origin was solved. It was due to a defective tank, the interior of which had not been properly treated to resist the corrosive action of the petrol; and this demonstrates how easy it is for a careless factory worker to cause the loss of a valuable aeroplane, and possibly the death of one or two people.

No sign of Clowe had been seen. Late in the afternoon Carey-Thomas suddenly became ill, and as a thermometer placed under his tongue gave a reading of 104 degs., much against his wish we packed him off to hospital. Next day a nigger arrived with a message from our lost friend. He had missed the aerodrome, and this time had landed just north of the Matandu river. Yesterday he had made a third attempt, but, encountering heavy rain, he had decided to return to the river and await a more favourable opportunity. We were overjoyed to see him the same afternoon, flying low along the coast-line, and loud cheers rent the air when he finally landed on the aerodrome.

XIII. A TWENTIETH-CENTURY FATHER CHRISTMAS.

On the following morning Clowe and I left together for Kibata, and as there were fewer clouds than usual we experienced little difficulty in finding the way. Flying low, we carefully examined the various German positions, and made a rough sketch-map of the area within a two-mile radius of the fort. On the return journey we struck out first of all for the coast. This route had the advantage of being more interesting, and also of being more safe in case of engine trouble. It would have been an easy matter to land on the beach, where help would have been forthcoming from the numerous natives. How wonderful it was to gaze down through the air and then through the sea at the sunken white coral-reefs and sea-gardens many fathoms below. So clear was the water that the tiny little native fishing-craft seemed to be hovering in the air. The sea and the white beach sparkled at a million glittering points, and even the dark olive of the land seemed drenched with champagne. There is some-

thing in this powerful tropical sun-bath that infects one's blood, and its effect in an aeroplane where the unpleasant warmth is not experienced is most exhilarating.

We flew immediately over the mouth of the Matandu river, and for several miles out from the coast we could see the extensive submarine sandbanks that its waters are slowly depositing. With my glasses, here and there in the river itself, I could make out groups of hippopotami and occasionally crocodiles. The Germans had declared the Matandu river a hippo reserve, and so numerous were these formidable monsters, that when we came to use the river for transport purposes several of our supply boats were attacked and sunk, affording another striking proof of Germany's wonderful military forethought.

At dinner the same evening Osman staggered the company with the announcement that the day after next would be Christmas. The mathematical process by which he had arrived at this profound discovery was not at first obvious, but later we learnt that since his arrival at Kilwa he had kept a tree calendar, Robinson-Crusoe fashion. Lest perchance he should have registered two notches for the day of his adventure over Mafia Island, we called in the orderly-room clerk, who after some hesitation agreed that the date must be the 23rd of December.

The prospect was a tragic one. There had been no supplies in for weeks, there was not a drop of liquor in the place, and we had long since abandoned all hope of ever seeing a mail again.

That night we dreamt of roast turkey, Christmas pudding, iced champagne, and port, but the dawn of day brought no solution to our soul-depressing problem. Our spirits rose somewhat in the afternoon, however, when the faithful Maganga returned from a nature ramble with two fine geese, for which he said he had paid the sum of 12 rupees. By this time I knew Maganga pretty well, and immediately I had a mental picture of some poor nigger searching his fowl-house in vain for the geese that would never return.

Just as we sat down to tea, Grant, our very able and untiring Flight-Sergeant, came in to say that an aeroplane had been sighted making this way, and as we rushed out of the mess a wire arrived, "Machine left Daresalam for yours 15 hours." Before we reached the aerodrome it had landed, and we soon identified in the pilot's seat the Old 'Un, wearing a very wide grin on his face.

"Merry Christmas, lads!" he shouted as he got out; "see what Father Christmas has brought you!" We lost no time in climbing up to the observer's cockpit, which we found to be crammed full with mysterious-looking cases and parcels. Never did aeroplane carry a more heavenly cargo. There was a huge mail, Christmas puddings, mince-pies, *pâté-de-foi-gras*, whisky, sherry, port, and a whole case of priceless champagne of the Old

'Un's own choosing. The Old 'Un, it appeared, had come down to take command of the Flight in the absence of Carey-Thomas (who had been sent down to South Africa), and a few minutes later we were celebrating his appointment in a most suitable manner.

Opening the mail was a thrilling operation, and ripping open the travel-stained envelopes and sorting their contents into chronological order a joyous experience. It was now two months since I had heard from England, and even the bills were good reading. Amongst the parcels was a box of nearly 6000 cigarettes sent out by the 'Daily Sketch' for distribution amongst the troops. As there was no present shortage of tobacco, we decided to reserve these in case we might meet some one whose need was greater than ours.

Whether it was the smell of the champagne or not I cannot say, but immediately after our Christmas luncheon I was seized with a very bright idea, which I promptly propounded to the Old 'Un. Why shouldn't we put the parcel of cigarettes into a sandbag, fly out to Kibata, and drop them on our gallant little garrison, who for the last two months had been having a perfect hell of a time? The rain had cut them off from all supplies, the Hun had shelled them without remission, and there could be no doubt as to the acceptability of the tobacco. The Old 'Un was enthusiastic, and orders were sent down to the hangars to have a machine ready by 3.30 P.M. The weather did not look too promising, but the rain rarely came on seriously until after sundown. A sandbag was procured, a short and seasonable note scribbled, and the cigarettes and all the latest papers (the latest being October) pushed in and sewn up.

We left the ground at 3.45, and in spite of the clouds and heavy rainstorms, sighted the fort by 5 P.M. There was no time to lose, and in order to make certain that the bag fell in the British trenches and not the German, the Old 'Un commenced to volplane down. Thoughts of my first experience over this place rushed to my mind as the fort came nearer and nearer.

We were not more than 400 feet from the ground and 200 yards from the fort when the Old 'Un shouted for the bag which I was carrying. Swinging it clear of the fuselage, he let go, and we watched it sink swiftly earthwards, the momentum taking it with unerring accuracy towards the little white building. We could see our people standing out of their trenches and waving their hands, and then suddenly run helter-skelter for cover as they caught sight of the bag falling rapidly through the air; evidently they thought that we were bombing them. They soon discovered their mistake, however, and as we turned for home we could see them enthusiastically waving their appreciation of Father Christmas in his latest disguise. On the way back the Old 'Un broke the monotony

by indulging in numerous stunts, and I began to wish that I had not partaken of such an excellent lunch. Things have a habit of coming back to one on occasions like these.

Maganga had built, under my directions, a little grass hut. To make it water-tight I had placed on the roof the fly of an old tent. I know of nothing more cheerful than to lie on a nice soft bed and watch the lightning playing across the heavens, to hear the crash of thunder and the pelting of the rain on the ground, and to feel absolutely impervious to it all. That was how I felt that night when, clad only in silk pyjamas, I sank on to the luxurious softness of my bed and tucked in my mosquito-net.

The rain soon commenced, and I could hear the big drops spattering on the roof. The lightning became more vivid and blue, and the thunder louder and louder. By 12.30 A.M. the whole raging elements were let loose, and the noise of the storm was terrific. I smiled gleefully as I thought of the less provident members of the Flight, whose wicked swear-words were now outvying the storm in fury. Again I congratulated myself—and then suddenly it happened: a column of icy-cold water burst forth from the darkness above my head, and fell with a horrible gurgling noise on to my thinly-clad chest. Leaping out of bed, I simply shrieked in terror as I placed my foot on an enormous lizard that had crawled in for shelter. Feverishly feeling for my boots, I put my hand on something wet and clammy, which must have been a frog; at any rate, it was too much for me, and I rushed out into the storm without waiting to dress further. The rain was coming down in solid sheets, and the lightning illuminated the camp in a most terrifying manner. In my bare feet I staggered across to the mess, which, possessing a canvas awning, was moderately dry; here I found the remainder of the Flight picking the bones of the geese and drinking whisky-and-rain. We spent a cheerful night together. Next morning we found that the aerodrome had become a lake, as I had anticipated, and it was decided to set to work immediately and clear a space on the hillside. It was also decided to move our quarters into a large Arab house in the town, which was now available owing to the departure of some unit for the front. Flying would be *verboten* for some days at least, and we spent the time making the house as comfortable as possible. I managed to make a trip down to Kilwa Kissiwani, where I explored the island with its interesting Persian, Arabic, and Portuguese archæological remains. Presumably Kilwa was known to the ancients, for coins and pottery of great antiquity have been found here.

The most important personage in the Kilwa district is an old Arab gentleman known as the Liwale, and although in his younger days he enjoyed

an unenviable reputation as a slaver, to-day his attitude towards mankind is most benign. Because of the immense political influence that he wields, the British Authorities were anxious at that time to keep very much on the right side of him, and he was treated with great respect. He lived with his several wives in a large house on the outskirts of the town. Included in a draft of soldiers recently sent out from home were a number of ex-Metropolitan policemen: and one of these had been attached to the local A.P.M.'s staff for military police duties. The story goes that one night this man was walking his beat quite close to the Liwale's house, when suddenly he heard a woman's shrieks. Quickly his mind flew back to familiar and similar happenings down the Whitechapel Road, and without bothering to knock he rushed into the house, to find the Liwale engaged in the very ordinary Eastern practice of beating one of his wives. Very much to the dear old gentleman's surprise and disgust, he was promptly collared by the scruff of the neck and frog-marched off to the Boma. It was far too late to wake the A.P.M., so without ceremony he was thrown into a nasty unclean cell and left to ponder over the strange ways of the white man until daybreak. What the A.P.M. said when he discovered the identity of his prisoner is unrecorded history.

XIV. THE RUFIJI REVISITED.

As soon as the new aerodrome was ready the machines were wheeled up, and flying commenced once more. The Kibata garrison was reinforced a few days after Christmas, and the Germans slowly retired towards the Rufiji, abandoning most of their artillery on the way. Clowe and I on one occasion had the good fortune to discover a number of Huns trying to rescue one of their big 4·1's which had slipped over the edge of the road into a swamp. We had only one bomb, but Clowe dropped it with such good effect that the porters and cattle harnessed to the gun stampeded, and fled terror-stricken into the forest. This gun was found later by our infantry. Our reconnaissances now became much longer, and took us frequently as far north as the Rufiji. The whole of the country over which we had to fly was mountainous, and clad in impenetrable bush or forest. I usually flew with the Old 'Un on these occasions, and we had many thrilling experiences. Once when we were immediately over Utete, one of the largest German camps on the river, an exhaust valve snapped. The vibration was so terrific that we prepared to land in an open space quite near to the camp, but my pilot had such an intense abhorrence of Hun prisons (he had had six months in Ger-

many before he escaped) that he decided to push on and risk having to crash in the mountains. As a matter of fact we got back quite safely, but the mechanics found two cylinders seized up when they came to examine the engine.

In order that we might extend the range of our reconnaissances farther west it was decided to make an aerodrome at Tscheremo, a village nearly 40 miles up the Matandu river. The Old 'Un and I went out by car, selected a fairly good site, and left Sergeant Smith to prepare it. One morning a few days after, we packed our blankets into the machine and said farewell to the Flight for a few days. We had no difficulty in locating the new aerodrome, but on landing we found it very small, and the ground so soft and sandy that there seemed to be much doubt as to whether the machine would be able to get off the ground in sufficient time to clear the tall trees that fringed the open space. However, the reconnaissance was important, and we decided to risk it. That afternoon we climbed into our seats, Sergeant Smith swung the propeller, and a number of niggers held on to the planes and tail until the engine was running full out; then at a signal they let go and we started to move slowly — horribly slowly — forward. Gradually, however, our speed increased, and at last the wheels left the ground, but not until we had practically reached the extremity of the aerodrome. The trees were not 50 yards away, their topmost branches high above our heads, and there was no gap between them through which we might pass. It was too late to turn back, and my heart came into my mouth as the machine suddenly shot upwards in a mighty zoom, leapt clean over a tall mango tree, the wheels actually clipping off several thin branches, and dived again just on the point of stalling. Luckily for us the forest was not continuous; beyond the trees was an open glade through which we flew until the machine had gathered sufficient speed to climb slowly into the free air. A bouquet of mango leaves still clung affectionately to the undercarriage, and we gasped with relief as we realised what a narrow squeak it had been.

We now turned north-west, taking a bee-line for Kitandi, a large village lying to the west of the Kibata Mountains and occupied by our own troops. Half-way there we saw a magnificent bull sable antelope standing in the forest. The sight made us gnash our teeth with envy, for sable is one of the most greatly sought after of the East African antelopes. It watched us with a most bewildered air and did not attempt to move. Elephant tracks ran in all directions, and it was quite easy to see what damage they do even to the largest trees, many of which were torn down.

From Kitandi a narrow track runs westwards towards Mahenge (then the German Headquarters), and with difficulty we followed this through

the almost impenetrable bush for nearly 30 miles without seeing any sign of the enemy. Eventually we turned back in disgust; negative information frequently is more useful to the Staff than positive information, but the collecting of it is a very uninteresting task for the observer. The Old 'Un seemed very fed up, and I was not at all surprised to see him now turn the machine in the direction of Utete on the Rufiji river. We reached this in due course and found the whole camp ablaze. The Huns were evidently retiring, and they had set fire to their vast stores of flour and rice lest we should seize them. The view over the river was very fine; swollen with recent rains, it looked quite different from the Rufiji I had seen last November on my trip with Albu from Tulo. The Old 'Un had long since decided not to risk another landing at Tscheremo, and after I had completed my notes we turned for Kilwa, which we reached without further adventure as dusk was falling.

XV. THE TOLL OF THE TROPICS.

The rains were now becoming heavier and more frequent, and the toll in sickness increased accordingly. Most of us, too, were suffering from prickly heat, a most diabolical form of irritant rash that attacks one's back and the most inaccessible regions of one's anatomy. There was no cure for it, apparently, except a change of climate, and the only way to obtain temporary relief was to lie in one's bed while Maganga operated with Talcum powder. Before long the Old 'Un, Clowe, and myself were the only officers left in the Flight, and the Squadron could hold out no promise of reinforcements, as conditions were very much the same in the other Flights.

One extra pilot, Botterel, arrived eventually, and at the first opportunity I went out with him in order to show him round, as he had not previously flown in East Africa. One always felt very superior to all people who had just come out, although this man had flown for a year on the Western Front. I was therefore anxious that we should have a successful reconnaissance. We had.

After dodging the most terrific thunderstorms for nearly an hour, I spotted the enemy camp many miles west of Tscheremo, of which the Staff desired to have a sketch. The trench line was particularly clear, and I was surprised to notice the askaris working away upon it quite unperturbed by our presence. Unluckily (?) we had no bombs, or perhaps we might have disturbed their tranquillity of mind somewhat. At the end of ten minutes I congratulated myself on having made a decent map, and feeling very satisfied I gave the signal to make for home. Five minutes later, when I examined my

official map with the usual liberal allowance for inaccuracies, it suddenly dawned on me with a cold shudder that the camp I had reconnoitred successfully was one of our own. I felt myself blushing with shame, and the fact that it would have been impossible on account of the clouds to have proceeded farther was no consolation at all.

For the next few days the rain put an effective stop to all flying operations. The heat and the mosquitoes became worse and worse. There was not a man in the Flight who was not down with malaria for at least three days in each week. Flight-Sergeant Grant did the work of half a dozen men, and A. M. Miles, in charge of photography, had to carry out the duties of engineman, rigger, sailmaker, and cook, in addition to his own work. Sergeant Smith was still in charge of the aerodrome at Tscheremo, and there he was likely to remain for some time, as all road transport had broken down. The difficulties of carrying on the campaign under such conditions may well be imagined. News filtered through that the Germans had been driven from the Mgeta river down to the Rufiji, and that our troops had actually crossed the latter. But it soon became patent to us all that General Smuts's Great Push, from which we had all expected so much, had failed. The German Army was still intact; compared with ourselves they were in a favourable position. Their latest retirement had merely meant the shortening of their lines of communication, with no corresponding shortening of our own front. It was now too late to organise a fresh offensive, and it was doubtful if we could make good our recent territorial gains, for in another fortnight the whole of the unhealthy Rufiji valley would be flooded.

One day Mossop arrived by air from Tulo, a very creditable piece of cross-country flying. He had come for General Hoskins, who was now to take over the command of the Expeditionary Force from General Smuts. They left the next morning, and we were very relieved to hear by wire of their safe arrival a few hours later.

General Hoskins from the first had been very enthusiastic about aeroplanes, and there can be no doubt that had he had his way we should have been able to carry out operations on a far grander and more successful scale. The task which lay before him now was a hopeless one. Without big reinforcements to replace the recent heavy casualties in the Rufiji valley, it was doubtful if we should be able to hold on to our gains. Men were dying like flies from malaria and dysentery, transport had broken down, and the hospital accommodation was far from being adequate. And this was only the beginning of the heaviest and longest rainy season East Africa had experienced for over twenty years!

Owing to the intense heat

the aerodrome was about as far as one could walk in moderate comfort, and even when clad in the flimsiest attire one always returned wet through with perspiration. Never by any chance was one's skin dry day or night, and the enervating effect of these conditions may be imagined.

At last the dreaded symptoms of malaria made their appearance. Without a moment's notice, immediately after lunch one day I commenced to shiver. A strong tot of whisky, a hot-water bottle, and six blankets made no difference at all, until late in the afternoon when the reaction set in, and then I seemed to melt. When my temperature reached 105° I thought that I'd better get down to hospital, and that's where I woke up two days later. Malaria, at any rate, helps one to forget one's other troubles.

At the end of the week I was vastly surprised to see the Old 'Un himself stagger into the ward, for he had sworn a mighty oath that he would never get fever. However, he did not stay longer than a couple of days, and he was soon busy flying again.

Personally I was feeling very played out, and was not exceedingly grieved when I was told that I should be transferred to Daresalam. I shall never forget that journey in a Ford ambulance to Kilwa Kissiwani. There was one other patient, Captain G—— of the K.A.R., suffering from malaria and dysentery, and the terrific jolting of the car on the bumpy road caused him dreadful agonies. Poor chap, he died in the next cot to my own the first night out to sea. Just before noon the ship's engines were stopped, and his emaciated body, sewn in a sailor's hammock, was dropped into the clear blue depths of the Indian Ocean. He had been fighting since the beginning of the war in Flanders, as well as East Africa, and it was hard to think that he should die like that. I heard the "Last Post" sound on the deck above, and I thought of that terse sad message already speeding its way home to England—

"Died—on active service!"

The engines started again, and the work of the ship and the medical staff went on as before. A nurse was smiling as she dressed an officer's wounds; in the next ward a gramophone commenced a selection from the latest musical comedy; through an open port-hole I could see the little blue waves dancing in the sunshine, and never before had I felt such a conscientious objection to war.

Two days later we arrived at Daresalam, and I was carried immediately into the base hospital.

(To be continued.)

FULL CIRCLE.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

Between the Windrush and the Colne
I found a little house of stone—
A little wicked house of stone.

I.

THE October day was brightening towards late afternoon when Leithen and I climbed the hill above the stream and came in sight of the house. All morning a haze with the sheen of pearl in it had lain on the folds of downland, and the vision of far horizons, which is the glory of Cotswold, had been veiled, so that every valley seemed as a place enclosed and set apart. But now a glow had come into the air, and for a little the autumn lawns stole the tints of summer. The gold of sunshine was warm on the grasses, and only the riot of colour in the berry-laden edges of the fields and the slender woodlands told of the failing year.

We were looking into a green cup of the hills, and it was all a garden. A little place, bounded by slopes that defined its graciousness with no hint of barrier, so that a dweller there, though his view was but half a mile on any side, would yet have the sense of dwelling on uplands and commanding the world. Round the top edge ran an old wall of stones, beyond which the October bracken flamed to the skyline. Inside were folds of ancient pasture with here and there a thorn-bush, falling to rose gardens, and, on one side, to the smooth sward of a terrace above a tiny lake. At the heart of it stood the house like a jewel well set. It was a miniature, but by the hand of a master. The style was late seventeenth-century, when an agreeable classic convention had opened up to sunlight and comfort the dark magnificence of the Tudor fashion. The place had the spacious air of a great mansion, and was finished in every detail with a fine scrupulousness. Only when the eye measured its proportions with the woods and the hillside did the mind perceive that it was a small dwelling. The stone of Cotswold takes curiously the colour of the weather. Under thunder-clouds it will be as dark as basalt; on a grey day it will be grey like lava; but in sunshine it absorbs the sun. At the moment the little house was pale gold, like honey.

Leithen swung a long leg across the stile.

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"Pretty good, isn't it?" he said. "It's pure authentic Sir Christopher Wren. The name is worthy of it, too. It is called Fullcircle."

He told me its story. It had been built after the Restoration by the Carteron family, whose wide domains ran into these hills. The Lord Carteron of the day was a friend of the Merry Monarch, but it was not as a sanctuary for orgies that he built the house. Perhaps he was tired of the gloomy splendour of Minster Carteron, and wanted a home of his own and not of his ancestors' choosing. He had an elegant taste in letters, as we can learn from his neat imitations of Martial, his pretty *Bucolics*, and the more than respectable Latin hexameters of his *Ars Vivendi*. Being a great nobleman, he had the best skill of the day to construct his hermitage, and hither he would retire for months at a time with like-minded friends to a world of books and gardens. He seems to have had no ill-wishers; contemporary memoirs speak of him charitably, and Dryden spared him four lines of encomium. "A selfish old dog," Leithen called him. "He had the good sense to eschew politics and enjoy life. His soul is in that little house. He only did one rash thing in his career—he anticipated the King, his master, by some years in turning Papist."

I asked about its later history.

"After his death it passed to a younger branch of the Carterons. It left them in the eighteenth century, and the Applebys got it. They were a jovial lot of hunting squires, and let the library go to the dogs. Old Colonel Appleby was still alive when I came to Borrowby. Something went wrong in his inside when he was nearly seventy, and the doctors knocked him off liquor. Not that he drank too much, though he did himself well. That finished the poor old boy. He told me that it revealed to him the amazing truth that during a long and, as he hoped, publicly useful life he had never been quite sober. He was a good fellow, and I missed him when he died. . . . The place went to a remote cousin called Giffen."

Leithen's eyes, as they scanned the prospect, seemed amused.

"Julian and Ursula Giffen. . . . I dare say you know the names. They always hunt in couples, and write books about sociology and advanced ethics and psychics — books called either 'The New This or That,' or 'The Truth about Something or Other.' You know the sort of thing. They're deep in all the pseudo-sciences. . . . Decent souls, but you can guess the type. I came across them in a case I had at the Old Bailey—defending a ruffian who was charged with murder. I hadn't a doubt he deserved hanging on twenty counts, but there wasn't enough evidence to convict him on this one. Dodderidge was at his worst—it was just before they

induced him to retire — and his handling of the jury was a masterpiece of misdirection. Of course there was a shindy. The thing was a scandal, and it stirred up all the humanitarians till the murderer was almost forgotten in the iniquities of old Dodderidge. You must remember the case. It filled the papers for weeks. Well, it was in that connection that I fell in with the Giffens. I get rather to like them, and I've been to see them at their house in Hampstead. Golly, what a place! Not a chair fit to sit down on, and colours that made you want to howl. I never met people with heads so full of feathers."

I said something about that being an odd *milieu* for him.

"Oh, I like human beings —all kinds. It's my profession to study them, for without that the practice of the law would be a lean affair. There are hordes of people like the Giffens—only not so good, for they really have hearts of gold. They are the rootless stuff in the world to-day,—in revolt against everything and everybody with any ancestry. A kind of innocent self-righteousness—wanting to be the people with whom wisdom begins and ends. They are mostly sensitive and tender-hearted, but they wear themselves out in an eternal dissidence. Can't build, you know, for they object to all tools, but very ready to crab. They scorn any form of Christianity, but they'll walk miles to patronise some wretched sect that has the merit of being brand-new. 'Pioneers' they call themselves—funny little unclad people adventuring into the cold desert with no maps. Giffen once described himself and his friends to me as 'forward-looking,' but that, of course, is just what they are not. To tackle the future you must have a firm grip of the past, and for them the past is only a pathological curiosity. They're up to their necks in the mud of the present. . . . But good, after a fashion; and innocent—sordidly innocent. Fate was in an ironical mood when she saddled them with that wicked little house."

"Wicked" did not seem to me to be a fair word. It sat honey-coloured among its gardens with the meekness of a dove. The sound of a bicycle on the road behind made us turn round, and Leithen advanced to meet a dismounting rider.

He was a tallish fellow, some forty years old perhaps, with one of those fluffy blond beards that have never been shaved. Short-sighted, of course, and wore glasses. Biscuit-coloured knickerbockers and stockings clad his lean limbs.

Leithen introduced me. "We are walking to Borrowby, and stopped to admire your house. Could we have just a glimpse inside? I want Jardine to see the staircase."

Mr Giffen was very willing. "I've been over to Clyston to send a telegram. We have some friends for the week-end who might interest you. Won't you stay to tea?"

There was a gentle formal

courtesy about him, and his voice had the facile intonations of one who loves to talk. He led us through a little gate, and along a shorn green walk among the bracken to a postern which gave entrance to the garden. Here, though it was October, there was still a bright show of roses, and the jet of water from the leaden Cupid dripped noiselessly among fallen petals. And then we stood before the doorway, above which the old Carteron had inscribed a line of Horace.

I have never seen anything quite like the little hall. There were two, indeed, separated by a staircase of a wood that looked like olive. Both were paved with black and white marble, and the inner was oval in shape, with a gallery supported on slender walnut pillars. It was all in miniature, but it had a spaciousness which no mere size could give. Also it seemed to be permeated by the quintessence of sunlight. Its air was of long-descended, confident, equable happiness.

There were voices on the terrace beyond the hall. Giffen led us into a room on the left. "You remember the house in Colonel Appleby's time, Leithen. This was the chapel. It had always been the chapel. You see the change we have made. . . . I beg your pardon, Mr Jardine. You're not by any chance a Roman Catholic?"

The room had a white panelling, and on two sides deep windows. At one end was a fine Italian shrine of marble, and the floor was mosaic, blue and white, in a quaint Byzantine pattern. There was the same air of sunny cheerfulness as in the rest of the house. No mystery could find a lodgment here. It might have been a chapel for three centuries, but the place was pagan. The Giffens' changes were no sort of desecration. A green-baize table filled most of the floor, surrounded by chairs like a committee room. On new raw-wood shelves were files of papers and stacks of blue-books and those desiccated works into which reformers of society torture the English tongue. Two typewriters stood on a side-table.

"It is our workroom," Giffen explained, "where we hold our Sunday moots. Ursula thinks that a week-end is wasted unless it produces some piece of real work. Often a quite valuable committee has its beginning here. We try to make our home a refuge for busy workers, where they need not idle but can work under happy conditions."

"'A college situate in a clearer air,'" Leithen quoted. But Giffen did not respond except with a smile; he had probably never heard of Lord Falkland.

A woman entered the room, a woman who might have been pretty if she had taken a little pains. Her reddish hair was drawn tightly back and dressed in a hard knot, and her clothes were horribly incongruous in a remote manor-house. She had bright eager eyes, like a bird,

and hands that fluttered nervously. She greeted Leithen with warmth.

"We have settled down marvellously," she told him. "Julian and I feel as if we had always lived here, and our life has arranged itself so perfectly. My Mothers' Cottages in the village will soon be ready, and the Club is to be opened next week. Julian and I will carry on the classes ourselves for the first winter. Next year we hope to have a really fine programme. . . . And then it is so pleasant to be able to entertain one's friends. . . . Won't you stay to tea? Dr Swope is here, and Mary Ellisten, and Mr Percy Blaker—you know, the member of Parliament. Must you hurry off? I'm so sorry. . . . What do you think of our workroom? It was utterly terrible when we first came here—a sort of decayed chapel, like a withered tuberose. We have let the air of heaven into it."

I observed that I had never seen a house so full of space and light.

"Ah, you notice that? It is a curiously happy place to live in. Sometimes I'm almost afraid to feel so light-hearted. But we look on ourselves as only trustees. It is a trust we have to administer for the common good. You know, it's a house on which you can lay your own impress. I can imagine places which dominate the dwellers, but Fullcircle is plastic, and we can make it our own as much as if we had planned and built it. That's our chief piece of good fortune."

We took our leave, for we had no desire for the company of Dr Swope and Mr Percy Blaker. When we reached the highway we halted and looked back on the little jewel. Shafts of the westering sun now caught the stone and turned the honey to ripe gold. Thin spires of amethyst smoke rose into the still air. I thought of the well-meaning restless couple inside its walls, and somehow they seemed out of the picture. They simply did not matter. The house was the thing, for I had never met in inanimate stone such an air of gentle masterfulness. It had a personality of its own, clean-cut and secure, like a high-born old dame among the females of profiteers. And Mrs Giffen claimed to have given it her impress!

That night in the library at Borrowby, Leithen discoursed of the Restoration. Borrowby, of which, by the expenditure of much care and a good deal of money, he had made a civilised dwelling, is a Tudor manor of the Cotswold type, with high-pitched narrow roofs and tall stone chimneys, rising sheer from the meadows with something of the massiveness of a Border keep. He nodded towards the linenfold panelling and the great carven chimneypiece.

"In this kind of house you have the mystery of the elder England. What was Raleigh's phrase? 'High thoughts and divine contemplations.' The people who built this sort of

thing lived close to another world, and they thought bravely of death. It doesn't matter who they were—Crusaders or Elizabethans or Puritans—they had all poetry in them and the heroic and a great unworldliness. They had marvellous spirits, and plenty of joys and triumphs; but they had also their hours of black gloom. Their lives were like our weather—storm and sun. One thing they never feared — death. He walked too near them all their days to be a bogey.

"But the Restoration was a sharp break. It brought paganism into England — paganism and the art of life. No people have ever known better the secret of a bland happiness. Look at Fullcircle. There are no dark corners there. The man that built it knew all there was to be known about how to live. . . . The trouble was that they did not know how to die. That was the one shadow on the glass. So they provided for it in a pagan way. They tried magic. They never became true Catholics—they were always pagan to the end, but they smuggled a priest into their lives. He was a kind of insurance premium against unwelcome mystery."

II.

It was not till nearly two years later that I saw the Giffens again. The May-fly season was about its close, and I had snatched a day on a certain limpid Cotswold river. There was another man on the same beat, fishing from the opposite bank, and I watched him with some anxiety, for a duffer would have spoilt my day. To my relief I recognised Giffen. With him it was easy to come to terms, and presently the water was parcelled out between us.

We forgathered for luncheon, and I stood watching while he neatly stalked, rose, and landed a trout. I confessed to some surprise—first that Giffen should be a fisherman at all, for it was not in keeping with my old notion of him; and second, that he should cast such a workmanlike line. As we lunched together, I observed several changes. He had shaved his fluffy beard, and his face was notably less lean, and had the clear even sunburn of the countryman. His clothes, too, were different. They also were workmanlike, and looked as if they belonged to him—no more the uneasy knickerbockers of the Sunday golfer.

"I'm desperately keen," he told me. "You see it's only my second May-fly season, and last year I was no better than a beginner. I wish I had known long ago what good fun fishing was. Isn't this a blessed place?" And he looked up through the canopy of flowering chestnuts to the June sky.

"I'm glad you've taken to sport," I said. "Even if you only come here for the week-ends, sport lets you into the secrets of the countryside."

"Oh, we don't go much to London now," was his answer. "We sold our Hampstead house a year ago. I can't think how I ever could stick that place. Ursula takes the same view. . . . I wouldn't leave Oxfordshire just now for a thousand pounds. Do you smell the hawthorn? Last week this meadow was scented like Paradise. . . . D'you know, Leithen's a queer fellow?"

I asked why.

"He once told me that this countryside in June made him sad. He said it was too perfect a thing for fallen humanity. I call that morbid. Do you see any sense in it?"

I knew what Leithen meant, but it would have taken too long to explain.

"I feel warm and good and happy here," he went on. "I used to talk about living close to nature. Rot! I didn't know what nature meant. Now——" He broke off. "By Jove, there's a kingfisher. That is only the second I've seen this year. They're getting uncommon with us."

"With us"—I liked the phrase. He was becoming a true countryman.

We had a good day—not extravagantly successful, but satisfactory, and he persuaded me to come home with him to Fullcircle for the night, explaining that I could catch an early train next morning at the junction. So we extricated a little two-seater from a thicket of lilacs, and he drove me through four miles of sweet-scented dusk, with nightingales shouting in every thicket. I changed into a suit of his flannels in a bedroom looking out on the little lake where trout were rising, and I remember that I whistled from pure light-heartedness. In that adorable house one seemed to be still breathing the air of the spring meadows.

Dinner was my first big surprise. It was admirable—plain but perfectly cooked, and with that excellence of basic material which is the glory of a well-appointed country house. There was wine too, which, I am certain, was a new thing. Giffen gave me a bottle of sound claret, and afterwards some more than decent port. My second surprise was my hostess. Her clothes, like her husband's, must have changed, for I did not notice what she was wearing, and I had noticed it only too clearly the last time we met. More remarkable still was the difference in her face. For the first time I realised that she was a pretty woman. The contours had softened and rounded, and there was a charming well-being in her eyes very different from the old restlessness. She looked content—infinitely content.

I asked about her Mothers' Cottages. She laughed cheerfully.

"I gave them up after the first year. They didn't mix well with the village people.

I'm quite ready to admit my mistake, and it was the wrong kind of charity. The Londoners didn't like it—felt lonesome and sighed for the fried-fish shop; and the village women were shy of them—afraid of infectious complaints, you know. Julian and I have decided that our business is to look after our own people."

It may have been malicious, but I said something about the wonderful scheme of village education.

"Another relic of Cockneyism," laughed the lady; but Giffen looked a trifle shy.

"I gave it up because it didn't seem worth while. What is the use of spoiling a perfectly wholesome scheme of life by introducing unnecessary complications? Medicine is no good unless a man is sick, and these people are not sick. Education is the only cure for certain diseases the modern world has engendered, but if you don't find the disease the remedy is superfluous. The fact is, I hadn't the face to go on with the thing. I wanted to be taught rather than to teach. There's a whole world round me of which I know very little, and my first business is to get to understand it. Any village poacher can teach me more of the things that matter than I have to tell him."

"Besides, we have so much to do," his wife added. "There's the house and the garden, and the home-farm and the property. It isn't large, but it takes a lot of looking after."

The dining-room was long and low-ceilinged, and had a white panelling in bold relief. Through the windows came odours of the garden and a faint tinkle of water. The dusk was deepening, and the engravings in their rosewood frames were dim, but sufficient light remained to reveal the picture above the fireplace. It showed a middle-aged man in the clothes of the later Carolines. The plump tapering fingers of one hand held a book, the other was hidden in the folds of a flowered waistcoat. The long-curled wig framed a delicate face, with something of the grace of youth left to it. There were quizzical lines about the mouth, and the eyes smiled pleasantly yet very wisely. It was the face of a man I should have liked to dine with. He must have been the best of company.

Giffen answered my question.

"That's the Lord Carteron who built the house. No. No relation. Our people were the Applebys, who came in in 1753. We've both fallen so deep in love with Fullcircle that we wanted to see the man who conceived it. I had some trouble getting it. It came out of the Minster Carteron sale, and I had to give a Jew dealer twice what he paid for it. It's a jolly thing to live with."

It was indeed a curiously charming picture. I found my eyes straying to it till the dusk obscured the features. It was the face of one wholly at home

in a suave world, learned in all the urbanities. A good friend, I thought, the old lord must have been, and a superlative companion. I could imagine neat Horatian tags coming ripely from his lips. Not a strong face, but somehow a dominating one. The portrait of the long-dead gentleman had still the atmosphere of life. Giffen raised his glass of port to him as we rose from table, as if to salute a comrade.

We moved to the room across the hall, which had once been the Giffens' workroom, the cradle of earnest committees and weighty memoranda. This was my third surprise. Baize-covered table and raw-wood shelves had disappeared. The place was now half smoking-room, half library. On the walls hung a fine collection of coloured sporting prints, and below them were ranged low Hepplewhite bookcases. The lamplight glowed on the ivory walls, and the room, like everything else in the house, was radiant. Above the mantelpiece was a stag's head—a fair eleven-pointer.

Giffen nodded proudly towards it. "I got that last year at Machray. My first stag."

There was a little table with an array of magazines and weekly papers. Some amusement must have been visible in my face as I caught sight of various light-hearted sporting journals, for he laughed apologetically. "You mustn't think that Ursula and I take in that stuff for ourselves. It amuses our guests, you know."

I dared say it did, but I was convinced that the guests were no longer Dr Swope and Mr Percy Blaker.

One of my many failings is that I can never enter a room containing books without scanning the titles. Giffen's collection won my hearty approval. There were the very few novelists I can read myself —Miss Austen and Sir Walter and the admirable Marryat; there was a shelf full of Memoirs, and a good deal of 17th and 18th century poetry; there was a set of the classics in fine editions, Bodonis and Baskervilles and such-like; there was much county history, and one or two valuable old Herbals and Itineraries. I was certain that two years before Giffen would have had no use for literature except some muddy Russian oddments, and I am positive that he would not have known the name of Surtees. Yet there stood the tall octavos recording the unedifying careers of Mr Jorrocks, Mr Facey Romford, and Mr Soapy Sponge.

I was a little bewildered as I stretched my legs in a very deep arm-chair. Suddenly I had a strong impression of looking on at a play. My hosts seemed to be automata, moving docilely at the orders of a masterful stage-manager, and yet with no sense of bondage. And as I looked on they faded off the scene, and there was only one personality —that house so serene and secure, smiling at our modern antics, but weaving all the

while an iron spell over its lovers. For a second I felt an oppression as of something to be resisted. But no. There was no oppression. The house was too well-bred and disdainful to seek to captivate. Only those who fell in love with it could know its mastery, for all love exacts a price. It was far more than a thing of stone and lime; it was a creed, an art, a scheme of life—older than any Carteron, older than England. Somewhere far back in time—in Rome, in Attica, or in an Ægean island — there must have been such places; and then they called them temples, and gods dwelt in them.

I was roused by Giffen's voice discoursing of his books. "I've been rubbing up my classics again," he was saying. "Queer thing, but ever since I left Cambridge I have been out of the mood for them. And I'm shockingly ill-read in English literature. I wish I had more time for reading, for it means a lot to me."

"There is such an embarrassment of riches here," said his wife. "The days are far too short for all there is to do. Even when there is nobody staying in the house I find every hour occupied. It's delicious to be busy over things one really cares for."

"All the same I wish I could do more reading," said Giffen. "I've never wanted to so much before."

"But you come in tired from shooting and sleep sound till dinner," said the lady, laying an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

They were happy people, and I like happiness. Self-absorbed perhaps, but I prefer selfishness in the ordinary way of things. We are most of us selfish dogs, and altruism makes us uncomfortable. But I had somehow in my mind a shade of uneasiness, for I was the witness of a transformation too swift and violent to be wholly natural. Years, no doubt, turn our eyes inward and abate our heroics, but not a trifle of two or three. Some agency had been at work here, some agency other and more potent than the process of time. The thing fascinated and partly frightened me. For the Giffens — though I scarcely dared to admit it— had deteriorated. They were far pleasanter people. I liked them infinitely better. I hoped to see them often again. I detested the type they used to represent, and shunned it like the plague. They were wise now, and mellow, and most agreeable human beings. But some virtue had gone out of them. An uncomfortable virtue, no doubt, but a virtue, something generous and adventurous. Aforetime their faces had had a sort of wistful kindness. Now they had geniality—which is not the same thing.

What was the agency of this miracle? It was all around me: the ivory panelling, the olive-wood staircase, the lovely pillared hall. I got up to go to bed with a kind of awe on me. As Mrs Giffen lit my

candle, she saw my eyes wandering among the gracious shadows,

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "to have found a house which fits us like a glove? No! Closer. Fits us as a bearskin fits the bear. It has taken our impress like wax."

Somehow I didn't think that impress had come from the Giffens' side.

III.

A November afternoon found Leithen and myself jogging homewards from a run with the Heythrop. It had been a wretched day. Twice we had found and lost, and then a deluge had set in which scattered the field. I had taken a hearty toss into a swamp, and got as wet as a man may be, but the steady downpour soon reduced every one to a like condition. When we turned towards Borrowby the rain ceased, and an icy wind blew out of the east which partially dried our sopping clothes. All the grace had faded from the Cotswold valleys. The streams were brown torrents, the meadows lagoons, the ridges bleak and grey, and a sky of scurrying clouds cast leaden shadows. It was a matter of ten miles to Borrowby: we had long ago emptied our flasks, and I longed for something hot to take the chill out of my bones.

"Let's look in at Fullcircle," said Leithen, as we emerged on the highroad from a muddy lane. "We'll make the Giffens give us tea. You'll find changes there."

I asked what changes, but he only smiled and told me to wait and see.

My mind was busy with surmises as we rode up the avenue. I thought of drink or drugs, and promptly discarded the notion. Fullcircle was above all things decorous and wholesome. Leithen could not mean the change in the Giffens' ways which had so impressed me a year before, for he and I had long ago discussed that. I was still puzzling over his words when we found ourselves in the inner hall, with the Giffens making a hospitable fuss over us.

The place was more delectable than ever. Outside was a dark November day, yet the little house seemed to be transfused with sunshine. I do not know by what art the old builders had planned it, but the airy pilasters, the perfect lines of the ceiling, the soft colouring of the wood seemed to lay open the house to a clear sky. Logs burned brightly on the massive steel andirons, and the scent and the fine blue smoke of them strengthened the illusion of summer.

Mrs Giffen would have us change into dry things, but Leithen pleaded a waiting dinner at Borrowby. The two of us stood by the fireplace, drinking tea, the warmth drawing out a cloud of vapour from

our clothes to mingle with the wood-smoke. Giffen lounged in an arm-chair, and his wife sat by the tea-table. I was looking for the changes of which Leithen had spoken.

I did not find them in Giffen. He was much as I remembered him on the June night when I had slept here, a trifle fuller in the face perhaps, a little more placid about the mouth and eyes. He looked a man completely content with life. His smile came readily and his easy laugh. Was it my fancy, or had he acquired a look of the picture in the dining-room? I nearly made an errand to go and see it. It seemed to me that his mouth had now something of the portrait's delicate complacence. Lely would have found him a fit subject, though he might have boggled at his lean hands.

But his wife! Ah, there the changes were unmistakable. She was comely now rather than pretty, and the contours of her face had grown heavier. The eagerness had gone from her eyes and left only comfort and good-humour. There was a suspicion, ever so slight, of rouge and powder. She had a string of good pearls—the first time I had seen her wear jewels. The hand that poured out the tea was plump, shapely, and well cared for. I was looking at a most satisfactory mistress of a country house, who would see that nothing was lacking to the part.

She talked more and laughed oftener. Her voice had an airy lightness which would have made the silliest prattle charming.

"We are going to fill the house with young people and give a ball at Christmas," she announced. "This hall is simply clamouring to be danced in. You must come both of you. Promise me. And, Mr Leithen, it would be very nice if you brought a party from Borrowby. Young men, please. We are overstocked with girls in these parts. . . . We must do something to make the country cheerful in winter-time."

I observed that no season could make Fullcircle other than cheerful.

"How nice of you!" she cried. "To praise a house is to praise the householders, for a dwelling is just what its inmates make it. Borrowby is you, Mr Leithen, and Fullcircle us."

"Shall we exchange?" Leithen asked.

She made a mouth. "Borrowby would crush me, but it suits a Gothic survival like you. Do you think you would be happy here?"

"Happy," said Leithen thoughtfully. "Happy? Yes, undoubtedly. But it might be bad for my soul. . . . There's just time for a pipe, Giffen, and then we must be off."

I was filling my pipe as we crossed the outer hall, and was about to enter the smoking-room I so well remembered when Giffen laid a hand on my arm.

"We don't smoke there now," he said hastily.

He opened the door and I

looked in. . . . The place had suffered its third metamorphosis. The marble shrine which I had noticed on my first visit had been brought back, and the blue mosaic pavement and the ivory walls were bare. At the eastern end stood a little altar, with above it a copy of a Correggio Madonna.

A faint smell of incense hung in the air and the fragrance of hothouse flowers. It was a chapel, but, I swear, a more pagan place than when it had been workroom or smoking-room.

Giffen gently shut the door. "Perhaps you didn't know, but some months ago my wife became a Catholic. It is a good thing for women, I think. It gives them a regular ritual for their lives. So we restored the chapel. It had always been there in the days of the Carterons and the Applebys."

"And you?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't bother much about these things. But I propose to follow suit. It will please Ursula and do no harm to anybody."

. . . . . .

We halted on the brow of the hill and looked back on the garden valley. Leithen's laugh, as he gazed, had more awe than mirth in it.

"That wicked little house! I'm going to hunt up every scrap I can find about old Tom Carteron. He must have been an uncommon clever fellow. He's still alive down there and making people do as he did. . . . In that kind of place you may expel the priest and sweep it and garnish it. But he always returns."

The wrack was lifting before the wind and a shaft of late watery sun fell on the grey walls. It seemed to me that the little house wore an air of gentle triumph.

THE FATE OF THE TURKOMANS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. DUDLEY CARLETON.

THE Turkomans are a nomad and pastoral nation, numbering about two million souls, distributed throughout the steppes and deserts of Central Asia, eastward from the Caspian and north of Afghanistan as far as China. Strict Mahomedans by religion and intensely fanatical, for years they opposed the gradual advance of the Russians, but were finally subjugated and Russian Turkestan incorporated with the Russian Empire. The Turkomans are of Mongolian extraction, descended from the invading hordes of Tamerlane or Timur the Tartar, and have preserved their racial characteristics in a wonderful degree, considering the proselytising influences to which they have been subjected by Russia. They may be roughly divided into two classes, the Wandering Turkoman, and the Sedentary Turkoman or Sarts. The former, as of old, move from oasis to oasis in the great Kara-Kum desert, or follow the pastures along the few rivers and streams of Turkestan. Their wealth consists in their cattle, sheep, and camel herds, whose flesh they eat, whose milk they drink, and from whose wool and skins they weave their clothes and manufacture the necessaries of life. This section of the Turkomans live as they have lived for centuries, whereas the Sarts have gradually developed into an agricultural people with fixed dwellings grouped round such oases or along such rivers as ensure them a regular and sufficient water supply for their crops. In a waterless country like Turkestan, which sees no rain for eight or nine months in the year, the question of irrigation is of supreme importance. The Sart has brought the art of irrigation and the conservation and distribution of a limited water supply to the very highest pitch, after the principles of irrigation were taught to him by the Russians. Russia too taught him the scientific cultivation of cotton, as well as the production of silk on commercial lines.

The principal cities of Turkestan are Bokhara, where the present Amir usually resides, Tashkent, Samarkand, Askhabad, and Merv. It might have been thought that a people so removed from Western civilisation would hardly have felt the shock of the world-war, but this is far from being the case, and at this moment the Turkomans are passing through the most violent national upheaval that they have known since their original great trek from China into Central Asia.

It may seem to the superficial observer that Turkestan

can have no interest for the British Empire, and that we can be in no way affected by whatever fate overtakes the Turkomans. On the contrary, we are going to be most deeply concerned in the future of Turkestan both politically and commercially, and it is to be regretted that we have been compelled to sacrifice the great opportunities which recent events placed within our reach. Previous to the world-war Great Britain had no direct intercourse with Turkestan; it was divided from India by Afghanistan and Persia, and in addition Russia held complete sway there. We were more than willing that Russia should continue to develop that country and consolidate herself with the ruling Amirs, while encouraging the people to benefit by Western progress, which they were not unwilling to do. Now, however, the rule of Imperial Russia is at an end, and the whole political aspect of that part of the world has changed. The Bolshevists have penetrated into Turkestan, and are in occupation of Bokhara and Samarkand and all Eastern Turkestan, as well as Merv and probably Askhabad. Their propaganda is rampant east and west of the Oxus, they have their emissaries scattered throughout Western Turkestan as far as the Caspian, and along the northern frontier of Persia, and in Persia itself.

Of late the political situation in Transcaspia has been peculiarly intricate and involved owing to the antagonistic views of the different communities inhabiting that country. The Russian colonists, composed of railway workers, mechanics, and oil-field workers and agriculturists, favour Republicanism, but not Bolshevism, being industrious and prosperous; another section, principally military, is composed of the remnant of the Imperial Russian Army, and now forms the Russian Volunteer Army, who are bitterly opposed to the Bolshevists, but somewhat antagonistic to the Russian colony, in that they are said to favour the re-establishment of the Monarchy, to which the working colony is opposed. A third, and the most numerous group, consists of the indigenous Turkomans, the lords of the soil, who cannot as a whole be said to favour either the colonists or the volunteer army, because, in the first place, they want Turkestan for themselves, and, in the second, they have not quite forgiven Imperial Russia for their defeat at her hands. A fourth section, but until lately a very small minority, are the Bolshevists, who, however, only dared to show themselves when and where the Bolshevists were in power. The three principal groups of workmen, volunteer army, and Turkomans have been driven into an unnatural alliance against the common foe, the Bolshevist, and up till March last they managed to preserve a solid front as far as the Oxus. In this they had the support of a small contingent from India, which acted as cement for the

whole, and gave the necessary driving-force and direction to such military operations as were necessary to stem the advancing tide of Bolshevism pressing in from the east. This force was based on Merv, and consisted roughly of a brigade of Indian troops. It soon won for itself the confidence and respect of all parties; and so good a showing did the combined efforts of workmen, volunteer army, and Turkomans and British-Indian contingent make, that the Bolshevists were not able to establish themselves in the Merv oasis, although a small party had at one time penetrated as far as Merv and Askhabad. The opposing forces were in contact in the middle of the steppe, holding railheads about thirty miles east of the Oxus, separated from each other by about seven miles of rolling grass and sand-dune through which the railway runs. The Bolshevists attacked several times, were soundly beaten and had begun to lose heart, and it appeared to be a simple matter to drive them definitely across the Oxus; but high politics stepped in, and it was decided to remove the British-Indian force altogether from Turkestan. In my opinion this was a fatal mistake politically. For it was obvious to the men on the spot that, once the British went, the combination of workmen, volunteers, and Turkomans must inevitably crumble. We went, and this has happened, and Merv is now in the hands of the Bolshevists, and probably Askhabad also, and they thus have bases for propaganda so much the nearer to Afghanistan and Persia, together with direct railway communication right up to the Afghan frontier: a situation sufficiently alarming to any one cognisant with the resident people and the conditions now prevailing in Transcaspia. As to the political wisdom or unwisdom of withdrawing our support, I cannot speak, but it appears curious that it should have been decided upon in face of the fact that we were fighting the Bolshevists in North Russia and energetically supporting Admiral Koltchak and General Denikin with supplies and material. From the domestic or home point of view there was every reason for withdrawing our troops, who have many of them spent two and more years fighting in Mesopotamia, and who were all due and overdue for relief. I fear that the smaller consideration outweighed the bigger one, and that this error will cause us much trouble in the very near future. Bolshevism lives on success, and fresh fields of loot are continually necessary for it. These we have supplied by throwing open the oases of Merv and the approaches to the rich areas of Persia to their advance. The nature of the people we have abandoned does not fit them for a stout and unsupported resistance, and I take the view that Merv and Askhabad and Southern Turkestan as far as the Caspian have definitely passed, or will

definitely pass under Bolshevist control.

How will this affect us? and how will it react upon the Turkomans?

We are affected to the extent that the Bolshevists now have undisputed access to all the trade and caravan routes into Balkh, Afghanistan, and Persia. They have, moreover, the use of all agricultural and irrigated land as well as the oil-wells on the eastern shores of the Caspian. They control a well-built, broad-gauge line running right down to Afghanistan at Kushk, and they have become the overlords of the Russian colony, a timid self-seeking population who will willingly subscribe to any proposals likely to save their own skins and property. The exports of Persia from the northern territories will supply them with food and many necessaries, and the caravans that bring these supplies will prove ready channels for Bolshevist propaganda. Only recently we captured instructions issued by the Bolshevists, laying down the methods to be employed in furthering their aims for world-revolution. All caravan halting-places, and all passes through the mountains, were to be furnished with agents for the spread of propaganda; pilgrimages were to be accompanied by preachers of Bolshevism; wells along the routes were to have their Bolshevist resident agents, and agents were to penetrate down to Mecca and waylay the pilgrims at all important centres. Such is an outline of the means to be adopted.

The Turkomans as a whole had come to recognise the solid benefits of Imperial Russian rule, although not entirely won over to Russia. Some of the older men still remember the savage warfare that took place before Turkestan was finally conquered by Skobeleff; but Russia had handled them well and tactfully of late, and Turkoman chiefs held high positions in the Turkestan Army Corps. Russian education had been brought to bear upon the younger men, while the development of agriculture, especially that of cotton and silk production, has benefited the Turkoman enormously, and begun to turn him from a nomad into a keen business man and agriculturist, who regards the atrocities and the "I-take-all" principles of the Bolshevists with horror.

Upon the collapse of Imperial Russia, therefore, and the outbreak of Bolshevism, the Turkomans at once formed an army to defend their land, but were unable to do this entirely, and the Bolshevists penetrated as far as Bokhara, Tashkent, and Samarkand, looting and destroying as they went. The Turkomans of these districts, deprived of all outside support, retired to the oases and to old Bokhara, where the Bolshevists could not follow for want of a railway; others withdrew into the desert and others again farther west to Merv and Askhabad, and joined themselves to the nucleus of the

Russian Volunteer Army. Here was collected a force of Turkomans sufficiently formidable when backed by the Russian Volunteer Army and the Indian Brigade to oppose any force that the Bolshevists could send by the single line of railway available. It was while acting in co-operation with the British that the Turkomans learnt their respect and admiration for Great Britain—so much so, that whenever trouble arose between the Allies, General Malleson or General Beatty, respectively Head of the British Mission and Commander of the Indian Brigade, were always able to adjust all difficulties and hold the defence together. Out of the respect so engendered arose the desire of the Turkomans to be incorporated with the British Empire.

The British had long been known to the Turkomans as the greatest Mahomedan empire, the rulers of India, Egypt, and a great portion of Mahomedan Africa, and now the conquerors of the Turks, and our reputation for justice and broad-minded religious tolerance was thoroughly appreciated and enlarged upon by the pilgrims who annually visit Mecca and who there meet Mahomedans from all over the world, from whom they obtained this news. But until the Bolshevist menace presented itself the Turkomans had never actually come into touch with Great Britain. Actual contact with the British verified everything in our favour that the Turkomans had ever heard, and some four months' combined operations confirmed the reports and good opinions so formed: as long as our men were with them the Turkomans were perfectly happy about the Bolshevist situation, and great was their dismay when it was announced that the British troops were to be withdrawn. A number of the leading Turkomans as well as a deputation from Bokhara came down to Askhabad to interview the Head of our Mission, and to urge the retention of the British-Indian force.

The head-man, a gigantic Turkoman some six feet eight inches in height, crowned with a huge black sheepskin hat and dressed in a long flowing silk robe, made a most striking figure as he urged and pleaded for the continuance of our support. "Leave us a thousand men, only a thousand men, and we can hold the enemy." It was pointed out that our soldiers were due for rest and relief; and he continued, "Leave us 500 then: surely the great British Empire can spare 500 men to protect us." "It is impossible to leave 500 men" was the reply. He then made his final and most touching appeal: "Leave us at least one Englishman here; then my people will know that Great Britain will never abandon them, and we will continue to oppose the Bolshevists." On being told that even this was impossible, and that orders had been received for the withdrawal of all troops, the chief

made a despairing gesture and said, "In that case there remains no hope for us Turkomans. We shall not be able to hold out by ourselves, and we shall therefore return to our wandering life in the steppes and the deserts as before the Russians first came." This is actually happening now. The Turkomans are withdrawing from all contact with civilisation and are re-adopting their nomad life. The Bolshevists will benefit by the great irrigation works and silk and cotton cultivation of the Sarts, part of whom will no doubt become their helots, while the more virile sections will again become nomads. One large horde, numbering some 300,000, is withdrawing in a body towards Persia, and will probably go over into Persia. Now what would have been the position had we been able to support the Turkomans? We should have had to the north of Persia and Afghanistan a Mahomedan buffer State against Bolshevism, requiring a minimum of supervision and direction. The 2,000,000 Turkomans would have been fully equal to the task of keeping their frontier intact, and would have denied to Bolshevism all access to Afghanistan from the north. So great was our prestige with the Turkomans that it could not but have had a most favourable influence upon our dealings with Afghanistan, for there is much trade between Eastern Turkestan and Afghanistan.

The Turkoman is only partially civilised at present, but very amenable to civilisation; and although not a great fighter when left to himself, he needs but direction and moral support to render him an efficient ally in his native country, where his physical hardihood and knowledge of local conditions enable him to march and fight and live where other troops would starve. I do not suggest that Great Britain should seek to secure a suzerainty over Turkestan; far from it. All that would be necessary would be to give him moral, and it may be material, help in developing himself and his resources. Now that Russia is gone up in flames, Great Britain would have been in a position to influence not only all Persia, but also Turkestan, probably without employing a single soldier, had she continued to back the Turkomans during those critical days. We should have gained the lasting friendship of 2,000,000 sturdy Mahomedans (against whom we have never fought, and whom we should never need to fight). Their presence as a nation to the north of Afghanistan would have had a most beneficial and steadying influence on the Afghans, who could not but fail to be impressed by the cordial relations existing between Great Britain and their Mahomedan neighbours — relations based upon no other foundation than mutual goodwill and confidence.

This opportunity is lost to us.

As to the future of the Turkoman race—I see three possible alternatives before it: a return to their original condition as it was before the Russians came and conquered the land, when the various hordes roamed the steppes according to the seasons, and were organised into separate tribes or clans rather than a homogeneous nation.

If this happens, the ultimate civilisation of the Turkoman will be put back to the distant future, and will probably call for reconquest by whatever power, be it Russia or China, who finally undertakes the venture; for by that time the Turkoman will have definitely relapsed into his primeval savagery, and will not readily yield himself to the suzerainty of others.

Another possible outcome may be the definite separation of the race into two, the Sarts or sedentary hordes and the wandering hordes. The former, if adhering to their cities and agriculture and irrigated land, will inevitably drift under the sway of the Bolshevists and the successors of the Bolshevists, who will benefit by their industry; and it is possible that in the future they may be content to live as a servile race without individuality or self-government, the prey to any whim of their masters, but content that it should be so as long as they themselves are safe. From the little I have seen and the much that I have heard, I am inclined to the belief that this will be the fate of the Sarts, and that they and the Amirate of Bokhara will cease to exist as political entities. Already the wandering Turkoman has a contempt for the Sart, and should the latter submissively accept the rule of the Bolshevik, a cleavage of the nation is assured.

The third alternative is an emigration of the whole race east into Chinese Turkestan, or west into Persia, or even south into the foothills of Afghanistan, but this latter contingency is improbable; in any case the existence of the Turkoman race as one nation under one nominal ruler is now doomed for many years, even if it should ever come together again, which is doubtful.

Thus the policy of non-support of the Turkomans has resulted in a cleavage of the race, the strengthening of the Bolshevist at a point where he was not strong, and the gift to him of easy means of access to territories where his frothy and dangerous propaganda cannot fail seriously to affect our Indian and Mahomedan empires.

Another point not to be overlooked is the loss of prestige to ourselves in the eyes of the Afghans, Turkomans, and Persians by our withdrawal, which no doubt has been magnified and exalted by the Bolshevists into a great victory for themselves and their principles. It is not unreasonable to prophesy that during the next meeting of pilgrims at Mecca, one of the principal topics of conversation over the evening meal or

during the midday halt will be the triumph of Bolshevism over the British Empire. In the East news is carried by word of mouth, and facts speak for themselves; the printed word reaches but few of the teeming millions, and the story of an eyewitness carries more conviction than any double-headed denial of a penny daily paper with a million circulation.

The same stories will be carried through the passes into Afghanistan and eastward to great China itself, and soon it will be known all over Central Asia that Great Britain was unable or unwilling to stem the Bolshevist tide. The emissaries of the creed will have plenty of food for propaganda, and will be able to point to the *fait accompli* to justify their claim of a big success.

Even in March last the Bolshevist hold west of the Oxus was so insecure that almost at any moment we could have definitely pushed them back. Their army at this point was mainly recruited from Austrian prisoners of war captured by the Russians during the earlier part of the war, and these prisoners had been informed that the Allies had suffered defeat everywhere, and that only a few British outposts stood between them and the road to their homes.

Encouraged by these reports they made attempts to force their way westwards, but were defeated; and finally, when they learnt that they had been fed on lies, the Austrians began to desert in great numbers. *The whole Bolshevist movement west of the Oxus was on the point of crumbling, and could not have lasted another month but for the withdrawal of the British troops.* Within a month of that withdrawal the Bolshevists, meeting no opposition, occupied Merv, and I believe Askhabad.

The whole story is pitiful. If we were not prepared to back the Turkomans and the volunteer army, why did we ever go in? If we were prepared to back them, why did we withdraw at the moment when success was within our grasp? We won over the Turkoman, and taught him to rely upon us, and within a few months abandoned him to complete disintegration. It sometimes seems to the man upon the spot that the directors of the destinies of nations take decisions and lay down policies, ignoring the wishes of the peoples and countries for whom they are legislating.

I agree that the Russians should work out their own salvation, and that if the patriotic Russian is not sufficiently patriotic to act effectively on his own behalf, he is not worth the bones of an English soldier; but it seems to me that when the wider aspects of this particular case are examined, that the support of a large section of loyal Mahomedans is no small matter to throw lightly away, and that if our withdrawal was based upon Party political considerations, it was the duty of those in authority to make

clear to the opponents of their policy the very vital reasons why such a policy was necessary. No harm is done by clearly explaining good reasons.

You cannot run empires on the lines of parish councils, nor can a continuity of policy be ensured if vote-catching straws be clutched at. Tell the British people the truth, lay before them the facts leading up to a certain policy, and the Government will always be backed up if their cause be good. Why was not the Empire immediately informed of the circumstances attending the despatch of Malleson's force? If Labour objected, why not show Labour clearly the reasons that led to its despatch? In any case, all parties should have been informed before troops were sent, and the necessary consent obtained or refused. Better a refusal to send troops than an ignominious withdrawal on the verge of success. Perhaps it was a pity that we ever sent troops beyond the Persian frontier — but having sent troops, it seems a greater pity that we should withdraw them just at the moment when we did. I am confident that all our troubles in Afghanistan are caused by Bolshevism. Afghans are to be seen everywhere in the serais of Bariam Ali, Merv, &c., and there is constant caravan communication between Afghanistan and the big cities of Turkestan.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF IRELAND.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

THOUGH the law is not invariably respected in Ireland, the lawyers always are. One reason of this is, I think, that the Bench and Bar of Ireland is the one public service of the nobler kind which is native to and racy of the soil. Grattan's Parliament in its time shared that distinction. Both the lawyers and the politicians of Ireland have done much in the past which needs excuse, and not a little for which excuse is impossible. But the Catholics and native Irish, who suffered most wrongs from their doings, have been the first to forgive them; and now they who forget nothing seem also to have forgotten them. Grattan's Parliament, which was in the main a corrupt body of Protestant landlords and their henchmen, and which put down the Nationalism of its time with an iron hand, is now a name to conjure with among Nationalists; while the Bench and Bar, which before the Union was similarly composed, and since the Union never hesitated to enforce Coercion Acts without fear and without favour, are perhaps the most popular institution in the land.

This popularity, as I have said, arises in both cases, partly at any rate, from the fact that both were native to and racy of the soil. All their work, good or bad, was done for and in Ireland; and the way it was done was the way of Ireland and not the way of England. The genius which arose among their members was the kind of genius Ireland admires —a genius expressing itself in eloquence, wit, and courage, and in substituting words for deeds. Then it was the only kind of genius which remained in Ireland: the military, the literary, the scientific genius of the country looked for the most part, and for the most part still looks, to the greater world of England, and did its work and made its home there; and nobody feels more strongly than the average Irishman the truth of Froude's statement, that the curse of Ireland has been the absenteeism of genius, and in no country more than in Ireland are the people so careless of the achievements accomplished and the honours won by Irishmen in lands other than their own.

Perhaps another reason for the popularity of the Bench and Bar of Ireland is that the law is the one profession in which the Catholics have been successful rivals of the Protestants: in other lines of life Catholics have been eminent, but the greatest names are all of Protestants. In the army they have produced no Wellingtons, Nicholsons, Wolseleys,

or Robertses; in literature no Swifts, Goldsmiths, Berkeleys, or Burkes; in science no Blacks, Salmons, or Kelvins. But in the practice of the law, ever since they were allowed to practise it, they have produced names as great as any of their Protestant rivals. When that Act was passed which excluded them from practice, the greatest lawyer in Ireland was a Catholic, Sir Theobald Butler. Since they have been admitted to practise again they have produced advocates like O'Connell, Shiel, and O'Hagan, and judges like Monahan, Deasy, Morris, and Palles—the last, in my opinion, the only British judge entitled to contest the place of the greatest master of the Common Law of the nineteenth century with his countryman of the English Bench, Mr Justice Willes.

Perhaps it is this popularity which has brought the Bench and Bar of Ireland scathless for over a century through the political crime in that country, and that though, as I have said, they never hesitated to enforce a Coercion Act or any other law of the land however much it might be abhorred of the people. So far as I can recollect, the only judge who during that time was ever threatened with vengeance for his judicial deeds was an English one, the late Mr Justice Denman, who tried O'Donnell at the Old Bailey for the murder of the infamous James Carey of Invincible fame. An Irish-American paper was the offender, and by a strange blunder it gave a portrait for the purpose of enabling sympathisers to identify the obnoxious judge, which was in fact not a portrait of him at all, but one of O'Donnell's leading counsel, the Catholic and Home Rule Sir Charles Russell. There was another case of an Irish judge who, if his own story is true, was marked down for outrage. That was the late Lord Justice Deasy; but the threat against him arose not out of his being a judge but out of his becoming a landowner. After he was raised to the Bench he was imprudent enough to buy an estate in Tipperary, I believe. His lordship was extremely diminutive in person; and when he paid his first visit after its purchase to his new estate, this fact, he used to tell, was bitterly commented on by the wives of his faithful tenantry. "That bit of a thing the new landlard!" he overheard them say to one another in indignant whispers. "Sure, it's not fair to the bhoys! Who oud expict thim to bring down such a shnipe as that in the dark!" However, his lordship in the end died comfortably in his bed, as they say in Ireland.

It may be, too, that it is this popularity of the Bench and Bar of Ireland which accounts for the immense number of lawyers in that land. There are over a thousand on the Bar List, which, it must be admitted, is a generous supply of counsel for a population only a trifle over four millions.

Scotland, with half a million more people, is content with less than half the number. No doubt England has even more nominal barristers in proportion to her eight times larger population; but it must be remembered that half the names on the English Bar List are those of Indians and Colonials who never intended to practise the law in England, and of the remainder at least half are those of politicians, officials, and suchlike who got called to the Bar only to help them in their other calling. There are now some Irish barristers who are not Irishmen, and there are some who are Irishmen, but who never intended to practise; but, roughly speaking, in Ireland every man who is called to the Bar intends to look to the law for his living. How that living is in many cases obtained the number of members of the Irish Bench to some extent explains. Besides a Lord of Appeal, there are a Lord Chancellor, who is, in fact, a Supreme Court judge, and 12 other Supreme Court judges and 21 judges of County Courts. England gets on with 30 Supreme Court and 51 County Court judges. If she were benched as well as Ireland, in proportion to her population, she would have 104 judges of the High Court and 168 judges of the County Courts.

Besides her judges, Ireland has scores of Crown prosecutors, stipendiary magistrates, and other officials who are always or usually barristers. Before the war the rush of students to the English Bar was so great as to cause some anxiety to the heads of the profession. What would it have been had the prizes of the profession been proportionally as numerous here as in the Emerald Isle? So possibly the popularity of the Bench and Bar in Ireland is not the only reason why there are so many lawyers there.

The Bench and Bar of Ireland are nowadays much the same, at any rate in their essentials, as the Bench and Bar of England. Before the Union they were not, nor was anything else. The more one studies the contemporary literature of Ireland during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the more extraordinary does the state of society in that country at that time appear. The bulk of the population outside North-East Ulster was living in the last extreme of poverty. The few who possessed all the wealth of the land were getting rid of it in the fastest way they could discover. They were building houses twice too big for them in the country, and houses twice too expensive for them in the town: rows of the latter, robbed of their carved marble mantelpieces, their painted ceilings, and their gilded furniture, now constitute some of the worst slums in Dublin. They gamed and they drank and they fought, and they entertained lavishly everybody except those who needed it. Never even in the France or

Germany of that dreadful eighteenth century were the rich so gay or the poor so gaunt. Never anywhere did the gentry scatter so profusely the plenty of a starving land.

The Irish Parliament had, during the earlier part of the century, been a negligible quantity in the State. In the last quarter of it the Ulster Volunteers and Grattan between them gave it power which it was never fitted to possess. That power the Government of the day had to conciliate, and it did so by giving the members innumerable places and pensions. Thus the road to preferment lay through Parliament, and every man who sought to gain promotion, or to pillage by means of an undeserved pension the revenues of the country when he had by his own extravagance ceased to be able to pillage the peasants, sought a seat in it. The only way in which a poor man, and the best way in which any man, could secure a seat was by way of the Bar. Success at the Bar ensured the successful councillor not merely a seat, but also a reputation, in the House of Commons, and often, as a consequence, in the House of Lords.

Success at the Bar could be secured only by one of two instruments—the pistol or the tongue. There was this difference between these implements, that success was always obtainable by the ready use of the pistol without the help of the tongue, but very seldom obtainable by the ready use of the tongue without the help of the pistol. A reluctance to shoot then raised contempt for the ablest, even among the best, of men. When a certain distinguished counsel refused a challenge on the ground that his mother, wife, and daughter were dependent upon him, this is how the gentle and kindly Bushe, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice, thought proper to celebrate the event—

> "Our hero of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
> Improves on the Scripture command—
> He honours his mother, his wife, and his daughter,
> That his days may be long in the land."

A man who refused a challenge was said to be "put down" by his opponent—that is, so degraded as not to be entitled to public consideration—and there were not a few young barristers who made it their business to win success by "putting down" persons who had become obnoxious to the Government, or shooting them if they declined to be put down. Of this brigade of pistoleers the most notorious was Toller, afterward Lord Norbury and Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. It was said truly enough of him that he shot up to the Bench. Even after he had reached that elevation his reliance on the steadiness of his hand and heart is to us of this day sufficiently amazing. His knowledge of law was very limited, and therefore he hated

appeals from his decisions; so more than once when an imprudent counsel showed an undue tendency to test their soundness in the court above, his lordship would caution the unbeliever that he was not inclined to sink the gentleman in the judge, and if the counsel persisted in his line of conduct his lordship was ready to settle their differences of opinion in another place than the Court of Appeal.

Readiness of the tongue, though not absolutely necessary to the young barrister who had sufficient readiness with the pistol, was still a most valuable quality to him. It is therefore not strange to find it developed amongst members of the Bar in both its highest and lowest forms. With men of genius like Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, and half a dozen more, it took the form of the noblest eloquence, the most pleasant wit, and the most pungent sarcasm. With the rabble of the Bar it took the form of little but insult, noise, and vulgarity; in fact, instead of "putting down" their opponents as the fire-eaters did, they shouted them down. A remark made by the aforesaid Lord Norbury shows the way business was conducted before him. Counsel asked a witness how he made his living. "I keep a racket court," replied the witness. "So do I," observed his lordship grimly.

The one thing which was absolutely useless to a lawyer was a knowledge of the law. Even the greatest men at the Bar were far from being what would now be considered deeply learned. Plunkett, for instance, was in intellect immeasurably above the ordinary lawyer of the present day; but his reported decisions make one doubt whether in learning he was not a little below him. The reason, of course, was that all barristers had in the end to look for promotion not to their success at the Bar, but to their success in Parliament; and for success there, eloquence, wit, and sarcasm were infinitely more effective than a knowledge, however profound, of Coke on Littleton or of the Reports.

With the Union all this began to change. Power and preferment passed from the corrupt Parliament of Dublin to the, at any rate, less corrupt Parliament of London. The Government no longer wanted its henchmen to "put down" its opponents by challenges, and even began to appoint some barristers to judgeships because they knew the law, and these judges would not let counsel win cases by shouting down their opponents. Politics still had a great deal too much to do with promotion to the Bench, but that was so in England as well as Ireland, and had not prevented learning being more or less a condition precedent to promotion. Gradually the same rule prevailed also in Ireland, until for years past there has been little dif-

ference in this respect between the Benches and Bars of the two countries.

There is, however, still one marked difference between the nature of the learning of the Bench and Bar of Ireland and that of the Bench and Bar of England. The law in England is a specialised profession. A man on his call has to choose which of at least a dozen kinds of practice he will seek; and the more strictly he sticks to the particular kind he has chosen, the more certain and the more rapid is his success. In Ireland there is practically no specialisation. The man newly called has to seek any kind of work he can get. The field is too small to allow of any subdivision of labour in its cultivation. After a time, no doubt, most successful men get a special reputation in some particular kind of practice, but every man must in his time have dealt with all kinds of practice in order to become successful.

Specialisation has its advantages and its disadvantages in law, as in everything else. A man who studies exclusively a small part of a great subject must master that part more completely than he could by the same effort master it all. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that cases arising on some branches of law—such more especially as the law of shipping, mercantile contracts, companies—are as a rule better dealt with in England than in Ireland. But most cases arise on the general law, and here the specialist is at a disadvantage as compared with the general practitioner. Therefore it is not surprising to find that most cases are dealt with at least as well in Ireland as in England. And sometimes of late, where the decisions of the courts in England and Ireland have differed, the Courts of Appeal here have shown an inclination to adopt the Irish decisions. I may mention as instances of this the recent cases of *In re* Sampson ([1906] 2 Ch., 584), and Hewson *v.* Shelley ([1914] 2 Ch., 13). Bourne *v.* Keane ([1919] 35 T.L.R., 560), though it accommodated the law in England with the law in Ireland, cannot be said to follow the Irish decisions, since the Act of Parliament which gave most difficulty in it did not apply to Ireland.

This is the chief difference between the Bench and Bar of Ireland and the Bench and Bar of England; but as between the Bars only there are several others as important. In the first place, every barrister in England who purports to practise must have chambers, where he meets his clients and where he does his work which is not done in court. As we know, each of the four Inns of Court has from time immemorial had hundreds of sets of rooms attached to it in which its members formerly lived, and in which they still work. In Ireland barristers have no chambers; King's Inn is but a dining-hall, a library, and a school for law students. Bar-

risters are supposed to do their out-of-court work at their homes; and in income-tax returns a share of the rent is deducted as expenditure necessary to the earning of their incomes. And most of the leaders do use their homes for the purpose of conferences and consultations, and all barristers keep their law books there. But for the vast bulk of the Bar the place where all the out-of-court work is done is the Library of the Four Courts. To each barrister a particular seat is allotted, and there he reads his briefs and drafts his pleadings. If a solicitor comes to consult him, the Library attendant summons him from the seat, and in one of the adjacent rooms the two lawyers discuss the business on hand.

This practice has, like specialisation, its advantages and its disadvantages. Its advantages are enjoyed principally by the younger men. In the first place it saves them the expense of chambers and a clerk. In the next, it introduces them rapidly to an acquaintance with the other and more experienced members of their profession. They meet together daily there as in a very social club; visit the courts below from time to time, and discuss the cases going on there much in the way English barristers do at mess on circuit, but have little opportunity of doing in town. And when work comes to a young man, he is not left to find his own way out of the difficulties arising from inexperience; friends acquainted with the work are always about him in the Library to whom he can apply for help, which is never refused.

The chief disadvantage is that such a place conduces more to gossip than to hard work. Moreover, the ease with which difficulties can be overcome without study makes some men rely on so overcoming them; and so what at the beginning is a great help becomes in the end a great hindrance. If many an Irish barrister long in practice is not a sound lawyer, he has often to thank for that the assistance which at first enabled him to do his work without learning his law.

In England nearly every aspirant to the Bar who seeks work there after he has passed his final examination reads for a time in chambers—that means before trying to practise himself he enters the chambers of a barrister in practice and there studies how the law which he has learnt from books and lectures is practically applied. In Ireland, as I have said, there are no chambers; and there is little to correspond with reading in chambers. The instruction which the English student gets in chambers the average Irish student gets, so far as he gets it at all, in the Library of the Four Courts. It is not strange then to find that in Ireland the drafting of pleadings, conveyances, and other documents is not always so artistic and the observation of rules of pleading not always so strict as these are in Eng-

land—though in this respect there is not now so marked a difference as there once was.

At King's Inn, Dublin, as at the Inns of Court, London, lectures are delivered each term for the instruction of the Bar students; but there is this difference. In Dublin attendance at the lectures is compulsory, while in London it is optional. Formerly another difference in the students' education is that in Dublin, but not in London, a part of the lecturers' duties was to see that the students reported a certain number of cases which had been heard in the courts during the term. This reporting of cases partially supplied the absence of reading in chambers; and if carefully done by the student and carefully revised by the lecturer, could not but be a good preliminary to actual practice in court. Formerly it was almost a custom among young English barristers to begin the work of their profession by reporting for a year or two. I cannot but regret that the practice of students in Ireland and young barristers in England reporting cases has now become obsolete.

The tendency of civil business in the south of England to drift to London, and the growth of local Bars in the great cities of the north, threaten the English circuit system with extinction. In Ireland the circuit is the best working part of the machinery of justice. This is partly due to the universal inclination to have local cases tried locally; but it is also due to the appeals from county courts. In England a party to a county court action can appeal only on a point of law; and then the appeal is heard by a divisional court sitting in London. In Ireland he can appeal not only on the law but on the facts: and the appeal, which is practically a rehearing, is to the Assizes. Such appeals often outnumber the ordinary civil actions. An incapable county court judge is quite a godsend to the barristers on the circuit in which he operates, while a capable one is the reverse. Some time ago the county court judge, now deceased, of the greatest court of the kind in Ireland, did his work so satisfactorily that appeals from his decisions threatened to become unknown. The juniors of the circuit, in desperation, inveigled him to a mess dinner under the pretence of doing honour to his renown; and, when they had him there, they proceeded to try him on a charge of attempting to ruin his old profession by depriving its members of the means of subsistence. He was found guilty, and detained in custody until he apologised to the Bar and swore on a copy of Blackstone that he would not repeat the offence.

The incomes made by leading barristers in England are popularly immensely exaggerated; but still some of them are five or six times greater than any income that it is possible for

any counsel to make in Ireland. That is due to the absence there of the thousand guinea brief. The earnings, however, of the bulk of the practising barristers in each country is much about the same. The ordinary junior's ordinary fee is nearly equal, although the lowest fee in England is a guinea, while half-guinea fees are not unknown in Ireland. It is to be feared that in both countries smaller fees than those permissible by the custom of the profession are surreptitiously taken by shady counsel from shady clients; though this practice is far less common in either country than it once was. The Old Bailey Bar was the chief offender in England: there is a story of a member of it being summoned before the mess for taking half a sovereign with a deck brief, who successfully defended himself by proving that he took every penny the prisoner possessed. If a retort made by Chief Baron O'Grady contains any truth, fees much smaller than half a sovereign were in his time occasionally taken at Green Street, which is the Dublin Old Bailey. A barrister practising there was, in an emergency arising through the unexpected absence of the Crown Counsel, briefed for the Crown; and he was so proud of the honour that he kept on repeating on every possible occasion, "In this case, my lord, I appear for the Crown." At last the Chief Baron grew tired of this. "I know, I know," he said impatiently. "You usually appear for the half-crown, don't you?"

THE SILVER CROOK.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

I was mistuk, once, for the Poape of Reame. . . .
The drawled fantastic words came floating down
Behind me, five long years ago, when last
I left the old shepherd, Bramble, by his fold.
Bramble was fond, you'll judge, of his own tales,
And cast a gorgeous fly for the unwary:
But I was late, and could not listen then,
Despite his eager leer.
Yet, many a night,
And many a league from home, out of a dream
Of white chalk coasts, and roofs of Horsham stone,
Coloured like russet apples, there would come
Music of sheep-bells, baaing of black-nosed lambs,
Barking of two wise dogs, crushed scents of thyme,
A silver crook, bright as the morning star
Above the naked downs. Then—Bramble's voice,
I was mistuk, once, for the Poape of Reame,
Would almost wake me, wondering what he meant.
Now, five years later, while the larks went up
Over the dew-ponds in a wild-winged glory,
And all the Sussex downs, from weald to sea,
Were patched like one wide crazy quilt, in squares
Of yellow and crimson, clover and mustard-flower,
Edged with white chalk, I found him once again.
He leaned upon his crook, unbudged by war,
Unchanged, and leering eagerly as of old.
How should I paint old Bramble—the shrewd face,
Brown as the wrinkled loam, the bright brown eyes,
The patriarchal beard, the moleskin cap,
The boots that looked like tree-stumps, the loose cloak
Tanned by all weathers,—every inch of him
A growth of Sussex soil. His back was bent
Like wind-blown hawthorn, turning from the sea,
With roots that strike the deeper.
Well content
With all his world, and boastful as a child,
In splendid innocence of the worldling's way,
Whose murderous ego skulks behind a hedge
Of modest privet,—no, I cannot paint him.
Better to let him talk, and paint himself.
"Marnin'," he said; and swept away five years.
With absolute dominion over time,

Waiving all prelude, he picked up the thread
We dropped that day, and cast his bait again:—
I was mistuk, once, for the Poape of Roame.—
"Tell me," I said. "Explain. I've dreamed of it."—
"I racken you doan't believe it. Drunken Dick,
'Ull tell you 'tis as true's I'm stannin' here.
It happened along of this old silver crook.
I call it silver 'cos it shines so far.
My wife can see it over at Ovingdean
When I'm on Telscombe Tye. They doan't mek crooks
Like this in Sussex now. They've lost the way
To shape 'em. That's what they French papists knowed
Over at Arundel. They tried to buy
My crook, to carry in church. But I woan't sell 'en.
I've heerd there's magic in a crook like this,—
White magic. Well, I racken it did save Dick
More ways than one, that night, from the old Black Ram.
I've med a song about it. There was once
A Lunnon poet, down here for his health,
Asked me to sing it to 'un, an' I did.
It med him laff, too. 'Sing it again,' he says,
'But go slow, this time.' 'No, I woan't,' I says
(*I* knowed what *he* was trying). 'No,' I says,
'I woan't go slow. You'll ketch 'un if I do.'
You see, he meks a tedious mort of money
From these here ballad books, an' I wer'n't goin'
To let these Lunnon chuckle-heads suck my brains.
I med it to thet ancient tune you liked,
The Brown Girl. 'Member it?"

Bramble cleared his throat,
Spat at a bee, leaned forward on his crook,
Fixed his brown eyes upon a distant spire,
Solemnly swelled his lungs, once, twice, and thrice;
Then, like an old brown thrush, began to sing:—

"The Devil turns round when he hears the sound
Of bells in a Sussex foald.
One crack, I racken, from this good crook
Would make old Scratch leave hoald.
They can't shape crooks to-day like mine,
For the liddle folk helped 'em then.
I've heerd some say as they've see'd 'en shine
From Ditchling to Fairlight Glen.

I loaned 'em a loanst o' my crook one day
To carry in Arundel.
They'd buy 'en to show in their church, they say;
But goald woan't mek me sell.

I never should find a crook so slick,
So silver in the sun;
And, if you talk to Drunken Dick,
He'll tell you what it's done.

You'll find him spannelling round the Plough;
And, Lord! when Dick was young,
He'd drink enough to draown a cow,
And roughen a tiger's tongue.
He'd drink Black Ram till his neäse turned blue,
And the liddle black mice turned white.
You ask 'en what my crook can do,
An' what he see'd that night.

He says, as through the fern he ran
('Twas Pharisees' fern, say I),
A wild potatur, as big as a man,
Arose and winked its eye.
He says it took his arm that night,
And waggled its big brown head,
Then sang: *This world will never go right*
Till Drunken Dick be dead.

He shook it off and, rambling round,
Among the goalden gorse,
He heers a kin' of sneering sound
Pro-ciddin' from a horse,
Which reared upright, then said out loud
(While Dick said, 'I'll be danged!'),
'*His parients will be tedious proud*
When Drunken Dick is hanged.'

I rackon 'twould take a barrel of ale,
Betwix' my dinner and tea,
To mek me see the very nex' thing
That Drunken Dick did see;
For first he thought 'twas elephants walked
Behind him on the Tye,
And then he saw fower ricks of straw
That heaved against the sky.

He saw 'em lift. He saw 'em shift.
He saw gurt beards arise.
He saw 'em slowly lumbering down
A hunderd times his size;
And, as he ran, he heer'd 'em say,
Whenever his head he turned,
'*This warld will never be bright and gay*
Till Drunken Dick be burned.'

And then as Dick escaped again
And squirmed the churchyard through,
The cock that crowns the weather-vane
Cried, '*How d'ye doodle doo?*'—
'Why, how d'ye doodle doo?' says Dick,
'*I* know why *you* go round.'
'*There'll be no luck,*' that rooster shruck,
'*Till Drunken Dick be drowned!*'

And then, as Dick dodged round they barns,
And med for the white chalk coast,
He meets Himself, with the two black horns,
And eyes 'twud mek you roast.
'Walcome! walcome!' old Blackamoor cried,
''Tis muttonless day in hell,
So I think I'll have your kidneys, fried,
And a bit of your liver as well.'

Then Dick he loosed a tarr'ble shout,
And the Devil stopped dead to look;
And the sheep-bells rang, and the moon came out,
And it shone on my silver crook.
'I rackon,' says Dick, 'if you're oald Nick,
You'd batter be scramblin' home;
For *those* be the ringers of Arundel,
And *that* is the Poape of Roame.'"

PIG ISLAND.

BY "AL KHANZIR."

THERE is an island on the Ganges, lying far off the beaten track, a little insignificant island only a mile or two in length and about half as broad, a mere sandbank covered with grass and tamarisk; but it is dearer to my heart than almost any other spot on earth, for what memories it brings back of joyous days and of good friends, man and horse, memories for the most part of those we shall not meet again till the Happy Hunting Grounds are reached.

"Pig Island"—for so this island is well named—lies in the country of the most famous Indian Tent Club,[1] and a more ideal home for pig could not be found. Just let me try to describe this Kadir country for those who have not had the luck to know it—the "Kadir" being, of course, the name given to the whole wide river-bed which has been scored across the bosom of Hindustan by the ever-changing course of Mother Gunga through the ages. Let us ride together, reader, you and I, and mark the varying country through which we pass to reach a Tent Club Meet at Pig Island.

From our cantonments at M——, camp in the Kadir lies some thirty-five miles away. A metalled road runs for the first twelve miles out of cantonments. Beyond that again a road does indeed exist, but it is the sort of road that even a Ford would hesitate to tackle; so, for anybody who respects the innards of his car, there is nothing for it on the onward journey but to hack—unless, indeed, you would prefer to drive in a country tumtum,[2] and to suffer a long-drawn-out agony of cup-and-ball, which, once experienced, will never be repeated.

It is an afternoon in early spring, and we have reached the point where we must leave the car. Primitive though it is, the onward road we follow is one of some importance as the direct connecting link between the headquarters of the two civil districts of M—— and B——, lying some forty miles apart.

Libellous tradition has it that, during the régime of a very celebrated civil servant—still fortunately with us, though in a much exalted capacity—the project of metalling this road throughout was seriously discussed, but that he successfully opposed the scheme, ostensibly on grounds of soundest policy, but in reality in order that his favourite snipe-shoot, which lies in this direction, should not thus become accessible to all and sundry.

[1] A Tent Club corresponds to a Hunt; the Hon. Secretary to the Master.
[2] A two-wheeled cart.

However little truth there may be in this yarn, certain it is that Pig Island owes much of its charm and much of the sport it shows to its inaccessibility; and though at the close of a Meet in June we may sometimes curse the weary miles as we hack home, still we all join with the ryots of the district in venerating the memory of a Collector[1] whose spacious methods appealed to the sporting instincts alike of brown and white.

We find our horses waiting beneath a tree beside the road, and in five minutes they are saddled, and we are off on our steady hack towards the still distant river. It is a pleasant ride, for the weather is still cool, and the track is soft and sandy, and well shaded by a double row of trees. It leads us across a level plain, studded with villages and smiling with crops — a rich land, watered by a multitude of canal-distributaries. Here every square yard is cultivated, and the bright emerald of rising wheat, and the golden gleam of hemp and mustard, blend into the darker masses of the mango-topes, those billowy groves of mighty fruit trees, often many acres in extent, where every tree is spaced and lined with mathematical regularity, and the shady aisles beneath, carpeted with flowers and musical with running water, are pregnant with promise of shelter and of coolth.

At the outskirts of a village we stop beside a well to water our horses, and, seated on its broad cemented brim, smoke a contemplative cigarette. Towards us — down the vista of mingled light and shade, and through the golden haze of floating dust-motes — rides an ancient greybeard on a sickle-hooked chestnut tat. He dismounts stiffly beside the well, and with a courteous salute sets about watering his pony. But a friendly greeting from us in return, and a question about the local crops, soon break down his reserve, and he begins to yarn to us as only such an old worthy can.

A Jat this, belonging to as stout a class of yeoman farmers as any in India,—than whom none have done better service in the War,—and he tells proudly of the number of recruits his village sent, till hardly a man was left, and of his own grandson who, twice wounded in Mesopotamia, has now been taken as orderly by his colonel.

And then he asks the latest news of the Punjab, expressing supreme contempt for the instigators of the recent outrages. This subject brings him back to his stock topic, the Great Mutiny—that vast upheaval of his childhood which he can just remember, and about which, after the manner of old Caspars the world over, he loves to hold forth to any long-suffering audience.

So he points out a lofty peepul-tree in the distance, and smacking his lips over the details, tells the tale of the hanging he there witnessed some

[1] Civil official in charge of a district.

sixty years ago—the hanging of Lal Singh, the Goojr, with his gang of merry men, who had indulged in a brief orgy of robbery and murder in these troublous times.

Dwellers between the desert and the sown—these Goojrs, you must remember, have always been the hereditary reivers and cattle-thieves of the Kadir borderland. Likely enough lads they are too, and they are now recruited to an extent never before thought of, so the war has brought a certain modicum of respectability to the clan.

But in India we are as nice in matters of family history and pedigree as ever they were at the court of the Habsburgs, and our memories are long.

Now the Jat is, and always has been, in the main a law-abiding farmer, whose only departures from virtue arise in the hot blood of disputes over women or water-rights. Then, indeed, he will indulge in a regular Donnybrook Fair, but that he regards as quite a gentlemanly proceeding—and he looks down exceedingly on his more picturesque neighbours, for whose old-time forays he still bears a bitter grudge.

So there has never been any love lost between the clans—a fact doubtless tending to sweeten the memory of that bygone retribution; but still it is easy to see that summary justice such as was meted out to Lal Singh—combined with security of property and a strong government—is all that our old friend wants, and that Mr Gandhi and passive resistance, political representation, and Home Rule all leave him very cold indeed. And this old Jat is typical of yeoman India—which is, after all, almost the only India worth a second thought.

After bidding the old gentleman a fond farewell, we ride forward on our way. A few miles on, and do you see that low mound on your left above the village? Tradition has it that it marks the western gate of Hastinapur, that great vanished city of the Golden Age of Hinduism, which in its prime spread twelve miles eastward to the Ganges, but of which to-day scarcely a scattered brick remains.

Now a long line of trees looms up across our front, and we ride into them to find ourselves on the bridge over a great canal, one of those stupendous works of irrigation that, had we nothing else to our credit, alone would justify our holding India.

It is the great Ganges Canal, and to it all the country through which we have passed owes its wonderful fertility. Spanned by regular bridges and mighty as a great river, it runs straight as a die between its wooded banks through the breadth of a Province, bringing life to tens of thousands of acres along its course.

A few miles on, and all at once it is as though we had reached the brink of some cliff-girt coast, and that a great brown sea were stretched out at our feet; for the ground falls steeply in front of us, the road dives suddenly down a sandy ravine through scrub- and thorn-clad banks, and below

us, stretching mile on mile, lies a sea of grass and tamarisk—it is the Kadir.

But to most of us it is much more. To the ordinary youngster—of the sort who, nurtured on a diet of Surtees and Scrope, St John and Samuel Baker, feels himself at least as competent to discuss the points of a horse as to expound the intricacies of the jazz, and is untrammelled by any Cockney dread of solitude and empty spaces—to such a one the Kadir is almost Paradise.

Along this stretch of the Ganges the Kadir is a low-lying belt of grass and scrub-jungle, some five or six miles in width. Teeming with game of every sort, this belt is demarcated on either side by a low continuous line of cliffs and ravines, the favoured haunt of leopard and hyena.

Within the confines of these cliffs, the river—itself about four hundred yards in width—pursues an ever-changing course, while the whole surface of the Kadir is seamed and scored by innumerable old channels and beds, some dry and grass-grown, but others flying a danger-signal of tall green reeds as a warning that any rider venturing into them will find himself thoroughly and completely bogged.

These marshy channels are known locally as Bourh Ganga, or the old Ganges, and crossings over them are few and far between. They form safe sanctuaries for pig, and wherever they exist are the invariable point of any hunted boar. Here and there these Bourh Gangas open out into reed-grown lakes and bogs of great extent, which autumn sees alive with duck and snipe. Their quaking surface will seldom support your weight, so some sort of punt or coracle is essential, and also a local marshman as a guide, or you will soon find yourself lost in the maze of alleyways through the giant reeds. Given these, however, and you can comfortably shoot your hundred duck in a morning's and evening's flighting.

Let us halt for a moment on the cliff-edge and look down on the Kadir. The prevailing impression is grass, and still more grass. But not grass as they know it in the Shires. This grass is of many varieties, but short springy turf it almost never is. To the rider it may be hock-high, girth-high, waist-high, head-high; it grows in brakes so close and fine and straight that it has been well named "tooth-brush," and so dense that a heavy horse will force his way through it only at a walk. Again, it grows in single canes, thick and stiff as the cane of an usher, and to the galloping horseman almost as painful. But usually it is fair galloping grass, perhaps up to your girths, through which your horse seems literally to sail in the wake of the hunted boar. But whatever the variety, by the season of which we speak it is burnt to a uniform yellow, and as dry as tinder, and through each and every variety the hog-hunter must be prepared to follow his boar as best he can,

for you may be sure that a hunted boar is going to take the thickest and blindest line in the countryside.

There is at first something particularly alarming in trusting oneself "all-out" through grass so high that the rider has to be ready to guard his eyes with his spear-arm; but the going on the whole is sound and good, and it is surprising how a well-balanced horse with a good shoulder stands up when not interfered with—unless, indeed, you are unlucky enough to run across one of those absolutely blind grass-covered fissures in the ground, or upon a blind well, both of which do here and there exist, and then the cleverest of horses is helpless.

But avoid a straight shoulder and a short rein as you would the plague, or you will fall, and fall repeatedly, and the number of people who really like doing that is, after all, exceedingly small.

During the monsoon rains in late summer, the Ganges overflows her banks till practically the whole Kadir is immersed. At this season grass and weeds spring up as if by magic, and after the water has subsided the country is quite unhuntable owing to the thickness and extent of the coverts. Fortunately each kind of grass has its own individual use—for bedding, thatching, matting, and the like—so that, as soon as the shrinking of the floods has allowed of the sun's drying the new growth, large areas are rapidly cut. The Goojrs, too, who graze their herds of buffaloes and cattle in the Kadir, burn big stretches of the high dry grass at this season, to bring on short green grazing; so, between them all, by the spring the coverts are reduced to manageable size, and hunting becomes generally possible.

But patches of every covert will remain unhuntable right to the end of the season. These patches, of course, will invariably be the point of every hunted boar; so the strategy of the beat and the tactics of the spears during the hunt—both alike must aim at forcing the boar away from his point, and in this battle of wits lies much of the delight of pig-sticking.

Here and there out of this sea of grass, like occasional islands, rise small villages of mud and thatch, each built on a low mound against the floods, and each marked by a venerable peepul-tree, round which of an evening the village elders are wont to settle the world's affairs. A few acres of clearing—devoted to a field of barley, a plot of sugar-cane, and some melon-beds—mark the extent of civilisation, and then the grass shuts in again.

Now look beyond the miles of intervening grass at that belt of more sandy soil by the banks of the actual river, and you will see a dark line of distant green: it marks where the grass gives place to tamarisk. This is an evergreen growth, locally known as "jhow," that grows in great brakes like giant ling, and makes cool summer lying, which the pig like well.

When the coverts are not too

high, jhow-hunting is extraordinarily interesting and pleasant; for a horse gallops through it easily, while the moving tops in front show to the hunter the course of the pig passing invisible beneath. But the horse must be handy, and the rider wide-awake; for let a hard-pressed pig but beat you by a second on a turn, or let him squat suddenly and an uncollected horse pass by him even by a yard, and he will have vanished like a dream. On a windy day, too, this hunting is particularly difficult, for of course little information can be gathered from the movement of the jhow.

Jhow sometimes grows to a great height, and to try to take a boar through a patch of tree-jhow of any extent is a quite hopeless proposition—a fact the writer has learnt to his cost, after being lured by sundry over-optimistic spirits into spending many a profane and wasted hour in coverts so high and thick that, though he was often in imminent danger of emulating Absalom, he never had the faintest hope of hunting and killing any animal of less stature than a giraffe, a beast unfortunately non-resident in the Kadir.

Beyond the jhow—muddy, brown, and sluggish, but venerated by two hundred and fifty millions of the human race—flows Mother Gunga, the Holy River, on whose bosom her worshippers one and all would wish their last ashes to be cast.

A mile beyond the farther river-bank rise the cliffs that mark the distant boundary of the Kadir. Without these boundaries are unrest and political agitation, competition and change, and all the kindred curses of our modern world. Within the Kadir is peace, for there primitive man—in blissful ignorance of our Montagus and our Tilaks—is content to live as his forefathers lived before him; there primitive beast is not yet denied all place in the scheme of things.

But the sun is low in the west, and we must hurry on to camp.

In the gathering dusk the herds are being driven in through hanging clouds of dust—and none too early, for from a distant patch of jungle beside the river comes that low, harsh, oft-repeated cry, fraught, surely, with more concentrated savagery than any other of nature's sounds—the rending, saw-like call of a leopard commencing his evening rounds, and woe betide any belated goat or calf who now may cross his path.

One herdsman whom we pass deserves a second glance: a minute individual of some eight summers, pot-bellied and stark naked, with head barely reaching to the muzzles of the buffaloes of which he is in charge, but who, none the less, is dealing them resounding thwacks with a mighty stick, while he curses their ancestors to ten generations with a precocious fluency that would have shamed our army in Flanders. But, terror of the buffaloes though he be, to us he is quite ready to be kind, and—"Salaam, Protectors of the Poor," he shrills to us as we pass—

"Salaam, Great King," we gravely reply.

As we enter the village, the pungent smell of cow-dung fires strikes our nostrils, and the usual gossipers at the street corner rise and salute us politely; for this is a kindly land and a humble, beneath the notice of agitator and politician, and manners are still an asset here.

Our syces run out to take the horses, and we seat ourselves luxuriously in deck-chairs for a welcome whisky-and-soda, before we look round our other horses which have preceded us to the Meet.

Eight of us have forgathered for the Meet, and about thirty horses and ponies are collected in camp. But you notice that horses very much predominate, for you need the weight and stride of at least fifteen hands to carry you well through the grass and jhow of Kadir pig-sticking. In the rocks and hills of Rajputana and the Deccan the Arab pony is probably the pig-sticker *par excellence;* but here nearly everybody rides Waler horses, with just a sprinkling of country-breds. English horses make very good pig-stickers if their legs will stand the iron-hard going. Country-breds sometimes turn out exceptionally well; but they, too, often have a kink in their temper which makes them uncertain and pig-shy.

The best horse here is the best horse you can afford. Nothing is too good; but it is generally agreed that the ideal to work to is an almost clean-bred Waler of about 15·2, with a really good shoulder—for you must have lots in front of you if your horse is to stand up over this blind rough country. The faster he is the better; but absolutely on his hocks he must be, and as well schooled as a polo-pony, for a galloping boar jinks like lightning; and unless you can follow suit, either the pig is lost altogether, or your friend—who has been hanging behind for just this chance—nips in and takes up the running, and you are out of the hunt. Too big a horse is a mistake, as he is apt to be clumsy, and the extra weight increases the strain on him in the constant recoveries out of holes and depressions. But if your horse fills the bill in all the above particulars, and, in addition, is bold and will face the pig—then you have a pearl of price.

The Meets in the Kadir are all so far distant from headquarters that the usual arrangement is to go out about twice a month for three or four days' continuous hunting. Of course this system of extending Meets is hard on horse-flesh, and necessitates a larger stud than would be required for a single day's hunting at a time. Pig-cuts, sprained tendons, stakes, and other untoward occurrences, put a lot of horses on the sick-list; so probably it would not be far wrong to say that at least six horses will be wanted for a full season's hunting, allowing for ordinary luck. But you must not suppose each and all of us to be

provided with six such super-horses as I have described above. Two hundred pounds is a by no means unheard-of price for a pig-sticker, and millionaires are just as scarce in the Kadir as out of it—if not more so. We collect the best we can, and those of us who belong to cavalry or artillery can very often find one or two first-class horses in the ranks of our units, and can buy them from Government at moderate prices dependent upon their age.

After the horses, a bath and dinner, and then a talk as to the prospects for the morrow with one-armed Babu, the head shikari, who combines the duties of head-keeper, harbourer, and huntsman. The Tent Club shikaris belong to the humble Aheria tribe—almost outcasts—but the office has been in their particular family for at least three generations, and they have waxed fat and become a power in the land. Go where you will in India, and you will always find that the men to show you game are the aborigines and the outcasts, be they Aheria or Kanjr, Sansi or Bhil, Ghond or Bhoomia, or any other of the countless tribes of the under-world. And it is only natural, for they have the instinct bred in them, and have been catching wild things for a living—from elephants to lizards—since the beginning of time. Cheery rogues they are too, and good companions, though their habits and customs not seldom leave much to be desired.

By dawn camp is astir. Each surrounding hamlet provides its quota of beaters, who come trooping in, and squatting themselves down in little groups muffled against the morning cold, wait for the signal to start. Syces are busy saddling horses and servants rush about with shaving water and early morning tea. As soon as all the beaters have assembled, Babu blows his whistle for all to start, and the whole cortége files off to the opening beat.

The etiquette of pig-sticking is simplicity itself. When a boar breaks, the nearest beat to him hunts him; and not more than one beat hunts each boar. The honour and glory and the pig in every hunt go to him who is first to spear; but, though much of the supreme joy in pig-sticking lies in the successful struggle for first-spear and in outgeneraling and outriding one's friends, there must never be the slightest hint of selfishness; and it must be borne in mind that the primary object of every member of a beat is that his beat should kill the pig—all should work together to that end, leaving the question of first-spear as a purely secondary consideration. There must, of course, be no crossing or riding-off, and every first-spear must be given to kill, for a first-spear which merely pricks the pig in the buttock is a matter for shame rather than for self-congratulation. In this connection all pig-sticking competitions, from the famous "Kadir Cup" downwards, which go to individual winners of first-spears, are, in

the writer's iconoclastic view, to be deprecated, as tending to encourage selfish riding as opposed to hunting, and competition-pricking as opposed to spearing. The "Muttra Cup," instituted by the Inniskilling Dragoons, is the sole exception, for that is a competition for teams of three, who must kill their pig to score a point. However, there be few who will agree with these views.

A ride of a couple of miles takes us to the main or western branch of the Ganges, and crossing a bridge of boats, we find ourselves on Pig Island at last. There is not a village or even a hut upon it, and save for a few melon-beds which meet with the unqualified approval of the pig, the whole of it is uncultivated and covered with grass and jhow. Now, villages and cultivation inevitably mean poachers with guns and nets and dogs, but here the only visitor is the grass-cutter or the cowherd with his buffaloes, so, save for our visits, Pig Island remains a peaceful sanctuary.

The going is rather above the average of pig-sticking country, except in the jhow at the south-eastern corner, and here and there where wind-blown sand-dunes have raised a succession of switchbacks that it takes a clever horse to negotiate. Sufficient clearings have already been made in the grass to give us a sporting chance of catching our pig, though earlier in the season this would have been an almost impossible task.

Our old friend, the road, traverses the northern end of the island, which is about a mile in width, and then crosses the narrow eastern channel to the mainland. This narrow channel is now practically dry, and forms no obstacle to horse or pig; but, of course, in the rains it is full to overflowing.

Immediately overhanging this channel lie the ravines and cliffs of the farther Kadir-bank, and the road passes up through these, and on, through crops, mango-topes, and market-gardens, to the city of B——, some four miles distant. These ravines facing the island are filled with grass and scrub, and always hold plenty of pig, but the ground is so broken that it is practically unrideable; so, knowing that the line of these pig will be down on to the island, we usually start by beating these ravines, posting the heats below on the island to wait for any bear that may come down towards them across the narrow channel.

We cross the island, and reaching the mainland beyond, find the line drawn up ready to beat down the ravines. Our line consists of about a hundred beaters, each armed with a heavy stick. Behind these ride the Tent Club shikaris, mounted upon camels, from whose backs they can control the line even in the highest grass, and whence they can view any cunning old boar that tries to sneak off unseen. To-day we have an elephant out as well, lent us by a local magnate, and Babu is con-

trolling operations from his back. Time was when an elephant was here as much a badge of respectability as a silver teapot in a certain class of society at home, and every nawab, zamindar, and bunya, who could possibly afford it, kept one or more, sometimes for shooting, but much more often purely for show—to walk in marriage processions and the like. *Eheu fugaces!*—the march of progress has substituted the Overland for the elephant, and it becomes increasingly difficult to collect a number of the latter, when they are required for such functions as the Kadir Cup.

The starting-point is near an old deserted police hut. An aged Jat, now quite in his dotage, but in former days shikari to a perfect succession of the Collectors of B——, always meets us here with a yarn about an old black boar of fabulous size, which, according to him, lives close beside this hut, but though many a time and oft we have sought him, never a glimpse have we caught of this Gargantuan swine. As we ride up, we see old Sidjoo waiting for us as usual, and running to meet us: he assures us eagerly that as he passed by the hut two mornings ago, he met our mythical friend wending his way sedately home to bed. However, we have heard old Sidjoo's yarn so often before, that to-day it leaves us rather cold, and we shall not be unduly downcast if we again draw blank.

One beat goes with the line, in case pig should break inland; while two beats have already been posted down below upon the island. Our beat is one of the latter, and it is time that we joined them.

After reaching our allotted stand we carefully hide away our syces and spare horses where they will not be seen, and ourselves dismount behind a tuft of jhow, through which we can watch the line as it moves along the ravines above. A blast of the whistle from Babu and the line moves off, silent save for the noise of the thumpings and proddings of the beaters' sticks into every likely tuft and bush. Pig often lie very close, and the best of lines pass over numbers of them in thick cover; but shouting and noise is fatal, for a cunning old boar will slip away unseen half a mile ahead as soon as he hears the sound of approaching human voices.

Soon a yell from the line tells us that something is moving, and we see a string of hurrying black forms bobbing in and out of the ravines as they run along the face opposite to us. A sounder of nine or ten it is, but quite likely there is not a rideable boar amongst them, for the old gentlemen, except when they are love-making, are crusty, solitary old curmudgeons.

Then a rattle of hoofs and a cloud of dust from the top of the farther bank—the beat with the line are riding. Away they go inland across the fields, but soon they are swinging round left-handed, and back they come again

full speed into the ravines in rear of the line. Their pig's point was out across the plain to some distant spinney; but they did not give him enough law, so when he found himself hard pressed in the open he still was able to double back and to make the ravines again before they could catch him.

Now the odds are they will lose him, for these ravines are real nasty riding. Yes, I thought so — there's a loose horse, so somebody is down. And there come the other two riding slowly back — they've lost him.

Then a black form flashes out of a ravine mouth on our right, well ahead of the line, and splash! splash!—a big boar lollops through the shallows and crosses to our side.

Watch him trotting up the sand and entering the grass. See him stop as he enters covert and stand, ears cocked, to listen to the noises behind him and to make sure the road ahead is clear. Steady! not a move or you will turn him. Not that he is frightened of you. Don't think that for one moment. But he is no fool, and so is not looking for trouble. Normally his attitude is well summed up by that song of our fathers—

> "We don't want to fight;
> But, by Jingo!—if we do,"

—that is, provided you don't worry him too much, he is prepared to keep out of your way as far as possible. But his patience is always short, and occasionally he has his liverish mornings like the best of us, and then he will fall upon you at sight the moment you cross his path.

Now he is trotting on. See, the other heat are mounted and moving towards him, for he has passed closer to them than to us, and is their pig. Now he has seen them and is off, and the riders seem to drop a hand's-breadth as their horses stretch to a gallop.

We lose sight of the bear in a moment, but can still follow the three spears as each strains to get the lead and to keep on terms with the boar,—no easy job, the latter, in rough going and heavy covert; for over the first half mile the fastest of horses will hardly gain a yard on a good pig, but let him once get out of sight, and it is a hundred to one against his ever being picked up again. So they are all travelling all they know.

Look — the black's down. But it was a good fast fall—horse right over and man thrown well clear. He is up again and mounted as we watch, so no harm is done.

Now the other two have gone over a mile, and you can just make them out in the distance, tacking to and fro and riding more slowly; they are close upon their pig, who is getting blown and is jinking to try to throw them off. At this stage it is not so much a question of hard riding as of quickness in the turn and a watchful eye and collected horse.

Meanwhile our friend on the black horse has galloped up and joins them. But just at this moment piggy's patience fails him. A jink brings them face to face—piggy sees the

newcomer, to greet him with an angry charge. For you catch the flash of the distant spear-point lowered to meet the boar.

So the black's rider has had the luck to get first-spear after all—and perhaps deserved it for joining up with them again so quickly.

Now the boar's blood is up; all thought of flight is gone, and charge follows charge. But the end comes quickly; and soon he dies, with the hot red light dancing before his eyes—reckless of his wounds and scorning quarter.

A better end this than to be netted and murdered in cold blood as he trots in the darkness down a game-track; than to be hunted and done to death by a mongrel pack; or to be greeted with a charge of slugs as he enters a field at night to crawl off to die.

Yet, were it not for the Tent Club, these are the deaths which would undoubtedly befall the majority of his race, whose continued existence is only tolerated by the landowners out of the great good-fellowship between them and us, and because, by keeping down pig within reasonable limits, we save them both trouble and expense. For even his best friend must admit the damage to crops which the wild pig often does; so, if you want pig, be friends with the farmers and hunt your country thoroughly — thus, and thus only, will you succeed.

But what is that just showing above the grass over there? There, behind you, where the grass has been cut, and stands trimmed to a uniform two feet like the bristles of a giant's tooth-brush?

Don't you see it—that grey wither and the top of that long lean back slipping by us like a submarine awash? It's a boar.

No, he never crossed the channel from the beat,—true. He must have been disturbed by the other beat galloping, and is quietly changing his quarters. Mount quickly—and we'll make him change 'em faster than he bargained for.

The submarine pauses for a moment — then suddenly increases the number of his revolutions. The boar has broken from a trot to a gallop, and we are off.

There he goes straight across the clearing in the grass, taking the long lines of cut grass-sheaves like a deer—a fine grey boar. After him we go, —each taking his own line, legs working frantically and spears outstretched — each silently praying that he has the legs of the others—each anxiously watching the boar to take advantage of the first sign of a turn.

Crash!—we are out of the clearing and into the high standing grass. Now we can only catch glimpses of the boar — he's still in front, going strong, and we haven't gained a yard. B.'s ahead, riding his line, and shouting whenever he sees him. We must spread out right and left to help take him through the covert.

Now, as you seem to sail on the effortless stride of a gallant horse, and the crashing grass sweeps by—as you feel him

put in a short one in an awkward grip, and then open out again to his stride, or drop into a sudden nala without a peck, and on up the farther side—and you know there's a boar ahead—it's now that you feel that you've really lived, and life can hold few better moments.

By Jove! B.'s down. It was that buffalo-wallow that did it, but a clever pig-sticker wouldn't have fallen. He won't fall the next time he meets one. No time to stop to make kind inquiries,—a hunt here is too short and sharp an affair for that, and you would only get sworn at for your pains for losing the pig.

Now you've taken up the hunt, and are riding the pig. He is still about thirty yards ahead—but he is coming back to you now. You see his great stern looming in front of you, nearer and nearer. It is the climax of the hunt, and—wild with anticipation—you take a fresh grip on your spear and shorten your reins, to be ready for anything.

Now you are right on him—steady your horse and wait for your chance; then put your legs to him and spear right home as you pass your boar—no thrusting out ahead.

Hullos! here's a wide shallow open nala ahead, and the boar must cross. Now's your chance, for you've got him in the open. Into him quickly.

Ah!—but he was too quick for you, for, as you made to close with him, he threw himself across your bows to your near side. So you missed him—but he precious nearly got you, for you felt his tusk strike your near stirrup-iron as you passed. Round on to him as quick as you can, for he's just into covert again on the farther side.

He's in jhow now, and it really is thick—for this is the patch he's been making for all along. We should have got him before he crossed that nala. Now the submarine is submerged—you have only got the wake to follow, but stick to that if you can. He's a tired pig, and we're right on his tail. We'll get him after all.

Ten thousand fiends!—we're right in the middle of a herd of buffaloes, and they've split and are galloping in every direction. The jhow is waving everywhere, and we've got a dozen wakes to follow—but which is the right one? The one we're on now isn't, anyway, for we find it is made by a promising calf. Throw forward and try to pick him up again—it's our only chance, though a poor one. No good, we've lost him after all. What poisonous luck—but largely our own fault too. Nothing for it but to get back to our place—and to hope for better luck next time.

As the line moves on several more hunts result. Then the end of the ravines is reached, opposite the tail of the island: the beaters swing down on to the island itself, and the line turns for a beat-up through the island-coverts.

Now all the heats accompany the line. For your next hunt you shall be mounted on my old chestnut mare "Regret,"

the mare most nearly approaching the ideal of any pig-sticker I have ever had the luck to own. Cherish her, for she is very precious, and she will reward you by hunting the pig for you herself.

Our heat rides quietly behind its allotted bit of the line, on the look-out to catch the first glimpse of any boar that may break, and to prevent the beaters carelessly missing any patch of covert.

Bird and beast are constantly on the move in front of us: now it is the burnished bronze and ebony of the black partridge as he skims over the grass-tops; now the russet of the hog-deer stealing furtively down a game-track with lowered head, like some detected criminal; now it is a herd of black-buck, playing follow-my-leader as they go, each in turn leaping high above the grass in graceful bounds; now a group of nilghai, those cow-like antelopes, lumbering clumsily along.

Several sounders, too, are soon afoot, bursting like bomb-shells from the grass at our feet with a chorus of protesting grunts—on every occasion to be loudly acclaimed as the fathers of all pig by the beaters who have dislodged them. And here we see the advantage of mounting the shikaris on camels or elephants, for from these coigns of vantage they can distinguish size and sex, and save us many a useless ride.

At last!—loud and clear, trembling with pent-up excitement—comes that shout for which we have all been longing—that shout that would surely galvanise a corpse: "Woh jata! Woh jata! Bara kala soor!"—There he goes—there he goes—a great black boar; and we catch a glimpse of Babu—an incarnation of eagerness, upright on his elephant, with his one arm outstretched—pointing us wildly forward. He has just seen a huge boar slipping away far ahead.

It is but a glimpse you catch, for "Regret" has been waiting for that cry. Before the first word has died on Babu's lips—long before you have put your legs to her—she has travelled half a dozen lengths. Leave her head alone and let her gallop—a loose rein is best travelling fast over this sort of ground, and if you try to steady her you will only bring her down.

And travel we must, for somewhere on ahead the boar is moving fast, and he has a big start. Unless we can pick him up quickly it will be hopeless.

No good riding for the place where he was last seen—his line is sure to be left-handed for those big coverts in the centre of the island, so hold to the left, and ride like blazes to cut him off, keeping a good look-out far ahead, and trusting to your mare to stand up.

There! did you catch that spurt of sand and dust behind that clump of jhow? Your boar, for a wager. Yes—the merest glimpse of something black vanishing into the covert beyond, and you know you are on the right line.

Now, holler like anything to

bring on the rest of your heat, and after him as hard as you can.

Now you are fairly on terms with your boar, for you can see the tops of the jhow waving in front of you as he passes. It is very thick here, so close with him as much as you can, and lie close behind him, following every jink and turn with horse absolutely in hand. Don't be in too great a hurry to spear till you have got him beat, or have nursed him into a lighter bit of country. If you try to rush him now, you will override him and lose him.

There—the jhow isn't moving any more,—he must have squatted. Don't take your eyes off the exact spot. Lucky that your mare was well in hand, or you could never have stopped her as you did, and you would have lost sight of the place. Now he can't move on without the jhow telling you, and he's still here all right—you could tell that by the rank smell of pig, let alone anything else, for, on a hot day, you can hunt a large gross boar almost by scent alone.

Look out for the slightest tremor in the jhow, and shout to the others to come up to watch the farther side.

Woof! Woof! The jhow parts and out he comes—he has charged you. It was your shout that did it, too much for piggy's nerves. It was lucky that prod you gave him in the face stopped him, for you had no time to get any way on your horse, and something over two hundred pounds of bone and muscle at the charge has a nasty habit of knocking over horse and rider when it meets them at the halt.

Now after him again, but look out for squalls; for see, all the hackles on his back and spine are standing up like porcupine quills, his jaws are open, and you can catch the wicked twinkle of his little eyes as he watches you over his shoulder. You have but to forge alongside of him, and he will come in again like a flash. Take himquietly—let the momentum of your horse send the spear home—and, above all, don't thrust.

My goodness!—that's just what you did do, so of course your point went over his shoulder. And of course he got in—and knocked your poor mare's forelegs from under her, sending you on your head.

You deserved what you got, but she might have had her shoulder laid open. Thank goodness, she isn't out, and you may thank your lucky stars that the rest of your heat was near enough to stop piggy from paying you loving attentions on the ground. Up you get again quickly, and help to finish off your boar.

Back we go to rejoin the line, where we change horses and are ready for another hunt; while the dead boar, slung on a pole, is borne off by four beaters in triumph to the luncheon place.

Soon after, as we ride behind the line, we see old Sidjoo, like a stage conspirater, beckoning frantically to us and pointing to a grass-tuft at his feet,—he must have found a boar squatting within.

We ride quietly over to investigate, and there he is sure enough—a grey old gentleman, squatting in his form like a hare, with lips wrinkled by his curling tushes to a perpetual sardonic grin, and little eyes that watch our every movement.

One moment we visualise him thus—the next he is out upon us with his war-cry. Straight down on B. he bears, but B. has his horse in motion to meet him, and as the boar rises on his hocks to uppercut with all the strength of his mighty neck, the spear-point enters his wither and is driven home by the weight of horse and pig.

A moment he stands, blood pouring from his mouth, then totters and falls down. Death could not be quicker or more merciful.

So, with varying fortunes, the morning passes to the luncheon halt, where horses are off-saddled, watered, and fed, while we have our meal beneath a tree. But first of all the beaters must be attended to, and they seat themselves on their hunkers in a big circle, waiting for their rations to be distributed. These rations consist of a big handful of gram[1] and a lump of gur per man—not excessive, you think, after a long morning's beating, but it is the food to which they are accustomed, so they are quite happy and sit munching away like so many monkeys.

After luncheon we beat the rest of the island till all the coverts have been drawn, or horses and beaters have had enough. Then the unofficial members of the Tent Club can hie them back to camp, but the secretary must still remain, for there are sundry rites yet to be performed.

All the dead boar have been collected—and the writer once remembers twenty of them after a day on Pig Island—and these must be weighed and measured, for a careful record of size and weight is kept in the Tent Club Log, together with the names of successful riders and their horses. Also, a fine of one gold Mohr (sixteen rupees) must be recorded against any miscreant responsible for the death of a sow or an unwarrantable boar.

The beaters, too, are again formed up—this time in groups by villages—and their day's wages are handed out to them and the pig distributed amongst them as fairly as possible; for except for the tushes, which go to the first-spear, the pig are the beaters' perquisite—probably the only meat-meal many of them get in the year.

And the daily wage for which each man is content to beat is tuppence—tuppence and a handful of gram, for a day's beating. Think of that, ye shooting hosts at home, and envy; for even before the war was not the wage five shillings and his lunch for a beater on a Perthshire moor?—and one trembles to think what they must be asking of you now!

[1] Chickpeas.

The day is over; the other spears have long since ridden off to camp, and the last beater set out for his home. Pig Island has sunk back to its wonted calm—and all is still.

As I linger by the bridge-head, and watch the shadows of the western bank lengthen slowly over Mother Gunga's bosom, memories of India, the beloved, come thronging to the mind—India in a state of change — India tortured by crude experiment.

And ever fresh pictures rise of old hunting days, and of the companions and the horses who will hunt no more. Among the throng I see again L.-S. of the 13th on old "Grey Dawn," that best of country-breds, and "Chicken" of the 60th on wonderful little "Defender"; D. of the 14th on "Indian Chief," on whom he rode and speared a black-buck single-handed, and N. and L.-S. of the Horse Artillery on "Leotard" and "Darkie," those two perfect pig-stickers; little P. of the 7th on his game old roan, and the Earl, that kindest and best of sportsmen. And a host of others behind—in sooth, there must have been feasting in Valhalla when Wodin, the Hunter of the Gods, welcomed such a goodly company.

But is there no return? And will they hunt no more? Have we forgotten the story of Panipat, that battlefield but a few short miles to the westward, where the fate of India has been thrice decided—the battlefield that gave Delhi to Babar the Mogul, and the Peacock Throne and the Koh-i-Nur to Nadir, the robber Turcoman — that broke the Mahrattas by the sword of Ahmed Khan Abdali?

Do we not know that—to this day—no man may pass thereby after the sun has set, for phantom hosts of Tartar and Afghan, Persian and Kizilbash, make the empty plains ring again with hideous strife, and nightly play the drama of times long gone, when the stricken field was strewn with saffron robes of fallen Rajput chivalry, as with the petals of a full-blown rose?

And if there be return to scenes of death and dread and suffering — surely, then, much more so will there be to those that memory holds dear!

Faint on the evening air I seem to hear again the ring of hoofs — nearer and nearer — and then the rustle and crash of the reed-like grass as the beat sweeps by. They are close upon their boar, and one rider, whose voice I know so well—out in front with eyes fixed on his quarry—is calling the course of the boar for those behind, as all good hunters should.

"On—on—on," I hear his joyous refrain, and then "Right — right," in wild crescendo. The boar has doubled like a hare—but his warning shout has been in time, and those behind take up the running.

And so the sounds fade in the distance, and night draws in. Good hunting to you, old friends, and good-bye.

A COMPANY OF TANKS.

BY MAJOR W. H. L. WATSON, D.S.O., D.C.M.,
Author of 'Adventures of a Despatch Rider.'

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CARRIER TANKS.

(January 31st to August 1st, 1918.)

AT my leisure I visited the Headquarters of the Tank Corps in Regent Street, and after a somewhat undignified appeal to the good nature of a corporal—the staff-captain was busy, or out to lunch, or dictating—I obtained a fortnight's leave. The fortnight passed expensively, but it was pleasant, if dull, to take the train at the end of it from Waterloo and not from Victoria. In due course I arrived at Nool Station, and with two cheery subalterns, who had experienced enthralling adventures in Bournemouth, I drove in a taxi along narrow winding lanes to the camp on the crest of a hill.

I reported, but the charming officers who received me had not been warned of my arrival, and were perplexed. Majors, it appeared, were a drug on the market — unattached majors swarmed in Bovington. Would I go to the Depot at Wareham? I refused politely. I knew something of the Depot. Two skeleton battalions were just being formed. They might not go out to France this year. I refused again: I did not intend to stop at Bovington any longer than was necessary.

At last it was suggested that I should be posted to the "Carrier Tanks." I had not heard of them, and asked for information. I was told vaguely "that they would carry infantry about," and it was expected that they would embark within the next three months.

So I found my way through the nice, clean, well-ordered camp to the lines of the Carrier tanks. That night I slept uncomfortably on a borrowed blanket in a bare and chilly hut. It had never struck me that I should require my camp-kit at home.

In the morning I was given the command of the 4th Infantry Carrier Company.

The six Carrier Companies were under the command of Lieut.-Colonel L. A. de B. Doucet, R.E. They were to consist of tanks specially constructed to carry infantry. In the past the infantry had followed the tanks. Now it was intended that they should go forward in the tanks. If, for example, it was necessary to storm a village, the Carrier tanks would fill up with infantry and deposit them in the middle of the village to the confusion of the enemy. The prospect was certainly exhilarating.

But soon these hopes began

slowly to disappear. Perhaps the plan was a little startling. The Carrier Companies would not carry infantry "at first." They must begin their lives by carrying supplies. We were called "Tank Supply Companies," and we began to suspect that we should become finally a branch of that splendid Corps, the Royal Army Service Corps. We struggled vigorously against the depression which the prospect produced—we felt we were not worthy. We refused to believe that we should never carry infantry through a barrage to certain victory. The Staff, however, were brutally frank. An order was published, informing us that although we were not "fighting troops," we should remember that discipline was useful. This order was none too helpful, especially since it was firmly believed both by officers and men that a somewhat non-combatant officer was responsible for it. Of course there was no truth in this rumour.

From the 12th February to the 12th June I was at Bovington Camp, and never have I liked soldiering less. Bovington Camp must have been designed to encourage men to serve in France. In France there is life, interest, even glamour. At Bovington the bones of soldiering stuck out disgustingly. We saw too clearly the formalities, the severities. But I had not been at the Base. If I had, I should have been more prepared for Bovington.

The raw material of my company was splendid—eighteen out of the twenty officers, and the majority of the men, had served overseas—and since the company was over strength, I was able to weed out the weaker brethren in the course of training. I found it increasingly difficult to realise that my officers and men were not "fighting troops."

For the first three weeks we concentrated on drill. Then batches of officers and men were sent to be trained by the instructors of the camp. At the beginning of May we drew Mark IV. tanks, and used them by a system of reliefs from dawn to dusk. Towards the end of the month, when we waited breathlessly for every scrap of news from France, we began to train as a Lewis Gun Company in case it should be necessary for us to be sent overseas at once, but the crisis passed, and we returned to our tanks.

Gradually the company began to find itself, and to feel that the 4th Carrier Company was without doubt the finest company at Bovington. Our equipment and our transport arrived. Soon we were ready, and eagerly awaited our marching orders.

I have not wearied you with details of training or of life at Bovington, because I have no desire to recall them, but it would not be fair to write only of soldiering. I should be churlish, indeed, if I did not set down how an amateur soldier, stale and tired of war, was refreshed and encouraged. The cold flame of gorse in the clear dusk, the hot lawn of the

shabby rectory, the healthy noise and bustle of Dorchester streets, the simple magic of Maidûn, the steady tramp from stuffy Abbotsbury over Black Down with its cleansing winds, and through the quietude of Winterborne, the smooth rich downs by Charminster, the little footpath walk at evening by the transparent stream under the dark trees to the orderly cottages of Stinsford, the infinite stretch of half-seen country from the summit of Creech Barrow—these memories bred a stouter soldier than any barrack-square. I am grateful.

At 9 A.M. on June 12 we paraded for the last time at Bovington. The usual farewell speech was made. We marched off in bright sunshine. The band, whose strange noises in the huts behind my orderly-room had so vilely disturbed me, played us down to the station. At Southampton there was the usual delay. In the afternoon we embarked on the *Archimedes* for Havre, and sailed at dusk.

Four years before—in August 1914—I had crossed from Dublin to Havre in the *Archimedes*. Then I was a corporal, slept on a coil of rope, and drew my rations from among the horses. Now I was "O.C. Ship," with an Adjutant who saw that my orders were obeyed, slept in the Captain's cabin, and dined magnificently. During those four years the *Archimedes* had been employed without a break in carrying troops. The Captain had received a decoration. It was a proud O.C. Ship who stood on the bridge as the *Archimedes* made her stately way into the harbour.

We disembarked at the same quay, though, instead of the Frenchmen, who in 1914 crowded to help us, singing patriotic songs, there was in 1918 a baggage party of Americans with acquisitive tendencies. Whether No. 2 Rest Camp was an improvement on the wool warehouses with their fleas is a matter of opinion.

We entrained, as the 5th Divisional Signal Company had entrained, at Point Six, Hangar de Laine, but this time, instead of travelling through to Landrecies, with cheers at every level-crossing, we spent the day at Rouen, to the benefit of the Hotel de la Poste. At dawn on the 15th we found ourselves at Etaples, where we breakfasted, and at 9 A.M. we arrived at Blangy, where the 4th Battalion was once again billeted, and marched wearily to Blingel Camp, half-way between Blangy and Auchy-lez-Hesdin.

We remained at Blingel until July 20, and suffered from an inspection, an epidemic of Spanish influenza, and lack of whisky. We drew twelve tanks (Mk. IV.) from old friends at Erin, and trained mightily, carrying out a number of competitions and experiments. Forgetting for the moment that we were not "fighting troops," we discovered and used a revolver range, and, like proper Tank companies, practised battle-firing at Fleury. We might

be Carrier Tanks, whose only duty is to "supply," but you never know.

While I had been snugly at home, my old company had fallen upon hard times. They had moved up in February to the neighbourhood of Peronne, and their tanks had been placed in position immediately in the rear of the trenches. Then came the great German offensive, and they were swept back to Amiens, losing on the way the majority of their tanks, because the bridges over the Somme were destroyed before the tanks could cross, and all their kit and the famous piano, because all the lorries available were required to transport Battalion Headquarters. In front of Amiens they were used as a reserve Lewis Gun Company. Then they were "lorried" to the Lys front, and for weeks held grimly a section of the line. Now they were back once again in Blangy, refitting and drawing the new Mk. V. tanks. It was sixteen months since they had left Blangy to detrain in a blizzard at Achiet-le-Grand and fight in the snow at Bullecourt.

There had been a rumour afloat soon after we had arrived in France that in August or September we should turn and rend the enemy. We were inclined to scoff at the thought —the situation was then none too favourable — but staff-officers, though mysterious, were decidedly insistent. We did not expect, in consequence, to be employed until this boasted offensive materialised, but on July 19 we received orders to relieve the 1st Tank Supply Company, who were helping the 2nd Tank Brigade to guard the Arras front. So once again I was driving along that stout ally, the highroad from St Pol to Arras.

The 2nd Tank Brigade at this period consisted of the 10th, 12th, and 14th Battalions. To each of the battalions was allotted an area of manœuvre, in which it would co-operate with other arms in organised counter-attacks, for the First Army was on the defensive. The old method of stationing tanks behind or in the battle zone had been discarded.

The Carrier Company in this scheme of defence was reduced to carrying tank supplies. Each of my sections would attend to the wants of one battalion. In the event of an enemy attack the battalion would dash into the fray, and at the end of the day's work would meet a section of Carrier tanks at a rendezvous and refill without reference to lorries, trains, or other more fallible means of transport.

My own headquarters were near Caucourt, in a delicious valley sheltered by woods, where happy singing Chinamen were working lazily. Our Nissen huts were gaily painted. Peas and potatoes had been planted, and we had geraniums. In summer the camp was perfection. There was even a demure maiden, who brought us each morning eggs, butter, and milk.

Of my four sections, Ryan's was in Noulette Wood, behind

Vimy; Harland's and Westbrook's near the vile and dirty village of Montenescourt, where Brigade Headquarters had been during the Arras battle; and Ritchie's in the famous Winnipeg Camp. We were all contented, and during the daylight safe, but at night we soon learnt that in the past few months the enemy had discovered how to bomb. We were kept awake.

Our one trouble was the Mk. IV. tanks, which for our sins we had inherited. Some of them looked clean: some of them looked dirty. All of them required thorough overhauling and repair, and we worked upon them day and night in case Prince Rupprecht should take it into his head to attack.

We soon decided to concentrate the company in the centre of the area, and the staff-captain of the brigade and myself went exploring to find a suitable site for the camp. The Bois de la Haie pleased us. It was bombed, but so were all woods, and this particular wood was not too conspicuous. We called two sappers into consultation and planned a camp complete with all the most modern improvements, down to the very latest thing in grease-traps. We began to say farewell to our gentle damsel. But the camp was never built.

For on the 28th, when I had returned from my daily round and was calling for tea, buttered toast, and the cake that had come in the parcel, a code message was handed to me. We did not know the code—Carrier companies were often forgotten—but we interpreted the message that we were now in G.H.Q. Reserve and should be ready to entrain at twenty-four hours' notice. The order might mean anything or nothing. I suspected a move to the neighbourhood of Amiens, where two successful little tank actions had already taken place, and sent M'Bean, my reconnaissance officer, to make a corner in Amiens maps. We returned to our repairs with desperate vigour and waited in excitement for further orders.

After mess on the 30th I was summoned urgently to Brigade Headquarters and instructed verbally over a glass of excellent port to entrain at Acq early on the 1st. The utmost secrecy was to be observed. The entrainment was to be considered as a practice entrainment. With my doubtful tanks no time was to be lost. Mac plunged into the night with orders for Ryan, who was ten miles from railhead, while my despatch-riders bustled off to Ritchie, Harland, and Westbrook. I was more than doubtful whether the tanks under repair would be ready.

Mac reached Ryan in the early hours of the morning, and the section was on the move by 6.45 A.M. Much happened to the tanks on the way, but with the exception of one they made Acq in the course of the afternoon, and the laggard arrived during the night.

Ritchie, who was always thorough, covered his tanks with branches, and his moving copse caused much excitement. Westbrook and Harland, who each had a tank in hospital, so inspired their enthusiastic crews that by dawn on the 1st every tank was more or less able to entrain. We were not helped by the fact that we were ordered to entrain "full," that is, with our tanks crammed with petrol, oil, and ammunition. Since before entraining it is necessary to push in the sponsons until they are flush with the sides of the tank, the order involved unloading the sponsons at railhead, pushing them in and then loading the tanks again. We wondered bitterly if there were no supplies at our destination.

We discovered at railhead that we were bound for Poulainville, a railhead near Amiens. I looked proudly at our box of maps—the battalions were still asking for them days later. Early on the 1st our convoy of lorries took the road. At 3 P.M. the first train left Acq, and at 5 P.M. the second. All the tanks had managed to scramble on board, although none of my drivers had ever before driven a tank on to a train: that useful accomplishment was not taught us at Bovington. I watched the second train pull out—the men were cheering—and left in my car for the scene of battle. It was quite like old times. What part the Carrier tanks would play in the great offensive I had not the remotest idea: I knew only that I was sorry to leave the milk, the fresh eggs, and the butter.

CHAPTER XV.—THE BATTLE OF AMIENS.

(August 1st to August 27th, 1918.)

The Officers' Club on the hill above Doullens has a reputation, and we could not pass it without discourtesy. It was a good dinner in its way, and we continued our journey in a cheerful, though not hilarious, mood, through novel country, seamed with brand-new trenches and with all camps and houses heavily sandbagged against bombs.

At last we came to the railhead at Poulainville, discreetly hidden under the trees at the side of the main road. Tanks were drawn up under any scrap of cover—like frogs sheltering under mushrooms. The staff work was superb. There were so many guides that it was quite two hours before we found our own. Then we waited for the train. It was quite dark, and it began to rain heavily.

The first train drew in at 10 P.M. The tanks displayed a more than mulish obstinacy. Every possible defect developed, and we found it difficult to reach the engines and effect the proper repairs on account of the supplies which we had on board. My drivers, too, were inexperienced. For two

and a half hours we struggled, coaxed, and swore in the utter darkness (no lights were allowed) and the driving rain, before the tanks were clear of the ramp.

We hoped feverishly that we should have better fortune with the second train, which arrived at 3 A.M. . . . Dawn was breaking, when a wearied R.T.O. told me with icy politeness that if my tank—the last—was not off the train in ten minutes, the train would pull out with the tank on board. The tank heard the remark. She had resisted our advances for many, many hours, but now she "started up" as though in perfect tune, and glided away down the ramp in the best of spirits.

We threw ourselves into the car, limp and soaked. During the night the enemy had been shelling Amiens, four miles from our railhead, with slow deliberation—vast explosions re-echoing among the wretched houses. We drove through the suburbs of the city, silent as a Sunday morning in London. Every third house along our road had been hit by shell or bomb. Then we turned towards Albert, and four miles out came to Querrieu Wood, where we discovered Company Headquarters, unshaven and bedraggled, sleeping in the mud among the baggage. Only our cook, humming a cheerful little tune, was trying nobly to fry some bacon over a fire of damp sticks.

We had become a unit of the 5th Tank Brigade, which consisted of the 2nd, 8th, 13th, and 17th (Armoured Car) Battalions. The Brigade was concentrated behind the Australian Corps, and preparations were already far advanced for a sudden heavy attack. How far the attack would extend north and south of the Somme we did not know, but we had heard that the Canadians were gathering on the right of the Australians, and on our way we had passed their artillery on the road. All the woods were choked with tanks, troops, and guns. The roads at night were blocked with thick traffic. By day the roads were empty, the railheads free—our "back area" as quiet as the front of the XIth Corps in the summer of '16.

We were soon caught up in the complicated machinery of preparation. I attended Brigade conferences without number. Ritchie's section, to my sorrow, was transferred, temporarily, to the 3rd Carrier Company (Roffey's), by way of simplification, and I received in exchange a section of the 5th Carrier Company, equipped with sledges drawn by decrepit tanks, which straggled into the wood on the evening of the 6th. The sledges were so badly designed that the cables by which they were towed were always fraying and breaking. I refused to be responsible for them, and began to collect in their place a job lot of baggage and supply tanks.

My sections had no time to make themselves comfortable in Querrieu Wood. On the 3rd, Ritchie, with his six tanks, left me for Roffey and the Cana-

dians. On the night of the 4th Ryan crossed the Somme and camouflaged among the ruins of Aubigny, moving to an orchard in Hamelet, not two miles behind the line; on the 6th Harland reached Fouilloy, the next village, on the same night; while Westbrook, on the previous night, had joined the 8th Battalion in a small wood near Daours. The majority of our tanks were still giving trouble, for they were ancient overloaded Mark IV.'s.

The attack was to be launched at dawn on the 8th. After mess on the 7th I started from the wood with two old tanks, which had just arrived, in a wild endeavour to rush them forward in time. It was dreary and profitless work. Mac managed to reach the fringe of the battle before the tank, which he was leading, finally broke down, while at three in the morning I lost patience with mine and, leaving it to its commander, returned to camp.

The night was fine, though misty. We waited nervously for some indication that the enemy knew of the numberless tanks moving forward softly, the thousands of guns which had never yet spoken, the Canadian Divisions hastening to the attack. But the night passed quietly. There was only one brief flurry of gun-fire, when the irrepressible Australians raided to discover if the enemy suspected.

At "zero" I was standing outside my tent. There was thick mist in the valley. Through some freak of the atmosphere I could only just hear the uneven rumble of the guns. It was so cold that I went in to breakfast.

Half an hour after "zero" my tank engineer and I set out in my car to catch up with the battle, giving a lift on the way to a pleasant young subaltern in the R.H.A. returning from leave, who was desperately eager to find his battery. We left the car stupidly at Fouilloy,—we might have taken it farther forward,—and tramping up the Villers-Brettoneux road, cut across country, among invisible guns, through the mist, which did not clear until we reached what had been the German trenches.

Apparently we had repeated Cambrai. Companies of prisoners, stout-looking fellows, were marching back in fours. Here and there lay German dead on the rough coarse grass, or in the shallow unconnected trenches. A few hundred yards to our right was the Roman road that runs west from Villers-Brettoneux. Light armoured cars of the 17th Battalion were picking their way through the shell-holes.

Just short of a large ruined village, Warfusée-Abancourt, straggling along the road, and two miles from our old front line, we found a little group of supply tanks with a couple of waggons. One waggon suddenly had exploded on the trek forward. Nobody had heard the noise of an approaching shell, and we suspected a trip-mine, with which the battlefield was

sown. We were discussing its fate when a large German aeroplane swooped down and forced us to take cover. A British aeroplane appeared, but the German forced it to land hurriedly. And the enemy began to send over a few small shells.

We moved forward unobtrusively, Read, myself, and Puddy, my orderly, to an inconspicuous knoll. There we lay in comfort, watching the farther advance of the Australians. The country was quite open and bare, though broken with unexpected valleys. A slight breeze had swept away the mist and the morning was bright and sunny. A few hundred yards in front of us the Australians were walking forward nonchalantly, led by a score of tanks. Occasionally a shell would fall among them and they would scatter momentarily, but it was rarely that a man was left upon the ground. From the valley beyond, which we could not see, came the rattle of Lewis guns, and once or twice bursts from the enemy machine-guns. To the left and behind us our field-guns, drawn up in the open, were firing for dear life, and away to the right along a slight dip a battery of field-guns was trotting forward. Overhead the sky was loud with the noise of our aeroplanes, some flying low above the battle and others glistening in the sun high among the clouds.

The Australians disappeared with the tanks over the skyline, and the supporting infantry in little scattered bodies passed us, marching cheerily over the rough grass. We were already three miles within the enemy defences.

We pressed on northwards to the Cérisy Valley, which we knew had been full of German field-guns. This deep gully, with steep grassy sides, fringed with stunted trees, runs from the tiny village of Cérisy-Gailly, on the south bank of the Somme, to Warfusée. Our gunners had done their work with terrible thoroughness. The bottom of the valley was so broken with shell-holes that it was barely possible to drive a limber between them. Four or five of the enemy guns remained desolate among a wild confusion of shattered waggons and dead horses. A trembling pony, still harnessed to his dead fellow, was the only survivor.

A hundred yards down the valley tanks were climbing the steep bank, and the flag of a tank battalion fluttered bravely on the crest.

We crossed the valley, toiled up the farther slope, and munched some sandwiches on the hill, where sappers were calmly marking out new trenches. At a little distance a shabby Australian field-battery was in action.

In a few minutes we saw something of the display and gallantry of war. A battery of Horse Artillery picked its way across the valley. The men were clean, inconceivably clean, and smart. Their horses' coats gleamed. The harness shone and glittered. The guns were newly painted.

Never could a battery more splendidly arrayed have entered the plebeian turmoil of a battle. A series of swift commands and the little guns, with their ridiculous bark, were firing impudently. The Australians were overshadowed — their horses were unkempt and the guns dirty—but they had got there first.

We were reminded by a salvo, which burst nicely just beyond the Australian guns, that, although in this particular battle we had little to do, the enemy could not be expected to realise our position. So we finished our lunch, and walking along the crest for half a mile, dropped down into the valley again, and came upon Ryan's section engaged in refilling the 13th Battalion. Westbrook's tanks were coming in one by one—they had all had their mechanical troubles.

So far as we could learn from our friends in the valley, the huge surprise attack had been a cheap and complete success—south of the Somme. The thick mist at dawn had protected the tanks, while it had not been dense enough seriously to hamper the drivers. The advance had been rapid, and only in one or two villages had the enemy shown any resolute defence.

But north of the Somme it was clear that something was wrong, for the enemy were shelling mercilessly the southern bank of the river. Even the Cérisy Valley was harrassed, and we were privileged to watch a brigade of artillery gallop, team by team, over the crest, through the smoke of the shells, down into the comparative safety of the valley. The German gunners must have rejoiced at the target, but they made poor use of their opportunities, for only one horse was hit; the team swerved as the shell burst, and, galloping madly down into the valley, only just missed a tank. Ten minutes later an enemy aeroplane circled overhead. We held our breath — the valley was packed with artillery and tanks — and listened for the whirr of the bombs or the crackle of the machine-guns: but "Jerry" was for the moment harmless, although in quarter of an hour an H.V. gun made frantic efforts to land her shells in the valley. She could not manage it—her shells burst on the crest or high up on the farther bank.

Westbrook and Ryan were now under the orders of the battalions which they were refilling, and Harland had completed his job. So Read, Puddy, and I tramped back along the river wearily to Fouilloy, taking tea on the way from a hospitable Australian, whose name I should always have blessed if I had not forgotten it.

Later, I heard that Harland had done his work well, following the Mark V. Star tanks of the 15th Battalion to the Blue Line, the farthest limit of the attack, and forming there a dump of supplies. The 15th Battalion carried in

their tanks machine-gunners, who were detailed to defend the Blue Line against counter-attack. Luckily, no counter-attack was launched, for the machine-gunners, unused to tanks, fell out of the tanks choking and vomiting and retired by degrees to the nearest dressing station, some of them on stretchers. The experiment was not a success.

And the light-armoured cars, manned by tank crews, whom we had seen picking their way through the shell-holes —their deeds of daring that day have become historical. It will not easily be forgotten how they dashed through the German lines and planted the Tank Corps flag on the headquarters of the German corps in Foucaucourt; how they fusiladed the German Staff at breakfast through the windows of their billet; how they captured a train full of reinforcements; how they destroyed a convoy of lorries. We were convinced that light-armoured cars and fast tanks had driven the cavalry into a museum.

I doubt whether in the early days of the Amiens battle my three sections of Carrier tanks were usefully employed. The supplies with which they were overloaded could have been taken forward more rapidly and more economically by lorries or by waggons both on the first day and during the following week, when they dragged across country supplies of petrol, oil, and ammunition to dumps which were served by excellent roads. The true function of the Carrier tank, it appeared to us, was either to follow the infantry closely into the battle area with supplies, or to transport heavy and bulky material. The experiences of Ritchie's section were valuable.

Ritchie and his six tanks had left Querrieu Wood on the night of the 3rd, making for the tank bridge across the Somme by Lamotte-Brebière. In a cutting short of the village the convoy of forty odd tanks — Ritchie was with Roffey's company — met a column of Australian transport. Neither the tanks nor the waggons could turn, and for three hours there was a masterful display of language. At last, after prodigies of driving on both sides, the waggons and the tanks were disentangled, but the night was unpleasantly short, and the tanks were compelled to seek shelter from the day in the village of Glisy.

For once a number of Australians knew what fear was. Dawn was breaking, and an enemy aeroplane, hoping to catch the belated scurrying for cover, was low overhead. One tank decided to shelter beside a house, but, swinging a little hastily, it carried away the corner of the house, and the bricks and masonry fell with a crash. The Australians, who had heard the noise of the aeroplane, thought at once that a bomb had fallen. They rushed out of the house in their shirts and dashed for cover. Then, as the tank snuggled more closely to the

house, they realised what had happened. Luckily the doors of a tank cannot be opened from outside.

On the day of the battle four tanks, loaded with shells, bombs, wire, shovels, and water, started from the ruins of Cachy, immediately behind our trenches, and endeavoured to keep pace with the infantry, but that day the Canadians advanced eight miles. The tanks, accompanied by the D.A.A.G. of the 1st Canadian Division, toiled along after them. It was a hot and weary trek. The D.A.A.G. was saddle-sore, and Jacobs was a little chafed. But the tanks are never at a loss. A halt was made, and a tin of tank grease broached. The remedy was odorous but effective.

On the heels of the infantry the tanks arrived on the following day at Caix, ten miles from their starting-point, and disgorged. Two of them made a round of the more advanced machine-gun posts, and, despite heated protests from the enemy, supplied much-needed ammunition, returning in triumph.

Some of the men found it difficult to remember that, strictly speaking, Carrier companies were not "fighting troops." Wallace, for instance, a runner, finding the time heavy on his hands, disappeared for a few hours, when he was not required, and joined the Canadians in a successful little bombing raid.

The section returned by night. The enemy aeroplanes, attracted by the glow of their exhaust-pipes, bombed them unmercifully, but without success.

After a series of marches and counter-marches, inspired by false alarms, Ritchie's section returned to Querrieu Wood on the 18th. I had intended to give him a week to rest his men and overhaul his tanks, which had already covered a hundred miles without respite, but I received orders to assist the 47th Division in an attack north of the Somme, and my remaining sections had already been ear-marked for the 1st Australian and 32nd Divisions.

So on the 21st Ritchie's weary old tanks trekked six miles over difficult country to Bonnay, a pleasant little village on the Ancre, a mile above the confluence of the Ancre and the Somme. Two tanks loaded up with ammunition, and about midnight came to a brickyard just behind our trenches. North of the Somme the enemy was fighting stubbornly and his guns pounded away day and night. The neighbourhood of the brickyard was shelled and gassed until the crews longed for the battle.

At dawn the two tanks under Jacobs crawled forward into the gas and smoke, and, passing through the enemy barrage, dumped their loads of machine-gun ammunition among the forward posts and returned with the crews slightly gassed but otherwise unharmed.

Two of the remaining tanks went forward with infantry

supplies late in the morning when the struggle was swaying to and fro over the Happy Valley, a couple of miles south of our old camp at Méaulte. There was never a more deadly struggle, and the issue was always in doubt.

The first tank was led by Sergeant Bell. He came to the place where he should have unloaded his stores. The Germans were pressing fiercely, and the tank was in the forefront of the battle. Under bitter shell-fire and machine-gun fire Bell endeavoured to unload at least his precious ammunition, but two of his crew were killed and one man was seriously wounded immediately after they had left the shelter of the tank. Bell collected another party of infantrymen, but by this time the Germans were close to the tank, and our infantry, who had lost heavily, were withdrawing. Bell could do nothing, for a Carrier tank possesses only one Hotchkiss gun to fire ahead, and, as his tank had turned to provide cover for the unloading party, that gun would not bear. He was unable to move the tank, because every man of his crew had been killed or wounded. He waited helplessly until the Germans had almost surrounded the tank, and then, firing one last burst from a Lewis gun which he had secured, he ran across to a trench in which our infantry had rallied. The tank stayed in No-Man's-Land. Twice during the day Bell, with two of my men, tried to crawl out to it and drive it in, but the German machine-guns were too vicious.[1]

The second tank was led by Holt. He had just climbed inside for a moment, when a shell pierced the sponson and burst, killing instantly Holt and one of his men and wounding the remainder.[2] We could recover nothing at the time, although Wallace made a brave attempt; the Germans had regained too much ground, and to approach the tank was certain death.

It was a disastrous day. The attack had failed and the failure had been costly. The Happy Valley was strewn with derelict tanks, and the cemetery on the Méaulte road is very full.

On the 23rd Jacobs, with his two tanks, carried ammunition forward to isolated machine-gun posts, although his men were still shaken and suffering from gas. I then ordered Ritchie, who had himself been in the thick of the fight, to withdraw his battered section by easy stages to Querrieu Wood.

Meanwhile Harland and Westbrook had been in action south of the Somme.

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[1] Sergeant Bell was awarded the D.C.M. He was killed in action on September 28.

[2] Lieut. F. H. Holt was one of my most promising and gallant subalterns, who, if he had lived, would certainly have received early promotion. He was a charming companion in the Mess. We could ill afford to lose him.

Since the 8th we had indulged in a series of expensive nibbles. Although on the day of the great surprise we had penetrated south of the Somme to a depth of ten thousand yards, disorganised the enemy's communications by concentrated bombing and the raids of armoured motor-cars, and captured innumerable prisoners and an enormous quantity of material, the Germans with astounding skill filled the gap with fresh troops, who defended their positions with the utmost resolution.

It was decided to attack on the 23rd at Herleville and Proyart. My company had been placed directly under the orders of the Australian Corps; and, after I had completed the preliminary arrangements at an interview with the Brigadier-General, General Staff of the Corps at Glisy, I instructed Harland and Westbrook to work out the details with the staffs of the divisions involved, the 1st Australian and the 32nd.

On the 21st Harland's tanks in the Cérisy Valley, near Warfusée, were loaded with a splendid assortment of barbed wire, water, detonated bombs, grenades, rations, picks, shovels, and other necessaries. During the night of the 22nd they moved forward, and by 2 A.M. they were in position behind the line, severely shelled and bombed.

At dawn they followed the attack closely, and when after stiff fighting the Australians had reached their final objective, the infantry were supplied instantly with food and water, with barbed wire to defend them against counter-attacks, and with all the ammunition they could need.

The tanks made two journeys, the second in the broad light of day, within full view of the enemy gunners, who naturally did their utmost to prevent this impudent unloading of stores under their very noses. One tank was hit on the track, but succeeded in crawling away. All the tanks were shelled briskly enough, but good fortune attended them, though by the rules of the game they should never have escaped. One of my men was killed and five were wounded. The Australians, who assisted in the unloading, were less lucky.

At Herleville, Westbrook with three tanks had been equally successful. Two tanks had followed the infantry through the ruins of Herleville, and seen to their wants at the moment of victory. After the third tank had unloaded, a nest of machine-guns was discovered behind our support lines. The "fighting" tanks had already withdrawn. The Carrier tank with "soft" sponsons,[1] and its solitary Hotchkiss gun, decided to attack, and the Colonel of a battalion of Highlanders climbed on board to

[1] At that period the sponsons of Carrier tanks were made of boiler-plate, which was not proof against bullets.

act as guide, but before the tank could reach the nest an interfering officer with a battery of Stokes guns had forced the surviving Germans to surrender.

Company headquarters had not been entirely inactive. Mac, of all reconnaissance officers the most conscientious, who on one famous occasion had described so clearly to a section the routes they should not take, that the section nearly forgot which route they should take, had spent the night of the 20th with Dron his orderly in finding a way for Ritchie's tanks through the difficult country to Bomray. In the course of their wanderings they came upon a mysterious camp, deserted and full of stores. There were even several cases of whisky in a tent. I can conceive no greater tribute to the discipline of the Tank Corps than the fact that this reconnaissance officer, after making a note of this important discovery, went out into the night. On the 22nd he reconnoitred a route for Westbrook's section from Bayonvillers, where the tanks were camouflaged, to the forward posts. There was no time to lay tape: white stakes were placed at intervals across difficult stretches. It was not too easy to discover a convenient "lying-up place," because the "fighting" tanks had already secured the desirable "banks," and we had been instructed not to go too near them for fear of confusion on the morning of the battle.

My tank engineer and his men had been indefatigable. Our tanks were obsolete, and usually they were overloaded. The crews were inexperienced. Tank after tank would break down, and a stream of demands for spare parts flowed into headquarters. On more than one occasion it became necessary to lift out the whole engine complete and give the tank a new or more often an overhauled engine from the field stores. At Querrieu Wood we were short of men—the establishment of a Carrier Company is not generous—so that when heavy spares arrived, every one, from the mess-cook to the adjutant, would lend a hand. Before the battle the tank engineer would rush on his motor-cycle from one invalid tank to another. At Proyart, for example, a few minutes before "zero" he was repairing under continuous shell-fire a spare tank which had broken down tactlessly at a cross-roads immediately behind the line.

With his sections operating independently on a wide front the Company Commander could only tour the battlefield, for once the plans were laid he could exercise little influence upon the result. So you may imagine him paying a brief unhappy visit to Proyart, and then with Westbrook pushing forward to a gully beyond Rainecourt to look for Rankin and his tank. The enemy were unkind that day.

In these later actions the Carrier tanks had proved

their worth incontestably. South of the Somme forty-six tons of stores and ammunition had been carried by nine ancient, unsuitable tanks, manned by eight officers and fifty men[1] to nine different points, each within 400 yards of the enemy, and each inaccessible by day to wheeled transport. If the old bad system of carrying parties had been employed, 2500[2] men would have been needed instead of 58. Further, these loads were carried forward eight to nine miles in all, and at least sixteen lorries were therefore set free. Lastly, the Carrier tanks followed so closely the advancing infantry that in the majority of cases the stores and ammunition were handed over as soon as they could be received.

The success and importance of the Carrier tanks were pleasantly recognised. One General wrote a special letter of thanks and congratulations about us to the 5th Tank Brigade, stating that the Carrier tanks were "a great feature of the day's operations." An Australian General recommended one of my section commanders for a decoration, and at the first opportunity sent by his car a present to the section of two jars of rum and a few cases of chocolate.

We set ourselves at once to make ready our fourteen surviving tanks, in case we should be required again, and I issued orders for the reconnaissance of the forward area south of the Somme; but on 21st August the battle of Bapaume had commenced, and on our front the enemy began to withdraw to the Canal de la Somme, with the Australians in pursuit. Our brigade were placed in G.H.Q. Reserve, and I was ordered to concentrate my company at Villers-Brettoneux. On the 26th we received instructions to entrain.

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[1] The numbers include orderlies, cooks, batmen, &c.
[2] For the actual carrying—cooks, &c., excluded.

(*To be concluded.*)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE SUPERSTITION OF LOMBROSO—CRIME, GENIUS, AND INSANITY—THE STIGMATA OF THE CRIMINAL—DR CHARLES GORING'S 'ENGLISH CONVICT'—THERE IS NO CRIMINAL TYPE—CRIME NOT THE RESULT OF ENVIRONMENT—THE GOOD HEALTH OF PRISONERS—THE FORCE OF HEREDITY—IRELAND AND THE UNITED STATES—DR WALTER MACDONALD ON IRELAND—'SOME ETHICAL QUESTIONS OF PEACE AND WAR'—A SYLLOGISM—IRELAND NOT A NATION—THE NECESSITY OF UNION—SIR E. CARSON AND MR REDMOND—THE LETTERS OF CHARLES SORLEY—A CONTRAST.

A FANATICAL admirer of Lombroso once described that sad misguided philosopher as "the loftiest phenomenon of the nineteenth century." If the head of the idol once seemed to approach the stars, his feet were so insecurely established on the earth that he has already toppled over in the dust. And yet for a while Lombroso's attempt to classify genius and crime together as forms of abnormality satisfied the yearning of those who pretended to believe in such sham sciences as phrenology, physiognomy, and chiromancy. It was a pleasant pastime to detect the criminal (or the man of genius) by feeling his bumps, by taking note of his features, or by gossiping about the habits of his life. And assuredly the books of Lombroso, packed with scandal, afforded a vast deal of diversion to an idle public.

Lombroso's method was simplicity itself. He started with a working hypothesis, and supported it with false gossip, distorted history, and a jargon which at once puzzled and delighted his patient followers. Thus supported, he found it easy to prove that genius is but a kind of degeneracy, or abnormal madness nearly allied to criminality. He makes no attempt to define madness, or genius, or abnormality. For him every one is a man of genius whose name has been admitted to a biographical dictionary, and there is no anecdote trivial or irrelevant enough to be excluded from his argument. He makes no attempt at accuracy, and his anecdotes are doubtless none the worse in his eyes for being invented. He finds it a clear proof of Henry VIII.'s degeneracy (and genius) that he murdered *all* his wives. "Byron," he tells us with all gravity, "used to beat the Guiccioli, and also his Venetian mistress, the gondolier's wife, who, however, gave him as good." And then he invents new diseases with new names to fit his hypothesis. There is a complaint, called misoneism, which seems to be the fatal accompaniment of genius. Frederick the Great and Napoleon both suffered from it, and thus

proved themselves men of genius and madmen. For did not Frederick refuse to buy himself a new coat? And was not Napoleon faithful through life to an old and battered hat? If there were a grain of truth in Lombroso's hypothesis, we should all pray on our knees to be insane, and deem the greatest privileges to be born of a mad mother and a drunken father, and then to be hit upon the head in our youth.

At the end of his pretended investigation Lombroso admits that there have been a few sane men of genius, such as Machiavelli, Michelangelo, and Charles Darwin. And in another place, with characteristic inconsequence, he discovers in all three the plain signs of degeneracy. What could we expect save genius or insanity of Machiavelli, who, to his shame be it said, was plagio-cephalic? And what avail the masterpieces of Michelangelo, when it must be confessed that he was left-handed and therefore a victim of decadence? The fate of Charles Darwin was still more unfortunate. Though he wrote 'The Origin of Species,' he was cretinous in aspect and a stammerer. And Lombroso has the impertinence, after proving to his own satisfaction that Darwin exhibited the signs of insanity, to proclaim him sane! Of course, Lombroso's 'Man of Genius' will be remembered only as the aberration of one who by his own showing was himself a hopeless mattoid, if it be remembered at all. More probably it will find an outcast's corner, with other broken pots and pans, on the dumping-ground of forgotten things.

But when he sketched what he called "the criminal type," he became dangerous. For by representing the criminal as the victim of an inevitable disease he persuaded foolish law-makers and lay ministers to pervert the course of justice. And the late Dr Charles Goring did an inestimable service to justice as to science, when he demolished with a cogent eloquence Lombroso's pretensions to be a sane criminologist. His task was rendered more difficult by the general acceptance of Lombroso's heresy. "Can a doctrine which has obtained universal credit and currency," he is forced to ask, "possibly be without any basis in fact?" The argument is merely a plea for the general validity of what has once been accepted, and that is why Dr Goring calls the belief in Lombroso's doctrine, that the criminal, as found in prison, is a "definite, anomalous human type," a superstitious belief. As he points out, Lombroso's own sentimental romantic account of how he came by his doctrine reveals at once the character of his mind and the nature of his work. "In 1870," wrote Lombroso, quoted by Dr Goring, "I was carrying on for several months researches in the prisons and asylums of Persia upon cadavers and living persons without succeeding very well. Suddenly, on the morning of a gloomy day

in December, I found in the skull of a brigand a very long series of atavistic anomalies.... At the sight of these strange anomalies, as a large plain appears under an inflamed horizon, the problem of the nature and of the origin of the criminal seemed to me resolved, the characters of primitive men and of inferior animals must be reproduced in our time."

Thus Lombroso's criminology, by means of which a criminal is as easily detected as a man of genius, came into being. Dr Goring's comment upon the great event is admirably just. "Note," says he, "how, following the ancient astrologers, the time of day, the month, and state of weather are recorded. The 'morning of the gloomy day in December'! That 'large plain' and 'its inflamed horizon'! Science knows nothing of them. Newton must work by other laws than Victor Hugo's." Indeed he must, and it was by the laws of fancy, not by the laws of science, that Lombroso worked when he pretended to have proved that the criminal is distinguished from the law-abiding community by marked differences in physique, revealed by measurements and by the presence of conspicuous physical anomalies or stigmata. Thus Lombroso forced upon the world a superstitious belief in an intimate relation between the spiritual and physical conditions of man. According to his doctrine the criminal is an altruistic anomaly. He is insane, savage, degenerate, and never in any circumstances a normal human being responsible for his own actions. In brief, he differs, according to Lombroso, very little from the man of genius; and the timid normal product of the Board school might thank his God that he was neither man of genius nor criminal, that he deserved neither the bays nor the gallows.

How, then, should we detect the criminal if we followed the counsels of Lombroso? Nothing is easier; and if only you remember a few simple directions, you may arrest, without fear of trouble, the scoundrel who sits opposite to you in train or tram. If you see a miscreant with dark and thick or woolly hair, who is, moreover, oxy-cephalic, trigono-cephalic, scapho-cephalic, plagio-cephalic, hydro-cephalic, or sub-micro-cephalic, you may know at the first glance that you are on the track of one wanted by the police. Should you still be haunted by doubt, look at his eyes: do they differ in colour, are his eyebrows bushy or scanty? Look at his nose: is it defective in shape, and without a bony skeleton? Look at his ears: are they long, voluminous, projecting, and prehensile? If these stigmata are clear to your vision, the highest testimonials as to honourable character will mean nothing. You are in the presence of a criminal, and the best thing you can do is to ring up Scotland Yard at once. Nor are these the only stigmata that need engage your

attention. Pale and wrinkled skin, cleft lips, absence of wisdom teeth, undeveloped molars, a saddle-shaped palate, a receding or projecting chin, a depressed or protruding upper jaw—all these will be found more useful to the follower of Lombroso, in detecting crime, than the cumbrous formalities of the law courts and the tedious deliberation of judge and jury. It is true that the great man complicated the problem of detection by telling us that "the criminal has often the face of an angel," and, on another page, that "the criminal has a face like a bird of prey." Arrest both the angel and the bird of prey, and haply you will make no mistake.

And Lombroso could go further than this. When he had caught his criminal he knew at a glance what crime he had committed. "Murderers," he told us, "can be detected by a deficiency in their frontal curve, combined with a projecting occiput and receding forehead. Thieves are revealed by their enlarged orbital capacity and bulging forehead; sexual offenders by their bright eyes, rough voices, over-developed jaw, swollen eyelids and lips, and by the fact that occasionally they are hump-backed. The nose of the thief is rectilinear, short, and large; the eye of the homicide is glassy, cold, and fixed, while the forger has generally a clerical appearance, and singular air of bonhomie." Find him a criminal and Lombroso would show you the stigmata. Charlotte Corday, though she freed the world of a monster, was no exception of the inviolable rule. "Not even the purest political crime," he wrote, "that which springs from passion, is exempt from the law which I have laid down." Such is the method of research and argument which Lombroso called criminology. It is indeed no science, but a kind of parlour game, or, as Dr Goring rightly calls it, "an organised system of self-evident confusion, whose parallel is only to be found in the astrology, alchemy, and other credulities of the Middle Ages."

Thus for Lombroso "murder, larceny, fraud, every kind of law-breaking, from the most elaborate to the simplest instances, were all, in varying degrees, expressions or revelations of an abnormal state of being." And it is this superstition which Dr Goring, in a book which is a model of clever exposition, set himself to explode.[1] The enterprise was not easy, for the superstition of Lombroso had a long start—but it was necessary, for, as Dr Goring said, "the recovery of truth is as valuable as its original discovery." The method by which Dr Goring recovered the truth is anthropometrical and statistical. He measured and examined some 3000 convicts, and the results of his observations were studied and tabulated

[1] The English Convict. A Statistical Study. By Charles Goring, M.D. London: Printed under the Authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office.

with the advice and under the direction of Dr Karl Pearson. The result of the inquiry is to establish the fact that there is no such thing as a criminal type at all. The anthropological monster, invented by Lombroso, has no existence. "The physical and mental constitution of both criminal and law-abiding persons," wrote Dr Goring, "of the same age, stature, class, and intelligence are identical. There is no such thing as an anthropological criminal type." The conclusions, then, to which Dr Goring's statistical study of eight years brought him are not startling. The first conclusion, dogmatically stated, is "that the criminal is differentiated by inferior stature, by defective intelligence, and, to some extent, by his anti-social proclivities; but that, apart from these broad differences, there are no physical, mental, or moral characteristics peculiar to the inmates of English prisons." The second conclusion reached by Dr Goring is this, "that, relatively to its origin in the constitution of the malefactor, and especially in his mentally defective constitution, crime is only to a trifling extent (if to any) the product of social inequalities, of adverse environment, or of other manifestations of what may be comprehensively termed the force of circumstances." This conclusion will be a heavy blow to the sentimentalists, in Parliament and out of it, on the bench and off it, who have wasted their pity upon the poor convict, and declared, with tears in their eyes, that if only he had had a better chance, if only he had known the early blessings of comfort and education, he would never have stood in the dock. Those who believe that man is but the product of his surroundings, that all have an equal start, and that the unfortunate are penalised by early incentives to crime, are confuted by a stubborn array of statistics. Nor are our prisons the places of torture which philanthropists delight to picture them. The imprisoned — and this is Dr Goring's third conclusion — lose by incarceration neither weight nor intelligence. They are protected from accidents and infectious fevers. On the other hand, they are more prone to suicide, when shut up, and die more easily under major surgical operations. The one force which tends to make criminals is the force of heredity. "The criminal diathesis," says Dr Goring, "revealed by the tendency to be convicted and imprisoned for crime, is influenced by the force of heredity in much the same way, and to much the same extent, as are physical and mental qualities and conditions in man." And even here Dr Goring guarded himself by asserting that "no rational definition of the hereditary nature of crime supposes the criminal's predestination to inevitable sin."

The statistics gathered and classified by Dr Goring are a sound basis upon which justice

and statesmanship may build. There is a rigidity in his method of collecting facts, a sternness in his conclusions, which leave no space for the reckless superstitions of politics. For him it was enough to know the truth. He made no attempt in his inquiry to please or to conciliate somebody else. And when we turn from his researches to the ever-present question of Ireland, we pass from the realm of fact to an inferno of wicked inventions. For many months we have been promised a Bill or a plan which shall solve at a blow the problems which have irked us for centuries. And, that we may be quite sure that the plan will fail or the Bill be rejected, we are told officially that it is designed to flatter the susceptibilities of the United States. If this be so, then Great Britain is, indeed, enslaved. She has fought Germany, as we have often been told, for her freedom, and now she is ready to send that freedom, post-paid, across the Atlantic, in the full consciousness that she will get nothing in exchange for it. In dealing with Ireland one thing only is necessary: to see that justice is done not only to Ireland but to Great Britain herself. If in doing this act of double justice we keep an eye upon the domestic politics of the United States, we are disloyal to the Irish and to ourselves. We are told, and we are willing to believe, that a close friendship with the United States is an excellent thing for us both and for the world. But no friendship is worth having that is founded on dishonour. Friendship should be a tie which unites two men or two countries in a bond of equality; it is not the watchful relation which exists between two poker-players, each of whom is attempting to bluff the other. The Americans, for purposes of their own domestic politics, choose to interfere with our government of Ireland. They do not know anything about that government, or they would see at once that the Unionists of Great Britain are fighting for the same cause in Ireland which inspired Abraham Lincoln in their own civil war. The Irish enjoy greater freedom than do the separate States which make up the American Union. They are vastly over-represented in our Parliament, and they have carried a weight in our legislature for many years to which their numbers do not entitle them. If they broke away from our United Kingdom, they would put us in far greater danger than was threatened to the North by the secession of the South. And since we do not wish to expose our flank to the next enemy who may attack us, we shall, we hope, insist upon settling the Irish question in accord with our national safety and dignity, and not in accord with the political necessities of the United States. To which party the Irish vote will be given in the next presidential election is to us a matter of supreme indifference, and we shall, if we are wise and honest, decline to be dragged into an obscure political dis-

pute which affects only a foreign country.

And the interference of the United States in our domestic disputes, the zeal of our Ministers to conciliate the Americans, come, as it seems to us, at the wrong moment. The United States entered late into the war; they have gone early out of the peace. The Treaty, signed at Versailles, was weakened and spoiled in deference to their President. The egregious Fourteen Points, made in Germany, were sent to us by way of Washington. Had it not been for Mr Wilson, the future of Europe would not have been hampered by the inevitable plots and intrigues of the League of Nations. And now, when we have done ourselves an injury to please the United States, those States reject the Treaty, largely framed to chime with their sentimentality. They decline, we are told, to be drawn into European disputes. They reject all the responsibilities of a belligerent. They refuse to accept any one of the mandates which they themselves devised. But one claim of interference they make with feverish insistency: they claim the right of interfering with England's legitimate and kindly rule in Ireland. Why, when they are detached from all else, they meddle in this, which, even under the preposterous League of Nations, they may not touch, is only too plain. It affects their own parochial elections; and if they have their way, England and Ireland too will suffer for the parish pump of the United States.

Nor do the Americans trouble to understand the Irish problem, which they would see solved according to their own desire. If we thought that they had any wish to understand it, we would commend to them an excellent little book by the Rev. Walter MacDonald, D.D., entitled 'Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War.'[1] Dr MacDonald, who is Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, St Patrick's College, Maynooth, is an Irishman and a Catholic. He declares in his preface that "few can show a strain of Gaelic blood more ancient and pure than his." With a fearless courage he speaks out what is in his mind, and what he says can hardly be pleasant to the most of his countrymen. "To my own people, of the Gael," he writes, "is due the best I have: truth, if indeed I have it. A little south of Ivesk, among the Deisi, there is a proverb, first uttered, folk say, by a rook that split in delivery: Truth is bitter. Like other bitter things, it is wholesome: in politics and economics, as in things spiritual, it and it alone makes us free."

Such is the temper in which Dr MacDonald approaches the Irish question—in the temper of truth and candour. His argument is always close, and

[1] London: Burns & Oates.

set forth clearly in the terms of logic. He reduces the point of view of Sinn Fein to the following syllogism: "No fully independent nation ceases to be so *de jure*, except by the free consent of its people; but Ireland was once a nation fully independent, while its people never freely consented to resign that status; therefore she is *de jure* fully independent now." Here the major premiss purports to be a universal principle in Ethics, and it is particularised in the minor by two pretended statements of fact. If these three premisses hold good, then Ireland may be assumed to have made out her claim to be an independent nation. But are they true? Dr MacDonald deals with each of the three so forcibly as to leave no rag of covering upon the imposture of Sinn Fein. He states the opinion of Dr Coffey, an eminent professor at Maynooth in these times: "No fully independent nation dares to be so *de jure* unless by the free consent of the people." And he proceeds to show how the principle works out in practice. Indeed, if the principle be accepted, it would be difficult to discover the rightful owners of an independent Ireland. According to the Irish historians the greater part of Ireland was inhabited, from the time of St Patrick to the coming of the Normans, by a race that is known as pre-Milesians. These poor folk were subjugated by the Milesians, but not completely. Ossory, Down, and Antrim refused to bow the knee to the invader; the rest of the pre-Milesian provinces lost, against their grain and their will, not only their soil but their independence. Are, then, the pre-Milesians still lords of the lands which they lost and did not renounce? Or were they so well governed by the Milesians that they gladly accepted the new sovereignty?

At the Norman Conquest the same thing happened again. The Geraldines, among others, turned the dispossessed Milesians into serfs, and seized their rich and fertile estates. Did the new masters become, *de jure*, owners of the soil? Did they receive the consent of the Gael to the new sovereignty? Assuredly not. The Norman invaders waited not for acquiescence; they took what they wanted, asking no questions; and there was an end of it. Thus at each step in the history of Ireland the rightful owner recedes more dimly into the past. The Irish nation has ceased to be independent *de facto* over and over again, and unless we can come upon a large body of pre-Milesians, to whom the country may be restored, we shall never discover the brave originals, who may claim to be, *de jure*, the independent owners of the soil. And so Dr MacDonald travels from Ireland to the New World, where fertile plains, once held by red or black men, are now held by whites. Pertinently he asks his adversary, Dr Coffey, if, were he made Archbishop of New York, or Boston, or

Sydney, "he would deem it his duty to hand over to the natural heirs of its former proprietors the real estate of the diocese — churches and presbyteries; diocesan seminary; and so much other ecclesiastical property." Of course Dr Coffey would not; and Dr MacDonald is perfectly right to "hold it as a principle of ethics that a nation fully independent at one time may become subject to another, usurping people, without any consent on the part of those who are subjected."

So much for the major premiss. Now for the minors. "Ireland was once a fully independent nation." Was she? The partisans of separation are never tired of declaring that Ireland is the most ancient small nation in Europe, except Greece. And Dr MacDonald has no difficulty in showing that if unity of rule and independence are the essentials of nationhood, as they are, then neither Ireland nor Greece was ever a nation at all. It is easy to prove that Greece in the time of Pericles, disturbed by tribal warfare, was in no sense a nation, and that the Greek nation, as we know it to-day, is less than fifty years old. What sort of a history, then, has Ireland, that she should be distinguished from ancient Greece and modern Germany? Dr MacDonald tears to pieces the old superstition. The Irish historians, when they are not on the platform, agree in confessing that Ireland was not at any time united and independent. In pagan times, we are told by Mr D'Alton, Ireland was not a kingdom, but a confederation of small states or classes. Even when "the shadowy and nominal thing," which Mr MacNeill calls "the high-kingship," came to Ireland, it "was not an institution of such efficient unity as to inspire greatness of literary design throughout the nation." There were still four branches of the race struggling for the hegemony, and "the provincial kings gave hostages when they must, and refused them when they dared." In brief, to sum up the case in the words of Arthuar Na Clerigh, "the Gael remained a clansman when he ought to have been a patriot, and Erin continued to be a 'trembling sod' when it ought to have become a homogeneous and harmonious nation."

This, then, is Dr MacDonald's justified conclusion: "The truth seems to be that, during all these centuries of inter-tribal warfare, the Irish clans were struggling towards national unity, just like their neighbours in England, France, and elsewhere—with the difference, unfortunately, that whereas unity was achieved across the Channel, with us no native power grew strong enough to overbear the self-will of the chiefs." Ireland, then, never was a fully independent nation, and her Sinn Feiners make a false appeal to history when they describe her and Greece as the two most ancient nations in Europe. Equally insecure is the second minor premiss,

that the Irish people never freely consented to resign the status of an independent nation. On the contrary, they have admitted again and again the authority of the English sovereign. They have received titles at the hands of English kings, and have done the homage required of them. Even the most bitterly Irish of the Irish cannot dispute the unanimity with which the Stuarts were acknowledged as the lawful sovereigns of Ireland; and the first act of the Patriot Parliament of 1689, of which Davis said that "it was the first and last which ever sat in Ireland since the English invasion, possessed of national authority, and complete in all its parts," was an act of recognition of the sovereignty of James II., King of England.

As it was then, so it has been ever since. O'Connell, by taking his seat at Westminster, acknowledged the validity of the Union. The Catholic Church in Ireland, by forbidding the sacraments and Church burial to the Fenians, proclaimed that the Government against which the Fenians were plotting was legitimate. And all through the Home Rule agitation it was admitted on all hands that in imperial matters the Imperial Parliament had a just right to govern Ireland. Thus has it been from the beginning; thus is it to-day; and when the Sinn Feiners assert that history fights upon their side, they say that which is not true. Ireland has never been a free, united, independent nation, and again and again has she frankly consented to acknowledge the sovereignty of England. If the past does not help them, they can get very little aid from the present. The Irish not only stayed out of the war on the false plea that Ireland was a nation, but they rebelled against Great Britain when Great Britain was at war with Germany, and thought it an act of patriotism to murder innocent men who were doing their duty simply and honourably.

Truly, they can find little comfort in what they have done and said in the last five years. And all the while they hug their pretended grievances, as though it was not they who had done the injury. They pose as poor neglected creatures, and their very pose assures us that nothing will ever be done to their satisfaction. Such men as the leaders of Sinn Fein would be unhappy if they thought that they had no cause of complaint; and even when history, in the main, fails them, they fumble in their annals for some poor semblance of injustice. For instance, it pleases them to believe that after the Union the population of Ireland began to decline. Of course, the truth is precisely opposite. Between 1800 and 1846 the population of Ireland almost doubled, and it was only after the repeal of the Corn Laws—a repeal for which the Irish Famine was made an excuse by Sir Robert Peel, and which the Irish

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members might have opposed, if they liked—that the prosperity of Ireland began to fall, and the population to fall with it. And even now, after the experience of many years, Ireland still insists upon division, when union of commerce and customs is the only thing which will profit both Ireland and England. It is, as Dr MacDonald says, a matter of business, and yet the hugging of false grievances and a misreading of history seem more important in the eyes of Sinn Feiners than the happiness and comfort which prosperity brings. Left alone and to herself, Ireland would relapse into the backwardness of a small state. Her hope still lies in a natural alliance with her neighbour, Great Britain. "Let these islands do their very best," writes Dr MacDonald in the eloquent summing-up of his well-argued case, "standing loyally back to back, dealing equal justice, man and master making equal sacrifice, and still they will find it hard to live and keep their trade in the days that any one can see coming. Let us pull against one another—Labour against Employer, Briton against Irishman; each striving to get the other to bear more than his share of the common burden—and we are all sure to go down together. Should the trade of Britain fail—as is but too possible—I do not know how ours is to maintain itself. But I, for one, do not want the self-determination that is allowed to rule a bare cupboard and an empty purse."

We put this admirable good sense against the interested ignorance of the United States with the utmost confidence. Dr MacDonald is a Home Ruler, but a Home Ruler whose brain is not bemused with idle rhetoric. He is resolute to discover the facts of the case, and to draw from them the only just conclusions. Greatly daring, he discusses the active policy of Sir Edward Carson without flinching and without prejudice. He admits that Sir Edward Carson threatened armed resistance, but he did not actually resist. "He did not," to quote Dr MacDonald's own words, "openly ally himself in revolt with an enemy at war with the Empire, the most powerful that ever attacked it, the Irish revolution being timed to synchronise with England's greatest peril. Above all, Sir E. Carson did not actually shoot down four or five hundred people, soldiers and civilians. Had he done all this, he too would have been shot, like Messrs Pearce and Connelly." That is a statement which the Sinn Feiners will find it impossible to confute. Nor was there any reason why Sir Edward Carson should not be invited to join the Government. "Mr J. Redmond," as Dr MacDonald points out, "also had enrolled, drilled, and armed volunteers, yet was offered a seat in the Cabinet, . . . and it is but fair to Sir E. Carson and his adherents to say that the arms they procured were meant to preserve

their people from subjection to an alien rule which they detest; whereas we Celts refused Home Rule when we found that it did not empower us to govern, with ourselves, another race who detest our government." The argument could not be more rightly or concisely put; and when we remember that Dr MacDonald is a Celt, a Catholic, and a Home Ruler, we have still some hope that the chain will be preserved. If Mr Lloyd George once more gives way to the clamour, as is his wont, or surrenders to the ill-informed prejudices of American word-politicians, then he will encourage the spirit of murder, which stalks abroad by day and by night, and postpone the prosperity of Ireland for half a century.

Of all the young poets who have "learned in suffering what they taught in song," none has a better claim to remembrance than Charles Sorley. The little sheaf of his poems, deft in form, honest in thought, makes us wonder what more he would have done and said in the world. The wonder grows when we read the volume of his letters,[1] wisely edited and prepared by a brief biography, which says precisely all that we would know about him. For it is not too much to say that better letters than these were never written by a boy. The talent of writing was inborn in him. At sixteen he could express himself with an ease and clarity and a quiet humour, to which few ever attain at any age. And he wrote and thought always as a boy. He was not a man before his time. There is no hint in his letters of a tiresome precocity. He is never self-conscious, never on parade. He writes down what is in his mind with a frank simplicity; and because he had from the beginning a natural gift of prose, his letters will always be read with pleasure. And now that they are gathered together in a volume, they present a portrait of one who, whether schoolboy or soldier, is always candid, understanding, and enthusiastic—of one who loved the open air, and who loved books when they seemed to him an interpretation of life and action. He had in him the makings of a scholar who took no pleasure in pedantry. For him the personages of the Odyssey, which of all his favourite books kept the longest sway over him, are real and alive. By their qualities he judged the men and women whom he met in his brief journey through life. He was quick to detect resemblances between the Hun fraus of Germany and Homer's heroines. When he was in the trenches he regretted that he had not brought his Odyssey with him across the sea, and yet he saw about him the same things happening that happened long ago in the Greece that he knew and loved. "But you'll remember,

[1] The Letters of Charles Sorley. Cambridge: At the University Press.

when I say," he wrote to a friend—

"How, when they went down Sparta way,
To sandy Sparta, long ere dawn
Horses were harnessed, rations drawn,
Equipment polished sparkling bright,
And breakfasts swallowed (as the white
Of Eastern heavens turned to gold)—
The dogs barked, swift farewells were told."

"And now the fight begins again," he said. "The old war-joy, the old war-pain."

Thus life and letters were merged in his mind. When he read poetry, he remembered activity and the open air. And in his letters you may mark the growth and progress of his taste, his talent, and his character. Like all boys in whom breathes the spirit of adventure, he was at heart a rebel. That is to say, he would take nothing on trust. It irked him to listen to the dogmatic voice of authority. He was resolute to find things out for himself, to make a fair conquest of the prose, the poetry, and the conduct which he thought belonged to him. He resented the interference, the guidance of others. He wanted to find his own way about the past and the present without sign-posts. For the moment, in his eyes, Tennyson and Swinburne were "rotters," and though time and change might have taught him otherwise, he would not bow to the opinion of any master. When he was urged to read Pater, a writer of the hothouse, who never could have meant much to him, he justly resented the infliction. "I am quite befoozled," he wrote, when he was seventeen. "I have just finished my weekly hour's course of Walter Pater. That creature has been foisted on me by Sidney, and I have to read an essay of his every week. This is only the second week, so I really ought not to give an opinion, but I think he is the dullest and most stilted author I have ever read." His anger at having to "beat out an hour every Sunday" with Pater's 'Appreciations' is easily intelligible. There is no sound in Pater's prose of the wind blowing across the open downs.

The desire of self-knowledge and free discovery is the constant burden of his prose, and in 'What you Will' he sang in verse to the same tune:—

"I do not know if it seems brave
The youthful spirit to enslave,
And trudge about, lest it should grow.
I don't know if it's better so
In the long end. I only know
That, when I have a son of mine,
He shan't be made to droop and pine,
Bound down and forced by rule and rod
To serve a God who is no God."

And as he set up his own idols, without ruth or pity he put them from their pedestals, when they had served his turn. His critical faculty helped him to outgrow the transient fancies of his boyhood swiftly and sincerely. There was a time when Mr Masefield seemed to him the greatest of all the poets. He put him fearlessly by the side of Homer and Shakespeare. Then gradually his enthusiasm cools, until

at last he contemplates his favourite's works without emotion. "In the holidays," he writes in February 1914, "I shunted Masefield into a siding, and discovered Hardy." Presently he found new gods to worship, the Goethe of 'Faust' and the Ibsen of 'Peer Gynt,' but to Hardy and Jefferies he never wavered in loyalty. And, no matter who was the god of the moment, he found excellent reasons for the faith that was in him.

When he left Marlborough and went to Germany, he took thither with him the curiosity of mind and honesty of judgment which had hitherto interpreted to him the books which he had read, the men and boys whom he had met. A sympathetic study of the Germans left him puzzled. To the best of them his sense of humour gave a clue. The worst of them he dismissed as hypocrites. But he found friends in Germany, and an amiable memory of Schwerin forbade him, when in the stress of battle, to take a harsh view of our enemies. When war was declared he was still in Germany, contrived after a day's imprisonment to return to England, and speedily got a commission. He talked little of the war, and took the necessity of sacrifice for granted, for his was the true temperament of a soldier. His comment upon Rupert Brooke explains clearly enough his own simple, straightforward point of view. "He is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice," he wrote of Rupert Brooke, "regarding the going to war of himself (and others) as a highly intense, remarkable, and sacrificial exploit, whereas it is merely the conduct demanded of him (and others) by the turn of circumstances, where non-compliance with this demand would have made life intolerable. It was not that 'they' gave up anything of that list he gives in one sonnet, but that the essence of these things had been endangered by circumstances over which he had no control, and he must fight to recapture them. He has clothed his attitude in fine words, but he has taken the sentimental attitude." These are the words of a soldier. The end came to Charles Sorley on October 13, 1915. He was shot by a sniper near Hulluch, at the age of twenty-four.

What Charles Sorley would have done had he lived, it is idle to speculate. It is certain that he would have been happy. Everything that he approached — books, the Wiltshire Downs, the strange people of a small German town —was for him the raw material of happiness. Though he had known the best of life, the future would not have failed him. And as we were reading Charles Sorley's letters, we came upon another book of a schoolboy—'Some Winchester Letters,' by Lionel Johnson. There we found the passage that follows, written when its author was seventeen: "I see realities," wrote Johnson, "and follow shadows. I, as Beddoes says, 'with half

my soul inhabit other worlds.' By nature I am painfully exclusive and unprepossessing. I feel myself born too late. I ought to have been an Alchemist, and searched, alone, for the Elixir of Life, and died on the brink of finding it." Could there be discovered a more violent contrast? On the one hand is Lionel Johnson, gazing with a morbid self-consciousness within himself, and finding the dry bones of a posed insincerity. On the other is Charles Sorley, looking upon life and books with an eye of truthful curiosity, testing all things, hoping all things, in happy forgetfulness of self. There is no doubt which is the gayer, wiser kind; and it is of good augury for our future that, in point of time, the two men could not have changed places. They are separated not only by temperament, but by a generation of men; and whatever sorrows encumber our path, we may at least felicitate ourselves that we live in a saner, sounder age than the far-off 'eighties, when even schoolboys were flayed by "the scourges of doubt and repentance."

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.